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NUMBER 3.

JUNE, 1897

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6.—All other teas being soiled by the touch of many unclean hands (here metaphor), can only make unhappy unions resulting in nerve disturbance and repulsion.

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The Vacation Contest continues in this number. Mr. J. L. Ezekiel, of Richmond, Va., is still in the lead.

Of the Gold Eagle Prize Contests in the April **PENNY**, No. 1 was won by James C. Goodman, 30 West 64th street, New York; Contest No. 3 by Miss Mae McBride, Lansing, Mich., and Contest No. 4 by John Radcliffe, Schenectady, N. Y.

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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

Published Every Month in America and Europe.

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T. C. QUINN, Editor and Manager.

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# "The One Great

We have received such a quantity of letters from the readers of this magazine, regarding Charles Dudley Warner's New Library of the World's Best Literature, of which we have spoken so highly in other issues, that judging from the interest aroused it will be well to answer these inquiries here.

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Regarding this great work, we have had so many inquiries from our subscribers asking us if it is still possible to obtain sets from the choice first edition that we have again made arrangements with the publishers to reserve, exclusively for our subscribers, 50 sets of those that now remain.

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---

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JUNE, 1897.





A NEW WORLD CONQUERED ; OR, THE ANGEL'S  
EXCHANGE.

Frontispiece.



## **"BRIGHAM" AND THE MORMONS.**

COURTENAY ROBB.



NOTABLE event is to be celebrated next month, the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of the Mormons into the valley of Utah. Even now one of the Salt Lake newspapers is printing daily parallel accounts of the daily movements of these remarkable pioneers. The celebration will draw together sooner or later during its progress almost every man, woman and child in the new State.

Many will be surprised to find that polygamy, which has made Mormonism at once so attractive to Mormons and so repulsive to Gentiles, has almost entirely died out. It is against the United States law to practise it at all; but some of the older saints have persisted in it, secretly, of course, and yet in some cases, no doubt, with the knowledge of the United States officers. Before the Edmunds law was passed polygamy had begun to die a natural death, however. Very few of the Mormons

were able to afford such a luxury as a plural wife, and, besides, the Gentiles did not practise polygamy, and that made it unfashionable. Joseph Smith, the great original prophet of the Mormons, is responsible for the polygamous Mormon. He had a revelation—and from that time, whenever a Mormon prophet has wanted to do something very badly, he has conveniently had a revelation which has directed him to do it—of which, with great presence of mind, he made a copy; for Mrs. Smith got hold of the original and destroyed it.

The history of this strange sect, starting from Western New York under the harangues of this fanatical Vermonter, going to Kirtland, then building up the wonderful city of Nauvoo—twenty thousand souls there were, and the town was razed to the ground and left like a deserted village—and finally rendezvousing at Independence for their trip westward (they hardly knew where, they thought to California)—this we have read about. A deal of romance and glamour has been cast about this trip, silly romance and false glamour. There were hardships crossing the plains; but the track had been beaten out. Others, notably John C. Fremont, had visited Utah before them, and when they reached the valley it might seem to anyone, whether he happened to be a religious enthusiast or not, the promised land. It was marvelously beautiful in its mountain vistas, its exhilarating atmosphere, its noon-day sun.

The progress of the Mormons, especially

under Brigham Young (who led them across the plains), was largely commercial. The early prophets played upon the religious enthusiasm of the many, but the strong fabric of the Mormon Church was woven by the practical men whom Brigham Young drew about him and enabled to make money. If a man seemed likely to prove too ambitious, Brigham would make him a delegate to Congress, or, just as easily, put him in the front at home. His own strong hold was his knowledge of men. So they built up Salt Lake City, now a town of 50,000 people, and chiefly, too, the new State, with its 250,000 people; so they built the Tabernacle, where 15,000 people may be seated, and the Temple, begun in 1853 and completed forty years later at a cost of two million dollars. So they have sent all over the world Mormon missionaries. So they organized wonderfully their ward system, by which a certain section is controlled by a bishop of the church, above the bishops the twelve apostles, and above them the First Presidency—three men, Wilford Woodruff, ninety-three years old, now the First President, the grandfather of a hundred grandchildren; George Q. Cannon, the present political and financial leader of the church, and Joseph F. Smith, one of the Smiths, which is indeed the aristocratic name in Utah.

There are many traces in Salt Lake City to-day of this most remarkable Brigham Young, whom, with his followers, President Eliot, of Harvard, has raved over as if he and they

were the equals of the Pilgrims. These traces are not merely those of his fifty-three children—though they are not unimportant; for one of them, Brigham Young, Jr., is the head of the committee which has the pioneers' celebration in charge. One can tell them all, with their stout, erect figures and their blond hair. They walk and act like Brigham. Any one who ever knew "the old man" can always recognize a son, or a daughter for that matter. And this is the more remarkable because this greatest of the presidents of the Mormon Church had nineteen wives.

Their story is somewhat familiar, especially that of Amelia Folsom (originally said to have been a cousin of Mrs. Cleveland), the favorite, for whom he built the Amelia Palace. Not so familiar, however, the story of Ann Eliza, the nineteenth wife, who sued old Brigham for divorce. This divorce proposition was particularly difficult; for the lawyers, in order to get it, had to prove that Ann Eliza had really been married to Brigham. Now, the Mormons contended that under their church laws the first marriage was the real one (all of the other wives being "sealed" to them celestially). Yet the sealing of the plural wives was always accomplished in what was called the Endowment House, now a portion of the Temple, where one of the First Presidency performed the mysterious plural marriage rite. It was sought by the prosecution to prove the plural marriage of Ann Eliza, but Daniel H. Wells, who was one of the Endowment House

functionaries, would not testify. He was a sincere New England man, devoted to the church through and through, the most respectable, if not the ablest, of all the Mormon leaders, glad to go to jail for his cause. But one of the Smiths was not so brave; the evidence was obtained, the divorce granted.

Brigham refused to pay the alimony, and he was thrust in jail for contempt of court for three days, greatly to the anger of the populace. Later, when his alimony was not forthcoming, many of his goods and chattels were sold at public auction in the street. It took nerve to be the kind of Gentile to fight the Mormons in that way; yet there were men to do it. The present and the first Governor of Utah, Hon. Heber M. Wells, is a son of old Daniel H. Wells, and a son of the Revolution. He is a Mormon, but not what is called a good Mormon. However, his father's devotion helped to make him popular. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, somewhat known as a strenuous adherent to the woman suffrage cause, is one of the widows of Daniel H. Wells. She is not the Governor's mother, however. Her relationship to him is expressed by the term "Mormon auntie."

Gov. Wells used to be a fine amateur actor, the best in Salt Lake, perhaps, and that is saying a good deal, because Maud Adams (Miss Kiscadden) and others very gifted and successful have made their beginnings on the buskined stage in this, the heart of Mormonism. One fine thing about Brigham's scheme

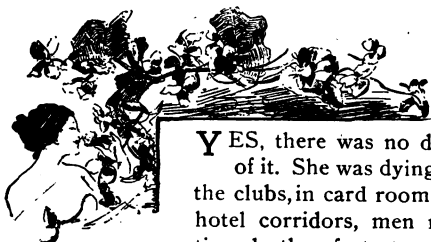
was that he provided a great deal of fun for his people. He erected the Salt Lake theatre, where all of the best companies stopped, as they crossed the Continent, away back in the 60s. He encouraged all the Mormons to dance, and would frequently lead the dance himself, opening it with prayer personally and closing it with a benediction. He always encouraged the Mormons to sing, and the great Mormon choir of five hundred voices still remains to remind us of one of Brigham's plans.

The trail of polygamy is over the new State yet. The morals of many of the back country people are irregular, and the church, which used to control the Territory absolutely, has never yet ceased to interfere in politics when it has really had enough at stake.



## FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT BELLEVUE.

BY J. M. WHITMAN.



YES, there was no doubt of it. She was dying. At the clubs, in card rooms and hotel corridors, men mentioned the fact to each other; some carelessly, some with slight surprise, all with passing interest.

There was perhaps a sigh from a friend or two with an "Ah, well! She was very clever. The stage loses a bright woman."

Yes, it was a pity. The sympathetic public heart was moved just far enough to acknowledge it. Even ladies in their drawing rooms, in an undertone that half deprecated the introduction of the subject, acknowledged it. Ladies who had sat night after night under the spell of that voice, admiring, envying, acknowledged that it was a pity and sympathized far enough to wonder if she had no friends to take care of her that she should die like a pauper in the hospital.

But if she had had friends they were her friends no longer, for there she lay on a cot in the charity ward of Bellevue, the queen of many a brilliant season, dying in a hospital.

That clear, white face, painted by a dozen



artists, was worn with suffering, yet queenly still. Even in the pallor of approaching death was reflected that pride that had been hers through life, yet a weary and disdainful pride it seemed to those about her, for she spoke no word nor even answered by a look or glance.

When the priest spoke to her of the hereafter she seemed as one that did not hear. "Her heart is turned to stone, I am afraid," he said.

The nurse inquired if she had no message for her friends. The white, drawn features gave no sign.

The doctor told her, as in duty bound, the end was drawing near. Still no answer, and the haughty features showed no sign of fear or sorrow. "She must be made of marble," said the surgeon as he turned away.

And so all day she lay in silence, answering not, nor giving sign of pain, though those about her knew that she was suffering.

As evening drew on a lady richly dressed—one of those whose loving charity passes even the walls of hospitals to carry sympathy and help—came on the gentle errand of the Fruit and Flower Mission to Bellevue. Her little child was with her, and as she moved about among the cots clung timidly to the draperies of her dress.

"Oh, madam," said the nurse, appealingly, as they stopped beside the actress's cot, "this patient has not spoken all day long, nor even shed a tear, and she is dying. Can't you help her?"

Gently the lady took the patient's hand in hers, and very tenderly, her voice trembling as she spoke, she pointed out the way the Man of Nazareth saves.

No answering word or sign, the white face still unmoved, emotionless.

The lady turned to go. "I am afraid I can do little good," she said.

Suddenly the child, who had been clinging to the mother's skirts, ran up to the bedside, and standing on tip toe placed the bunch of flowers she carried in the hands of the dying woman.

A startled flush of feeling seemed to pass over the pale features; into the eyes there came a light not seen before, and the white lips trembled a moment, vibrating to something like a sob.

Slowly the dying woman lifted one hand and laid it on the brown curls of the child; with the other she vainly tried to raise the flowers to her lips—vainly, for her strength was passing fast.

"See," said the nurse, "her heart is touched. Now, madam, you can pray."

And the mother knelt and prayed and as she prayed she thought she heard a feeble, quivering voice, with heaven's gift of music in it still, following the familiar words she used.

She finished and in the hush that followed the nurse reverently lifted one cold hand from the forehead of the child. The other still tightly clasped the flowers and she could not move them.

The light from the setting sun streamed in through the lattice of the window and touched the faces at that bedside, the faces of the nurse, the mother and the child, but lingered lovingly upon the marble features of the dead.

The actress had passed into eternity with a softened heart.

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## JUST WHERE THOU ART.

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ISABEL DARLING.

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JUST where thou art lift up thy voice,  
And sing the song that stirs thy heart;  
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand  
To lift, to save, just where thou art.  
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,  
'Tis dark to others as to thee;  
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,  
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad, full glare  
Of many lamps, thine own might pale,  
And thy sweet song, amid the roar  
Of many voices, slowly fail;  
While these, thy kindred, wandered on  
Uncheered, unlighted, to the end.  
Near to thy hand thy mission lies.  
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

## MEN AND WOMEN IN MORALS.

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OCTAVE THANET.

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**A**NYONE that has reached what are euphemistically termed the years of discretion must have noted how different is the feminine and masculine points of view in morals. To look on the two sides of one adjective, honest; an honest woman is a woman who keeps herself pure; an honest man is a man who can be trusted with other people's money and his own word. The honest woman sometimes tells lies; the honest man sometimes is false to his wife. Certain virtues have come to be the necessary furniture of women's minds; certain other virtues have come to belong especially to men.

Consider with what ease women condone public offences in their husbands, especially if such obliquity makes them prosperous. Women with all the mediaeval virtues, who would go to the stake for their religion, who keep their marriage vow immaculately, will be the happy and contented wives of politicians that deserve the pillory or financiers that deserve the gallows. Now, a virtuous man could not be happy with an accomplished robber for his wife, no matter how confident he might feel that she would outwit the constable! But a virtuous woman quiets her conscience by not knowing anything about business or by the assurance that the newspapers tell lies.

## REVISED VERSION.

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H. C. DU VAL.

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“Labor and sorrow,” sang the Psalmist, when  
A man has passed his three score years and  
ten;

But when he sang it, possibly the grip  
Or some like ill had made his judgment slip.  
A few days later and he laughed to scorn  
The thought that seventy makes a man for-  
lorn—

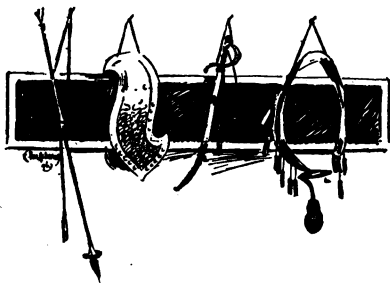
Seventy or eighty, if it comes to that.  
Arouse, my muse, and contradict it flat.  
Gladstone, or Bismarck, pray you look at  
these

And tell me where the gloom is, if you  
please.

Think of the pride the Grand Old Man must  
feel

When Nations pause and at his dictum kneel.  
Did Gravelotte or Sèdan bring the joy  
That thrills grim Otto when he checks the  
boy?

Sing to us, Psalmist, if your name we’d bless,  
Life to the end is filled with happiness.



## AMERICANS AND THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

JAMES W. CLARKE, A. M.

**P**RESIDENT MCKINLEY, in the name of the American people, sent Queen Victoria congratulations on her seventy-eighth birthday, and has appointed Mr. Whitelaw Reid as a Special Ambassador to represent this country at her Jubilee celebration.

Has he truly represented American national sentiment in so doing? Do Americans "honor the Queen?"

In the British sense of the phrase, No. We are not royalists. We owe her no loyalty. We do not regard her, as the Britishers do, with a superstitious veneration that puts her at the center of all Anglo-Saxon civilization and progress, and ascribes the achievements

of sixty marvelous years to her benign influence.

Yet in our own American way, and on strictly American grounds, we do "honor the Queen."

She has been a good woman all the way through; therefore a good Queen. We honor her as a good woman who has worthily filled a great place. She has held before the eyes of Britain and all English-speaking people for six decades the gracious example of a true and loving wife, a fond and devoted mother. She has made her palace sweet with the fragrance of all the domestic virtues, and kept her Court pure.

It may be said that millions of other English and American women have been just as good wives and mothers. True, but none of them has been Queen of Britain. The station must be considered. The vast influence for evil which a bad king or queen can exert is proportionate to his or her eminence. Read the annals of the Courts of Charles II. and George IV., and you can better estimate what the reign of Victoria, the good woman, has been worth to her people and to all mankind.

When the highest post of public authority and honor in a nation offers a corrupt and vicious example, it sends out a broad stream of immoral influence through all classes of the people. The levels must needs be flooded with whatever the heights send down. The valleys are clad with verdure, or clothed with ruin, according as the mountains above feed

them with life-giving water, or shower them with the hot lava of death. The Queen, as an affectionate and faithful wife and as a dutiful and loving mother, surrounded now in her last days by her fifty descendants—children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, is well worthy of our American honor. As the most conspicuous woman of her nation, and we might almost say of her time, offering to the homes of one hundred and fifty millions of English speaking people the powerfully persuasive pattern of a white and blameless life, Victoria has been and is a factor of incalculable potency on the side of moral and social advancement.

Anything else for which Americans can afford to honor her? Yes; there is certainly one thing more which we ought never to forget about Victoria.

One day in November, 1861, when the Trent affair (the seizure of Mason and Slidell by Captain Wilkes) was at the crisis point, war was very near between Great Britain and the United States. Lords Russell and Palmerston were hot for intervention in favor of the Southern Confederacy. They drafted despatches to Lord Lyons (then British Minister at Washington), giving him instructions which, if carried out, would have given Lincoln and his cabinet no alternative except to fight or make a most humiliating surrender and apology. These instructions were unquestionably drawn purposely to provoke war. But custom compelled them to be sent to



Windsor for Victoria's approval. The Prince Consort (Albert) read them—it was the last public service of his life—and suggested to the Queen that they were too belligerent. The Queen agreed with him, and with her own pen struck out the offensively threatening language of Russell and Palmerston. It was Palmerston's own opinion, after it was all over, that Victoria's amendments saved the peace of the two great English-speaking nations at that time. Victoria then helped Lincoln to save the Union. It is in writing of this great act that James G. Blaine says of her that she was "wiser than her ministers."

Oh, yes, there are plenty of good American reasons for honoring the Queen. All hail to the Grand Old Woman of England, whose heart has been always as white as her hair is now. She is worth at least one round of Jubilee cheers from American throats for her spotless womanhood, and one round more, with a tiger, for being wise and brave and good enough to "call down" her Jingo Ministers in 1861, and keep their hands off while we were preserving the Union.



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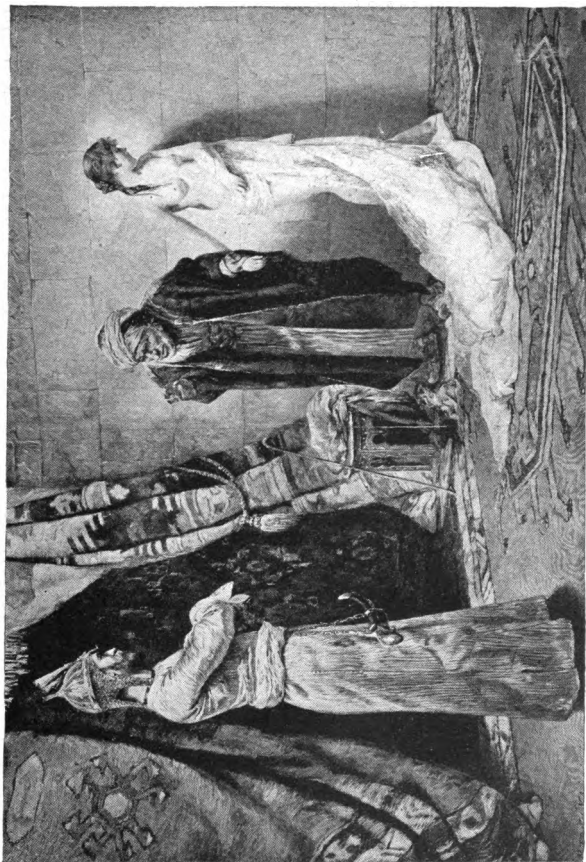
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THE LOST SOUL.



MOTHER'S WORK.



THE SALE.





AMBITION.

## THE 100 YEARS' SEARCH.

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JOHN P. LYONS.

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HE sweetest thing in life is not the loyal devotion of loving friends nor the glad consciousness of duty well performed, nor the crown of victory after the battle's dust and din; the sweetest thing in life is finding something.

Your honest farmer finds digging potatoes a pretty tedious business, albeit he goes home with full carts and the market price of potatoes rules high. But let him once get it into his head that there's a teapot full of old coins buried on his place, and he digs till he drops.

Which brings me to the remarkable story of Oak Island.

Oak Island is one of the three hundred and sixty odd islands that dot the blue waters of beautiful Mahone Bay, and Mahone Bay, by the way, lies on the south shore of Nova Scotia, about one hundred miles northeast of Yarmouth and thirty miles west of Halifax. It is not a large island. One can walk its greatest diameter in twenty minutes. But it is the most notable island in Nova Scotian waters, for of all the treasure islands that have

figured either in fact or fiction, none other has been so rent and torn and burrowed and dug as Oak Island.

It came about this wise: Two hundred years ago there were a number of people, more or less prominent in affairs, who were not all that they might have been. Conspicuous among these was Captain Kidd, the pirate



A BIT OF SHORE AT MAHONE BAY.

bold. In the year 1699 the redoubtable captain, after a career of great activity, was decoyed to London, and, much against his will, hanged. It was popularly believed that his piratical efforts had been largely blessed, and that somewhere or other, under the secreting sod, he had buried his wealth.

But where?

The south shore of Nova Scotia seemed for many reasons a highly probable spot, but it was not till one hundred years after the Captain's death that his treasure seemed definitely located.

In 1795 three of the farmers living on the shores of Mahone Bay started to explore the neighboring islands. In the middle of a grove they came, to their great astonishment, upon a clearing (I am telling the story just as I got it from the oldest inhabitants, who had it, in turn, from their own fathers and mothers, and they got it straight and unimpeachable from the three explorers themselves). In the center of this clearing stood a

solitary oak. Reaching the tree they found marks upon its trunk, and under its lowest and largest branch they found a circular hollow. Soon they were digging with might and main. Before night they had got down ten feet. There they came on a layer of thick oak planks.

There were three sadly neglected farms on the shores of Ma-



TO-MORROW, PERHAPS.



hone Bay from that time on, while the hole under the big oak tree grew deeper and deeper. It soon became evident that they were working in a well-defined shaft, about twelve feet in diameter, while every ten feet, as regular as clockwork, they came on a layer of oaken planks.

But, by one of those singular reversals of feeling that overtake an excitable community, they knocked off as abruptly as they had begun, for they suddenly conceived the opinion\* that only the devil himself could have dug so interminable a hole and then filled it up in so peculiar and mathematical a manner.

But the story had gone abroad, and there were others who were willing to brave the thing out, devil or no devil. A company was formed, and the digging went merrily on again. Sixty feet, seventy feet, eighty feet—always a layer of oak or of stone every ten feet. At ninety feet they came on a big flat stone, with a rude inscription, which, with minds aflame for great things, they readily interpreted to read, ‘Ten feet below are 2,000,000 pounds buried.’

Night came, and they had to stop. Oh, for the glad to-morrow and those 2,000,000 pounds! But, alas! in the morning that heroic shaft was full of water.

Then they dug another hole, hard by the first, intending to attack the treasury from the side or tunnel up underneath, but again the water rushed in upon them.



SCENES ABOUT GRAND PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA, "EVANGELINE'S  
LAND," TO THE NORTH OF MAHONE BAY.

Then they bored down the first shaft, and at the depth of one hundred feet the auger went through four inches of oak, then twenty-two inches of metal, then eight inches of oak, another twenty-two inches of metal, and another four inches of oak (I am still quoting the oldest inhabitant). It was as plain as daylight. There were two oak chests, each twenty-two inches deep, and both full of gold; but how to get them!

After several shafts had been sunk, all of which filled with water, when they approached the coveted chests, it was discovered that the water rose and fell with the tide. They had been trying to bale out the Atlantic Ocean!

Crafty old Captain! He had not only buried his boxes a hundred feet deep, but he had dug a subterranean channel to let in the waters of the bay to guard his treasure. So the thing to do was to find the channel and dam it up.

They have never found the channel, and they have never got the gold. But they have never given up the search. Company after company has been formed and capitalized at various sums, the last one at something like \$60,000, and company after company has consumed its capital.

But two chests full of gold! It does not lie in human nature to let such a possibility as that remain long undisturbed. So the memory of one disappointment was hardly allowed to rest before another set of brave explorers appeared, ready to dig or die.

And they're still at it. I took a recent outing along the south shore of Nova Scotia, and when near Oak Island I got a boy to row me over. There they were, hard at it, trying to find the channel that let the water in.

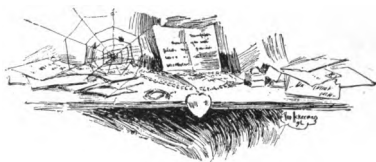
The traces of former excavations were to be seen on every side, and there, in the midst of those yawning graves of former hopes, were the devoted little band of treasure seekers, digging away with a zeal undimmed by a century of failure.



NOVA SCOTIAN RELICS OF BRITISH CONQUEST 200 YEARS  
AGO.

The only one of the company who did his work with a half-heartedness suggestive of doubts as to its success was the poor old horse that circled so meekly around the windlass, drawing up the buckets of heavy clay.

A hundred years of treasure seeking! A hundred years of pickaxe and shovel! How the grim old pirate must chuckle in his sepulchral sleeves to find that, though dead these two hundred years, he is still a person of so much moment.



## DE MAL EN PIS.

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CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

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**H**OW deaf are those who never heard  
The voice of true love calling!  
They sagely doubt the plainest word  
Of joy the all-enthraling.  
With pity warm my heart is stirred  
For sorrow so appalling.

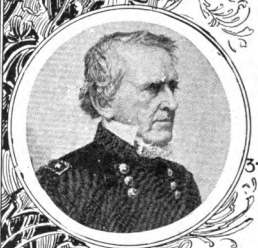
How dumb are those who cannot speak  
With wisdom born of loving!  
Their weightiest words are dreamy, weak,  
And need a double proving.  
With pity warm for lives so bleak  
My tender heart is moving.

How blind are those who never see  
Love's spirit fair and tender!  
They stumble on through vacancy,  
Benighted 'midst life's splendor.  
To pity warm that this should be  
My heart I do surrender.

Deaf, dumb and blind! Give pity, thou,  
To all such, I entreat you.  
And yet a case, more sad, I vow,  
Right speedily shall meet you:  
Deaf, dumb and blind will I be now,  
For love will ever cheat you!



ON A SUMMER DAY. Google



GEN. JOHN A. DIX.

## PUZZLES IN PORTRAITURE.

NO. I.—GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

**I**S there any such thing as identity? Can we be sure that we have a true likeness of any great man or woman of the past?

Photography is supposed to be infallibly correct, but you have only to study your own family album to know that, though the camera cannot lie, it can and does present you with faces of your friends which look at you from the card with an expression that is quite unfamiliar to you in life. Even the outlines of the features seem somehow to differ from your observation of them; the whole pose and carriage of the head are not as you remember them. So you say to yourself, "John must have looked like this at the moment this picture was taken, but I am sure I never saw him look like it before or since."

On another page we reproduce four portraits of Gen. John A. Dix, who will live in history as having said: "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

The facts that he never said it, and that the letter in which he wrote it was never delivered, make no difference. He will go down to endless generations with that speech on his lips. These four portraits differ so widely from one another that if a different name were placed under each one, and the readers of this magazine were assured that they represented four distinct persons, they would not think of doubting the statement. How, then, are we to know which is the true likeness of this famous man, who at one time was Governor of New York, at another Secretary of the Treasury, at another a Major-General of distinction in the war for the Union, and later on Minister to France?

Similar studies in portraits will be submitted to our readers in future numbers.





## JUNE AT EVENTIDE.

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MADAME FRANCIS HIGGINS-GLENERNE.

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**S**HE wakes and sinks back in that languorous repose

When the heart of the world is the heart of a rose.

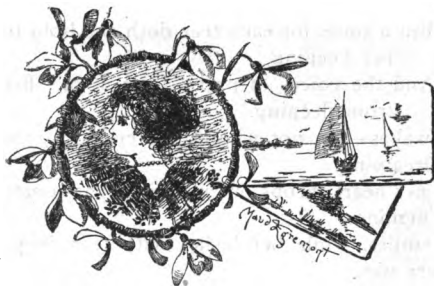
It grows the more sweet for the sweets it diffuses,

And for all that it gives not an atom it loses.

She has sighed, and has wept, and her dreams were of dying

When under the ban of the snow she was lying—

But a smile for each tear doth she hold in  
her keeping,  
And the voices of praise have awoke her  
from sleeping.  
She wakes—but not wholly she ceaseth from  
dreaming,  
And her heart throbs out wildly its passionate  
theming.  
She smiles, while her lashes with tear drops  
are wet,  
She wakes and she smiles, but she does not  
forget,-  
And she sighs, with a sound like a harp  
o'er the waters,  
And her face is as dusk as Byzantium's  
daughters'—  
She sighs and she smiles, but the sigh  
cometh after,  
And a sadness lies under the drift of her  
laughter.  
Like the rift in the lute that Love's music  
were making  
When the pain of regret is the cause of its  
breaking!  
Though she smiles, and the world is filled  
straightway with gladness,  
She dreams—and the robin that sang thro' her  
sadness—  
And the roses that died at her feet by the  
water  
Last year, she's regretting—Spring's dusky-  
eyed daughter.



## SAM STEBBINS' COURTSHIP.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

**"I** RECKON I had orter git married an' settle down, Maria," Sam Stebbins said suddenly, but with an air of great conviction.

Maria looked up from the peas she was shelling, while a merry twinkle lit her big blue eyes.

"Be yew so wild an' flighty, Sam, that yew need tew be tied tew a woman's apron strings?" she asked, mischievously.

Sam looked a trifle offended, but he soon recovered his even temper. He had lived on the little homestead some thirty-five years, was a stalwart pillar of the church, and had led the village "singin' school" for nearly a dozen years. It was no wonder Maria smiled at his expressed intention of settling down.

The idea of his marrying was not so strange to her, for the simple reason that she had often thought about it and wondered, in a sort of

disconsolate way, how it would affect her own position in the family if Sam were to bring a wife into the home.

And she had always ended these reflections with a few salt tears, for some way Sam was very dear to her—as an adopted brother, of course; but now——

Sam interrupted her meditations by saying, loftily:

“The woman I’d marry wouldn’t wear no apron strings nor aprons neither, Maria! She’d have tew be a lady, an’ learn the pian-ner, an’ there’d be servants tew dew the work. That’s the way tew dew when yew git married,” he finished, with a flourish.

Maria dropped a handful of pods into the wrong pan and gazed earnestly into her adopted brother’s face.

Was it possible that Sam intended to hurt her feelings, or had he suddenly taken leave of his senses? There was not a married woman in Joshuatown that played the piano and had servants to do her work. Sam must be raving mad. She twirled the corner of her own gingham apron and waited anxiously for the next developments.

“Yes, Maria; them’s my ideas of matrimony. I don’t want no wife of mine soilin’ her pretty fingers a tryin’ out lard or—or a shellin’ peas,” he ended, sternly.

Maria felt the earth slipping from beneath her feet at this last explosion, but in another moment Sam had stalked away, and now she had time to think it over.

She had worn aprons and shelled peas in the Stebbins kitchen for many years, but Sam had never objected to her labors in any way, or even noticed that she was the possessor of fingers, so far as she knew.

And yet it seemed that he really was observant even to the extent of objecting to these things, and then a flash of anger ended her reflections.

She had it now; it was Delia Brown who had put these notions into Sam's cranium.

Delia was a stranger in the village, with money enough to pay her board at Widow Jones' and not have to worry her head or lift her finger in the bitter struggle for existence.

The tears that were running now were, perhaps, the bitterest that Maria had ever shed, for with this first touch of a woman's jealousy there had come the first realization of a woman's love.

Oh, how she loved him! The kind, considerate brother she had found in the days of her earliest orphanhood!

Sam said nothing when he entered the kitchen again. Maria had nearly finished the peas, and when he looked at her she blushed furiously. She wondered if he noticed that she had been crying.

That night Delia Brown came over to see her—at least, that was the ostensible object of the visit. Of course, Sam had to "see her home," and Maria had to take herself severely to task to keep from thinking that this was the real object of the visit.

It was late when Sam returned, but Maria was still sitting by the kitchen fire. Mrs. Stebbins worked hard all day, and had retired early, so Maria was alone when Sam came in.

"Did yew see her safe home, Sam?" she asked, and in spite of herself, there was a shade of anger in her voice.

Sam glanced at her sharply, and the roguish twinkle shone in *his* eyes now for nearly a moment before he answered.

"Of course," he replied finally, and then, with a movement that was bashful and yet determined, he took his chair from the opposite side of the fireplace and carried it around to where Maria was sitting.

"Don't yew really think that a woman looks better without an apron, Maria?" he questioned, rather sheepishly. "They're more togged up, more—more genteel an' ladylike."

Maria felt instinctively what was coming, but at last she had gotten control of her wicked heart, so she smiled bravely as she answered him.

"Yes, Sam. A woman does look better without an apron, but if she has work to do she must wear one, I suppose."

"That's jest it," Sam said, gently. "Wimmin' have tew work tew much—at least, the wimmin in Joshuatown do, anyway; but Delia Brown says"—

"What does Delia Brown say, Sam?"

Maria asked the question almost in desperation, for the tears were coming nearer

and nearer, and it did not seem as if she could keep them back much longer.

"She says," Sam answered, slowly, "that if a man really loves a woman he won't let her work so hard, an' wear aprons an' soil her fingers, an' I—I agree with Delia Brown," he added, with astonishing emphasis.

Maria glanced down at her fingers involuntarily. They were soft and tapering naturally, but the nails were stained and the skin roughened by hard work; they did not look at all like Delia's. She closed one hand quickly and tried to hold it in a fold of her dress, but with a sudden movement Sam bent forward and covered it completely with his own.

"Yew have such pretty hands, Maria," he said, softly. "It's a pity yew have tew work so hard an' stain your soft little fingers."

Maria did not look up for the tears had reached her lashes now, and she was feeling a little bit bewildered.

"Dew yew know how much money I've got, Maria?" said Sam, suddenly. "Waal, I'll tell yew!" he went on, without allowing her to answer.

"When father died he left everything tew ma except that old pastur' down by the river; that was mine—an' now that the railroad wants my property I've agreed tew let 'em have it fer ten thousand dollars!"

His eyes twinkled brighter than ever as he put one arm boldly around her.

"That'll be enough tew pay servants an' buy manicures or whatever them things be

that Delia Brown uses on her fingers; won't it, Maria? An' yew know yew always did want to learn the pianner."

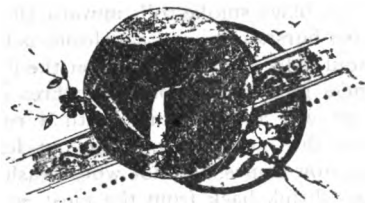
The tears fell like rain just now, but it was only an April shower, through which the sun of Maria's happiness was shining brightly.

"When—when will all this be, Sam?" she whispered, bashfully.

"Just as soon as you will marry me, little sister—an' yew will marry me, won't yew, Maria?"

For a moment Maria hesitated, but the hand Sam was holding only grasped his own a little tighter.

"Yes, Sam," she whispered, softly. "That is, if yew think yew really orter marry an' settle down," she added, slyly.







## SOUL STRUGGLES.

EVERETT M'NEIL.

**G**EOLOGISTS tell us, that, beneath the cold crust of the earth, molten lava glows and surges unseen and unheard. Slowly, in places, the heat increases, gradually the crust is thinned; until, suddenly the red flames leap forth, the black smoke rolls upward, the seething lava bursts out—and a volcano is born.

A soul is like the earth. Under the external calmness glow and smolder the fires of passion, unseen and unheard; until a rude jar shatters the outer crust, when out leap the red passion-flames, the hot words rush forth, and we shrink back from the most appalling of all sights—a soul in eruption.

We are told by the historian of the great Coliseum, of its bloody arena, where, beneath the haughty eyes of Rome, fought brutal men and blood-thirsty beasts.

The soul is such an arena. In it more terrible battles are waged, between the gladiators of virtue and vice, than ever dyed with blood the sands of the Coliseum. The pen that would depict them must be dipped in the heart's red drops of agony.

These soul struggles are a necessity. Every human being has them. Two antagonistic natures meet in man—the mortal and the immortal, the animal and the spiritual. The one cherishing things finite, the other aspiring after the infinite. The spiritual part of man may, at times, be defeated; but it never can be completely subjugated. The animal may triumph. It may capture all the strongholds of the soul, let loose all the demons of despair, unchain all the hydras of evil, and fill the soul with guilt, even so one would turn in despair from its black caverns, and like Dante at the gates of the Inferno write over it: "All hope abandon." Yet, deep down somewhere, even in such a soul, still struggles, unquenchable and deathless, a spark of divine fire, a germ of spiritual life.

This warfare begins with life. It ends—it may be with death, it may be with eternity.

"Earth's truest and bravest heroes  
Fight with an unseen foe,  
And win a victory grander  
Than you or I can know.  
The world little dreams of the battles  
Waged in the silent soul,  
And knows but few of the heroes  
Upon God's honor roll."

## THE HUDSON RIVER.

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GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

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### I.

QUEEN of all lovely rivers, lustrous queen  
Of flowing waters in our sweet new  
lands,

Rippling through sunlight to the ocean sands,  
Within a smiling valley, and between  
Romantic shores of silvery summer green;  
Memorial of wild days and savage bands,  
Singing the patient deeds of patriot hands,  
Crooning of golden glorious years foreseen.

Thy song is wholly of the heart, the lyre  
Of liberty is strung amid thy shades;  
Behold the city of the world's desire  
Roaring within thy once primeval glades,  
And westward in the twilight's crimson fire,  
The rocky ramparts of the Palisades!

### II.

Who has not read the legends of the Rhine?  
Who has not told the sweet and ancient tales  
That cluster round its flowering banks and  
vales?

The Thames has poet-laureates who entwine  
Its glories with their song; in sparkling wine

Men toast the Danube and the moon that  
pales

Its fabled waters; and no telling stales

The story of the Seine, incarnadine.

Yet more revered, more beautiful than these,

More tender in traditions, richer far

In gentle kinship with the strong and brave,

Art thou whose mighty currents never cease

To chant the hopes of happy hearts that are

Born of a mother who has freed the slave.

---

## THE CRUCIBLE.

---

**EVERY** man really consists of three individuals—himself as he sees himself, himself as others see him, and himself as he really is. From the very nature of things no man can tell which of this trinity of selves is the best.

\* \* \*

A dainty appetite has been the cause of many a man's success in life. Desire, if it be strong enough, will almost always find the means for satisfaction.

\* \* \*

Are you one of those men who continually tell of all the things they have done for their friends? Even so, you might do worse, for you might belong to that even greater class who continually tell of what they are going to do and never do anything.

They are the most selfish people living who will not see how unselfish we ourselves are.

\* \* \*

Good judgment largely consists in the ability to convince people that you have not made a mistake when you really have.

\* \* \*

Is it not so that the true poet is he who has a thought and clothes it in the most perfect dress? And is it not also true that most modern writers of verse impress one as having a collection of most beautiful garments which they hang on lay figures?

\* \* \*

It's so hard to be original without breaking the law.—*Bill Sykes*.

\* \* \*

Few men gain happiness by trying to be humorists.

\* \* \*

One can bake cake in an oven, but steel has to be hammered out in a forge. People who would keep their sons from the competitions of metropolitan struggle might think of this. As good old Epictetus said: "Difficulties are things that show what men are." And again, even a singed cat in an alley has a better chance for life and the pursuit of happiness than a well-fed turkey cock in a coop.

\* \* \*

To learn to be courteous without being compliant, study a bank cashier.

—m—

A keen sense of humor is not a valuable quality in business. It keeps a man from taking himself seriously in critical situations. Seriousness is so often mistaken for sincerity that a straight face and a slow brain make better commercial equipment than wit and alertness.

---

### FROM MERCEDES, THY WIFE.

---

K. R. C. (*From the Spanish.*)

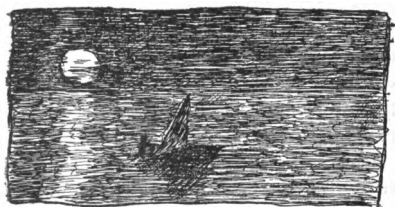
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**T**HROUGH the day, from dawn to sun-  
down,

Through the twilight after-glow,  
Through the night-time's stars or shadows,  
Sings my fond heart soft and low—  
Ring the changes tenderly  
For my love, Antonio.

At the matin's sweet recalling,  
When the Angelus shall ring.  
At the vespers, primes, each prayer-time  
Thy fond heart will sing and sing—  
To my love, Antonio,  
Peace and blessing ever bring.

At the solemn requiem masses,  
Where is offered sacred dole,  
If my heart's song cease a moment  
With a fear past my control—  
O, my love, Antonio,  
Jesu Christus keep thy soul.



*J. Douglas.*

**JUNE, 1897.**

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**OF NEW YORK**

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# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.



I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., N<sup>o</sup> 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

## A Reliable Depilatory.

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

## You Will be Delighted.

You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

*Helen Markoe:*

MONTCLAIR N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

5 Maple Street,

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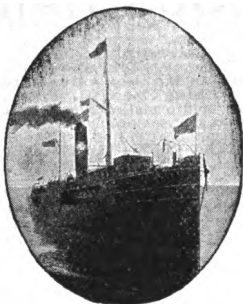
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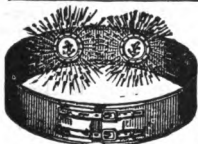
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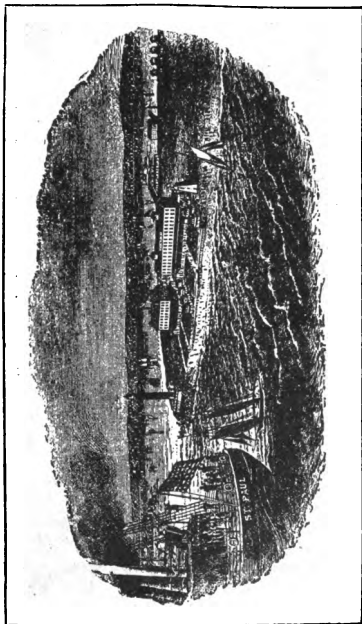
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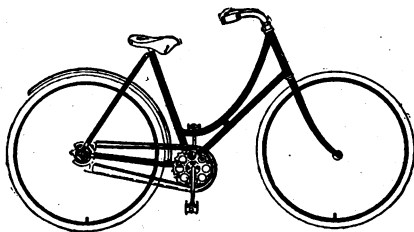
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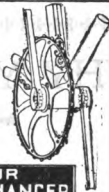
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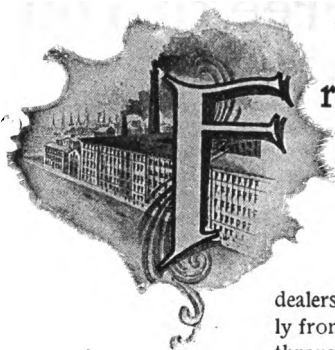
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**CONTRIBUTORS:** Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Walter Besant, Madame Higgins-Glenerne, Sheppard Homans, Clement M. Hammond.

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NUMBER 2.

MAY, 1897

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**Back Numbers.**—THE PENNY MAGAZINE was started in March, 1896. All back numbers are obtainable at this office except Number 1, Volume I., March, 1896. The other back numbers, from Number 2, Volume I., to number 6, Volume II., are for sale, at 5 cents each or 50 cents for the eleven numbers. There are only one hundred sets of these back numbers on hand. Back numbers of Volume III. can be had at the published price of one penny, or two cents a copy, until the completion of the volume in September, 1897.

**Gold Eagle Contests.**—The Gold Eagle contests announced in the April number have been a brilliant success. The results of contests numbered 1, 3 and 4 will be given in THE PENNY MAGAZINE for June, as announced. The winner of contest numbered 2, in which a Gold Eagle was offered for the best estimate as to the number of advertisements to be printed in the May number, is FREDERICK MANSFIELD, 210 West 42d Street, New York City, whose estimate was exactly right—thirty-nine.

**Vacation Contest.**—On the other side of this leaf, friends of the contestants for our free vacation trips will find the voting coupon. The contest already has enlisted half a hundred contestants. The leader at the present writing is Mr. J. L. EZEKIEL, of Richmond, Va., who has 108 votes to his credit. Voting coupons will be printed in the June and July numbers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE.



# A Vacation Trip Free.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE will furnish this summer free transportation for vacation trips to Niagara Falls, or to Halifax, N. S., to its two most popular readers. Ninety per cent. of the circulation of THE PENNY MAGAZINE at the present time is east of Lake Erie and north of the Maryland line. Hence, in selecting Niagara Falls and Nova Scotia, the Magazine keeps in mind the locality of the possible winners and their probable preferences. One is a land trip, the other by water in part. The person receiving the highest vote will have the choice of trips, the second highest will have the other. All transportation charges will be paid by The Penny Company. Votes must be sent in upon the coupon printed on this page. Write your favorite's name, and then carefully cut out the coupon.

## Vacation Coupon. Trip to Niagara Falls, or to Halifax, N. S.,

The last week in July or the first week in August, 1897.

For the two most popular readers, men or women, of the PENNY MAGAZINE.

FOR (write name here) .....

ADDRESS .....

Each coupon counts one vote.

When the ballot has been properly filled out, enclose it, or as many as you have, in an envelope and mail to THE PENNY MAGAZINE Office, Vacation Contest Department.

This coupon will appear each month for four months, April, May, June and July. Contest closes July 10, 1897.

In addition to the two winners of this popularity competition, each and every person receiving 300 or more votes will receive a handsome present of not less than \$5.00 in value. A list of these additional presents will be printed in a future number of THE PENNY MAGAZINE. Every copy of THE PENNY MAGAZINE printed between now and July 3d will contain one of these coupons.

## The Penny Company,

150 Nassau St., New York.

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**TO NEWSDEALERS.**—The price of the PENNY MAGAZINE to the trade is \$1.40 a hundred. The PENNY MAGAZINE is fully returnable. The American News Company, of New York, has been appointed the general selling agent of the Magazine and the trade throughout the United States and Canada is supplied by that company and its branches.

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**FRIENDS** of the PENNY MAGAZINE will confer a favor by sending to this office the name and address of any newsdealer from whom they cannot obtain this Magazine. It should be on every news stand in America.

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Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 9, 1896



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Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in **ENTHUSIASTIC**?

Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. Use no language except English. Words spelled alike, but with different meaning, can be used but once. Use any dictionary. Pronouns, nouns, verbs, adverbs, prefixes, suffixes, adjectives, proper nouns allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner. E, Eat, East, Nat, Nut, Nuts, Net, Nets, Tat, Sat, Set, Hat, Hats, etc. Use these words in your list.

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# GIVEN AWAY For 25 cents.

worth and integrity are unquestioned. The Board of Award is Rev. Joseph Sanderson, D.D., author, scholar and divine; Horatio Alger, Jr., an author whose name needs no comment, and John Habberton, equally celebrated. Every person who enters into the contest for one of the prizes can rest assured that they will get just and impartial treatment.

Every prize in the above schedule is standard value and is now in our office and paid for, ready for delivery as soon as the judges decide the winners.

## HOW TO GET A PRIZE.

The person sending us the largest list of words spelled from the letters in "Enthusiastic" will be awarded the Beautiful Upright Wing Piano, valued at \$700.00. The person sending the second largest list, 1 set of Century Dictionary, 10 vols., with handsome Oak Stand. The third largest list, 1 Worcester Bicycle; the fourth, 1 Monarch Bicycle; the fifth, 1 White Bicycle; the sixth, 1 Racycle; the seventh, 1 set Standard Dictionary (2 vols.); the eighth, 1 Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, latest edition. The next 100 largest lists, \$5.00 each; and the next 100 largest lists, \$4.00 each, and the next 100 largest lists, \$3.00 each; the next 100 largest lists, a 12-yard Organdie Dress Pattern, worth \$5.00 each; the next 300 largest lists, a 12-yard Grenadine Dress Pattern, worth \$5.00 each; the next 167, each 1 Kombi Camera, \$3.00 each; the next 125 largest lists, \$2.00 each.

These prizes will be given free and without consideration. To compete for a prize you must send 25 cents in silver or stamps, and for that 25 cents we will send WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY three months. It is a most fascinating study to make up the list of words and a source of pride to have won in a contest of this kind. This contest will close July 19. No one will be allowed to compete for a prize unless they have paid 25 cents for a three months' subscription. There are 1,000 prizes. They will be fairly and honestly awarded by the judges above named. These prizes are all exactly as represented and have an actual value of over five thousand dollars, and every prize WILL BE GIVEN AWAY. The names of the winners—and your name can be one of them if you try—will appear in the next number of our great paper after the awards are made. THERE WILL BE 1,000 WHO WILL WIN. Isn't it worth your while to try for the Piano or one of the Wheels, or the splendid Dictionaries, or one of the other premiums? In subscribing for our paper you know that you will get fair and honorable treatment. Send 25 cents today for a THREE months' subscription. An opportunity like this will not occur again. Do not miss it. Remit in stamps or silver, money order or registered letter. Address

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the publishers of *Woman's World* and *Jenness Miller Monthly*, do exactly as they agree.

## **"A PROFESSOR OF BOOKS."—Emerson.**

---

In glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," we met, in the Emerson section, an extract from one of the sage's fine pages that ran in this wise :

"Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work has tended to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared more than half a century ago we so much needed, namely, a guide to the best reading.

Emerson indeed likens a library of miscellaneous books to a lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

Exactly as the professor of chemistry or physics or astronomy or biology gives the student a view of the whole field of his science, the summary of its achievements, its great names and its great works, so Mr. Warner and his associates have given us the distillation not merely of the whole world's literature, in itself a colossal attempt, but, in addition, its history, biography and criticism as well. It is only when we grasp its full import that we realize the truly vast and monumental character of the Library. It must assuredly rank as one of the most notable achievements of the century.

That there is a widespread desire among all classes to possess these thirty treasure volumes clearly appears from the number and the character of the letters which are coming from far and near to the Harper's Weekly Club, through which a portion of the first edition is being distributed.

Although the first edition is the most desirable because printed from the fresh, new plates, the publishers, instead of advancing the price, have actually reduced it nearly half, so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection.

The demand for the most desirable first edition is so active and the number of sets allotted to be distributed is so limited, it is safest for those who really covet this invaluable Library of Mr. Warner's to write at once to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices to members of the Club now forming, and which will close the last day of the present month.

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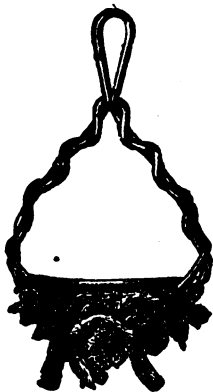
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LIGHT  
OF  
LIBERTY  
1776



PERFECTION  
IN BREWING IS  
REACHED IN AMERICA

## CAN YOU SLEEP?

Homely language, like a homely girl, may be so illuminated by direct intelligence as to become positively fascinating. When we say, "I've had a good nap," it's homely, but my, doesn't it mean a lot!

Many can't sleep—don't even know what a good nap is. These weary ones toss, turn and agonize, wear out their brains and bodies,—a useless waste of energy and life.

Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, will bring sleep to you—you will neise to slumber like a tired child. Take a glass just before going to bed, and in ten minutes you will drowsily go to slumberland. After a week or so, sleep will come naturally, and you won't need the Tonic.

Health, strength and mental calmness come also to help the weak, the weary and the heavy-laden, for

## Pabst Malt Extract

IS  
THE "BEST" TONIC.

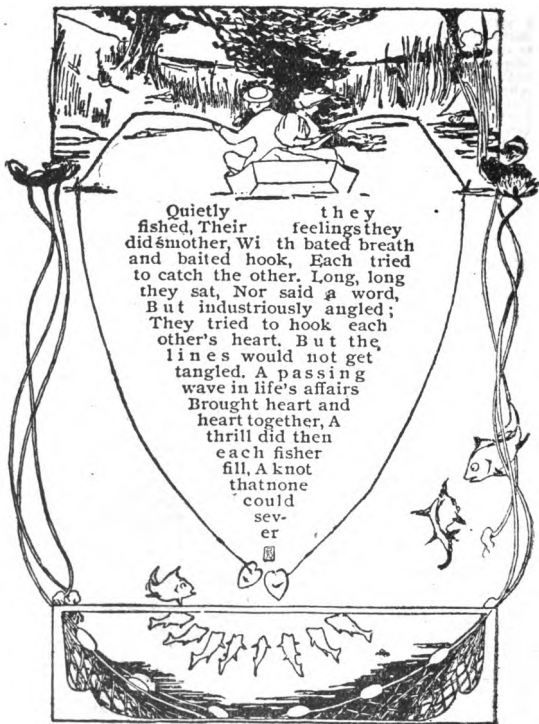
### Never Fails to Insure Sleep.

My wife being in a low state of health has received marked benefit from Pabst Malt Extract. It never fails to secure a night's sleep for her when she takes it, from being tired and nervous.

J. H. SHERMAN, M.D.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 10th, '96.





Frontispiece.



## READING THE STARS.

---

FRANK H. NORTON.

(*Azrael*).

---

"An Undevout Astronomer Is Mad."

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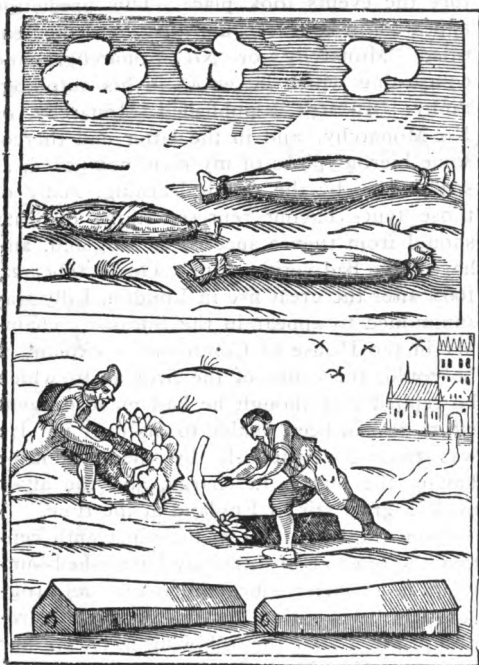
**W**HERE the astronomer ends the astrol-  
oger begins. This is the first fact to  
be known in the science and art of "reading  
the stars." Naturally the astronomer ignores  
or belittles astrology, since it undertakes to  
go beyond the limitations of his own pro-  
fession; yet Kepler and Tycho Brahe, two of  
the greatest astronomers, were both astrolo-  
gers. Astrology, as a science, is pure mathe-  
matics; it accepts the places of the planets  
as given out from the observatories, calcu-  
lates the difference of time and place for the  
correct longitude and latitude of the birth-



FAC-SIMILE of the ASTROLOGICAL HIEROGLYPHIC of the GREAT FIRE in LONDON, SEPTEMBER-2d, 1666, published by W. LILLY, in the YEAR 1661.

place, and so "casts the horoscope." Astrology as an art is purely judicial, and this element of its work has descended from a period so ancient as to be not only prehistoric, but pretraditional. The word astrologer is mentioned five times in the Bible; four in Daniel and once in Isaiah. The Hebrews found the art ancient in Babylon and Egypt when

they began their sojourn in those countries. It flourished among every ancient Oriental race, and throughout Europe in Mediaeval



FAC-SIMILE of the Hieroglyphic of the GREAT PLAGUE in 1665.  
published by W LILLY, in the Year 1661

times; then its influence decayed, and was not really revived until about two hundred and fifty years ago, when William Lilly's wonder-















ful prediction of the plague and fire in London (1665-66) was published fifteen years before the events took place. This prediction appeared in a tract published by Lilly, entitled "Monarchy, or No Monarchy," and concerning which he wrote in his autobiography: "In 1651 I published 'Monarchy, or No Monarchy,' and in the latter end thereof some hieroglyphics of my own, composed, at spare time, by the occult learning, many of those types having representations of what should from thence succeed in England, and have since had verification." On October 22, 1666, after the great fire in London, Lilly was summoned to appear in the Speaker's chamber in the House of Commons to explain, if he could, the cause of the fire; as to which he replied that though he had made diligent effort he had been unable to discover it. He was treated courteously by the committee having the matter in charge, and the affair made a great stir in England at the time.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the practice of astrology languished—until its last quarter, since which time its progress has been extraordinary. As an illustration of this I state the following facts: In four years one New York Sunday newspaper, having a department of astrology, received more than 150,000 applications for horoscopes. In the same city a weekly paper, having a more than usually intelligent, wealthy and cultured patronage, received an average of 550 new an-

nual subscribers, each paying a considerable sum for the privilege of receiving a written Nativity with his subscription copy. Finally, a weekly illustrated paper, with an astrological department, reached a demand for horoscopes amounting to an average of 150 letters per day—nearly 55,000 per year.

Great Britain has a large number of astrolo-

### *Symbols used in Astronomy and Astrology.*

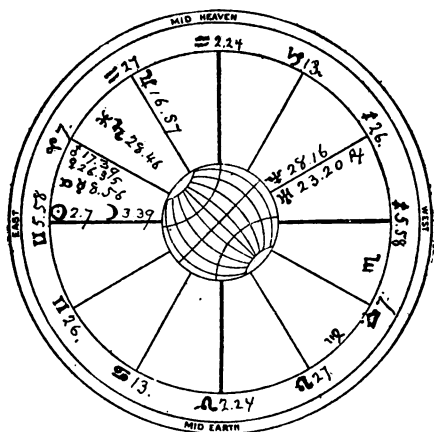
SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.			PLANETS.	
♈		ARIES.	☉	SUN.
♉		TAURUS.	☾	MOON.
♊		GEMINI.	♆	NEPTUNE.
♋		CANCER.	♄	HERSCHEL.
♌		LEO.	♄	SATURN.
♍		VIRGO.	♃	JUPITER.
♎		LIBRA.	♂	MARS.
♏		SCORPIO.	♀	VENUS.
♐		SAGITTARIUS.	☿	MERCURY.
♑		CAPRICORNUS.		
♒		AQUARIUS.		
♓		PISCES.		

gers, and India very many more. There are a few in each of the chief cities of the United States, some of whom are competent, experienced and reliable, while many others are ignorant and untrustworthy.

To show how a belief in astrology has taken hold of the minds of men, there may be mentioned a number of words in our language derived from such belief—as jovial (from Jove, or Jupiter); martial, mercurial, saturnine, lunatic—all of which express the influences of the planets as read by astrologers. The very word “influenza” originates in a belief that the influence of the planets caused the disorder. Other similar words are disaster and disastrous (from aster, star), ill-starred, etc. Even the common word “consider” and its derivatives come from “con,” with, and sidus—sidere, a star.

A horoscope is cast by calculating the longitude of the planets and zodiacal signs for the hour and place of birth, and inserting these in a figure, such as is shown in the illustration, in which the left hand side is the East and the upper end the South. The figure is divided into twelve parts, or “houses,” of thirty degrees each, every “house” having a special signification, beginning with the “Ascendant,” or East, and counting downward, and so around by the West and South, back to the point of starting, the last being the twelfth “house.” The planets in these “houses,” according to the nature of the signs they are in and their geometrical relation to each other, point out the nature, character, temperament, personal appearance, fortune, events, health, sickness and death of the person for whom the figure is cast. The quite

prevalent idea that the zodiacal sign occupied by the Sun in any month either influences or describes persons born in that month is erroneous. The Sun always exercises an important but not a commanding influence, unless upon a person born at or immediately before sunrise, when that luminary is in the eastern "house," or ascendant; elsewhere he is considered according to position, as is the



### HOROSCOPE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

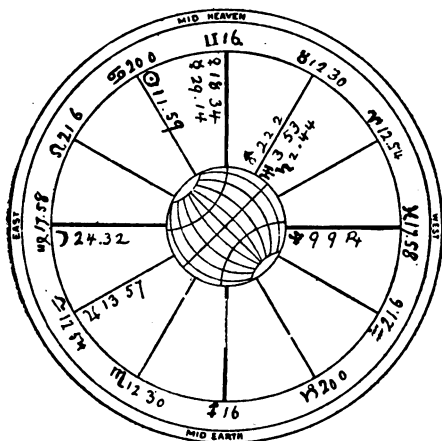
case with the Moon and the planets.

Astrology is learned from books dating back to translations from the Chaldean and Arabic into Greek and Latin, and so into the modern languages. Claudius Ptolemy, the founder of astrology as we know it, and who also has the distinction of being "the sole

existing authority on the subject of **ancient astronomy**," was born in Egypt in the second century, A. D., and wrote many works. There are now in existence certainly as many as twenty thousand different works on astrology, not counting the annual "Ephemeris," of which Zadkiel's and Raphael's, published in London, date from the beginning of this century. The "Ephemeris" contains the positions and aspects of the Sun, Moon, and all the planets for every day in the year, calculated exactly for noon, Greenwich, whereas the ancients calculated these by sight. The work is now much simplified and made much more exact by the use of mathematics. Up to the point of these calculations the work is not difficult for a fairly good mathematician; but thenceforward success depends not alone on knowledge or practice, but on a certain skill in combination, absolute absence of prejudice, and the judicial nature. The astrologer, in fact, is born, not made, as the poet is, and the poets themselves make frequent use of astrological illustrations in their works. Many of the greatest and wisest of men have had entire faith in astrology; John Dryden, the poet, was an expert in the art; and I have seen a horoscope, cast by Melancthon, the Reformer, on the margin of a work by a Latin author, enriched by notes, moreover, in his minute and beautiful handwriting.

The means by which the influences of the

stars are conveyed are not known, and the authorities have little to say on this part of the subject. That this is by some one of the occult and subtle forms of magnetic attraction is most probable. The fact that the attraction of the Sun and Moon causes the tides, *causes* them practically, goes without saying. The sun-spot periods are found to be coincident with the perihelion passage of Jupiter; so are fam-



HOROSCOPE OF HARRY C. DUVAL, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE N.Y.C. AND H.R. RAILROAD

ines and pestilences observed to follow the same law of periodicity. These facts, which are sustained by recognized scientific authority, give testimony to the "probability" of there being also exerted other planetary in-

fluences, moral and intellectual, as well as material. The "certainty" of the demonstration of such influences by means of astrology is based on the experience of hundreds of thousands of instances. Given the birth hour and the place of birth of any individual anywhere, a qualified astrologer will, without peradventure, delineate his or her nature and characteristics and the leading events of his or her life without important error. And if the same data be presented to different astrologers in New York, London, Calcutta and Melbourne, every one of these will give the same facts exactly, only clothed in different language. Just as any such astrologer will take a horoscope already cast, knowing nothing but the sex of the person, and will read off therefrom the nature, ability, propensities, intellectual qualifications and major events of the life from the relative positions of the symbols employed, as though it were an open page in a known language.

In a brief and superficial article little more can be said. But this I say: That astrology, as a science and an art, is true. That it can do what it promises. That it will submit to any conceivable test. That it is not contrary to free will, nor to true religion, nor to exact science. That it is the most fascinating of studies, and absolutely the most valuable and useful to mankind of all the arts.

## TO-DAY.

---

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

---

**T**HIS checkered world has ever been  
Squared off with black and white.  
There are no Edens save within  
The souls that worship Right.  
And yet I hold as earth grows old  
It circles toward the Light.

The braggart past may strut and boast  
Of patriot, hero, sage,  
Still shall my muse the *present* toast  
And sing the living age.  
Each day enrolls upon its scrolls  
Brave deeds for history's page.

Though many a time the wrong may win,  
Methinks o'er Justice's eyes  
The handkerchief is wearing thin;  
She seems to grow more wise,  
More firm of mind and less inclined  
With vice to compromise.

The world was never nearer right  
Than is the world to-day.  
And never was the tyrant Might  
So hampered in the fray  
Since God in mirth first sent the earth  
A-spinning on its way.



## ON WHOM REVENGED?

---

CLEMENT M. HAMMOND.

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NEW YORK, April 16, 1897.

MY DEAR HENRY:

Please meet me in the reception room of the Clay House at 10.30 A. M. to-morrow. I have an important confidential business matter I want to talk with you about. If you will be there please write "yes" on this and return by bearer.

Yours truly, J. B. JONES.

To Mr. Henry Brown.

P. S.—I may be a little late, but wait for me. J.

---

NEW YORK, April 16, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. JENKINS:

I wish to speak to you confidentially about a matter seriously affecting your husband's business interests. Will you please meet me in the reception room of the Clay House at 10.30 A. M. to-morrow? If you will be there please write "yes" on this and return by bearer.

Sincerely yours, J. B. JONES.

To Mrs. James Jenkins.

P. S.—I may be a little late. Please wait for me. J.

---

NEW YORK, April 16, 1897.

MY DEAR JAMES:

I think it will be well for you to visit the

reception room of the Clay House at 10.30 A. M. to-morrow. If my wife were in the habit of making appointments with other men I should thank you if you informed me. Never mind how the knowledge came to you. Messengers will leak, you know.

Yours fraternally, J. B. JONES.  
To Mr. James Jenkins.

P. S.—You will, of course, keep this in strictest confidence. J.

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### A VISION.

*(Dedicated, without permission, to Stephen Crane.)*

---

I SAW a crimson mooly cow

A-sitting down in a dormant golden meadow.

“Look here,” I shrieked,

“What rattling madness possesses your infinite soul,

To squat

(Ungracefully) in this watery house?

Dazzling night descends in four minutes,

Night,

Mother of colds and hay-fever,

And to-morrow the eternal gates of paradise——”

“Ba-a-a,” remarked the crimson mooly cow,  
And I blushed,

And rippled away in a hurry.

Charles P. Nettleton.

## A BIOGRAPHY.

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**Y**AWCOB was a lively little owl. I say *was*, for, at present, he is a quiet little stuffed owl, sitting upon a dainty flowered perch and gazing at me through two little glass eyes through the glass globe which covers him and protects him from moths and other extraneous substances. Yawcob was and still is five inches in height.

One stormy night, while I was reading in an upper room of my house in the country, I heard something beat against the window pane, and, on raising the sash, instead of a relative of Poe's raven, a poor little rain bedraggled owl came whirling in with a gust of wind. I closed the window and went to examine my prisoner. On touching him, he puffed himself up, shook himself, and, cocking his head on one side, looked at me in a pert, saucy way as though to say: "Quite moist outside, isn't it?" A moment later, he proceeded to hop across the floor on an exploring expedition, and before long took refuge upon a cigar box that had been placed upon a shelf above the floor. He sat there for the rest of the evening, looking down and blinking in a way that seemed to say: "I would feel much more comfortable if you would turn out the light and retire as soon as convenient." I decided to accede to the owl's im-

aginary request, and let the morrow determine his fate.

On waking the next morning my first thought was to look up at the shelf above my door. The owl was still there. As I began to move about, he looked down at me and uttered a soft purring sound which grew louder as I commenced to talk to him. Then I opened the window—for the storm was over—and gave the owl his choice between me and the wide, wide world. He fluttered to the open window and sat upon one of the sashes as though deciding whether to go or remain. His decision once made, he turned and looked at me, purring a little, and, making a sudden swoop, he alighted on my head. I closed the window, resolving then and there to keep his owlship for a companion as long as he cared to stay, and, before the morning was over, I had christened him Yawcob—in preference to Billy, those two names, in my estimation, being the only ones applicable to owls.

As I became better acquainted with Yawcob I discovered that his eyes were microscopic in character, enabling him to detect an insect across the room that I could not distinguish without straining my eyes. On discovering a fly or any other choice morsel upon the floor, he would start from the shelf above my door where he usually sat, dart down, seize the fly, and continue, changing his course to upward, finally lighting on a picture hanging on the opposite wall. He hardly seemed to touch the floor during his semi-circular swoop, but he nevertheless rarely failed to secure his prey.

When I sat at my desk to write, Yawcob

delighted in flicking drops from his water cup down upon my neck and my manuscript. If I chided him for his unseemly behavior, he would fly down upon my desk and endeavor to tear up some of the abundance of paper to be found there. Wise little owl! He realized better than I that my manuscript would be more acceptable to the majority if destroyed.

Contrary to my ideas concerning owls, Yawcob could see perfectly well in the day time, and it was during the day that I witnessed most of his antics. He did not sleep all night in consequence, however. Many a time I have been awakened by his peculiar cry or by his feathers brushing over my face as he darted about the room on a nocturnal jaunt.

When angry, Yawcob's physique became uncommonly interesting. He would alter the position of his eyes from straight to oblique, a feathery horn would rise upon his head, and he would bring his right wing down before him as a shield, presenting himself to the enemy as the very incarnation of a pigmy Satan. The enemy in Yawcob's case was invariably Lady Thomasin, the cat, and he would wear his semblance of Mephisto whenever she approached him, which so frightened that quadruped that she never molested him after her initiatory attempt, until one day, when Yawcob was hopping about on the floor, Lady Thomasin entered and saw her opportunity. Stealing stealthily upon him, she suddenly sprung upon poor, unoffending little Yawcob. My small nephew says that the struggle was brief. Boylike, he had watched the entire proceeding without interfering until Yawcob was past being resuscitated, and now, instead of feeding Yawcob, I dust him.

*Alex. H. Laidlaw, Jr.*



## LINES ON FINDING A LADY'S SIDE-COMB.

---

Tiny shell that wayward fled  
From thy lustrous silken bed,  
Gav'st no heeding, ere thou left  
Of thy sister-shell, bereft ?

Left unaided, she must still  
Guard each wavy, rippling rill  
That else would wander, light as air  
O'er her forehead, calm and fair.

What hope, misguided, could have led  
Thy erring flight that downward sped  
From such a coronet of grace—  
The halo that adorns her face ?

Did some bright thought from *under* you  
Lay hold and put asunder two  
Such mates—that one might then be sent  
To tease me with her merriment ?

A "parting" thou wert always near,  
And yet this exile brings, I fear,  
Repentance (now thou'rt left alone)  
For ever leaving such a throne.

I send thee back where Heaven's gold  
Makes thy bright mounting dull and old.  
Tell her to put thee in her hair  
Lest, like Heav'n, there be—

"no  
parting  
there."



THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

## WHEN WAR SHALL CEASE.

---

WALTER BESANT.

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**T**HERE is always present in my mind—it has never left me since first it came—a dream of a vast confederacy of English speaking States. I do not want a central government; that is impossible. I want a confederation, an alliance of Anglo-Saxon peoples, forever offensive and defensive; an alliance which could never be broken.

First of all, there would be no desire for one State to become richer than another. Workmen could be carried hither and thither where they might be wanted most; there would be no ruinous competition between the confederated States. Next, the confederacy would be the grandest and the most powerful ever known in the world's history. No one would dare to attack it; the confederacy would even, if necessary, insist upon peace outside its borders.

And what a magnificent confederacy! The whole of North America, the British Islands, India, Burmah, Borneo, Australia, New Zealand, the Islands of the Pacific. Already a population of over 400,000,000! And think of the tremendous engine for civilization and the advance of humanity we should have in a country covering half the world and daily



drawing into itself the best blood of all the other countries.

The dream of King Picrocole himself was mean and petty beside this dream. And it could so easily be carried into effect. It will be,—it shall be,—carried into effect. The world has never before had such a chance. Already there are private friendships between Americans and English by thousands—by hundreds of thousands. We not only speak the same language, but we have the same religion and the same laws, and the same literature and the same education. We have the same heritage of temper and of tendencies.

“If,” as James Russell Lowell once said at a dinner of the Authors’ Society, “we Americans are reproached with being over-sensitive, from whom did we inherit that touchiness?”

Our virtues and defects are the same and from the same source. Arise, Peter, once the Hermit! Here is a new crusade. Preach through all the States of North America the confederacy of the English-speaking nations.





## THE BRIDE OF THE MORNING.

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LOUISE MONTAGUE.

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I.

**W**HERE the roseate dawn in the eastern  
skies  
Meets the spirit of dusk as it onward flies,

—37—

In the valleys that lie by the singing streams  
The Maid of the Mist hath awoke from her  
dreams.

A-tip-toe she stands on a leaf of her bower,  
And its nectar she takes from the heart of  
the flower,  
And gives to the petals the sweets of her lips  
For the humming bird's draught, as he dain-  
tily sips.

II.

She wakes—and she sees with her half-dreamy  
eyes,

In every brook that runs to the skies—  
In every meadow of velvety green—  
In every river that flashes its sheen  
Of silver, and runs to the far-away sea—  
A garden of Eden, and happy is she.

And she takes up the theme of the brooks  
that are singing,

And the jubilant news that the thrushes are  
bringing,

She harks to the robin that sings in the show-  
ers,

And tangles her feet in the vines and the  
flowers.

She sings to herself as she dips in the dew,—  
Her heart is so light, and the world is so new.  
The arbutus pink nestles close to her feet,  
And drifts over her bosom with—"Sweet—  
sweet—sweet!"

She hears 'mid the flowers the honey bee's  
hum,

And she laughs with the world that the  
springtime is come.



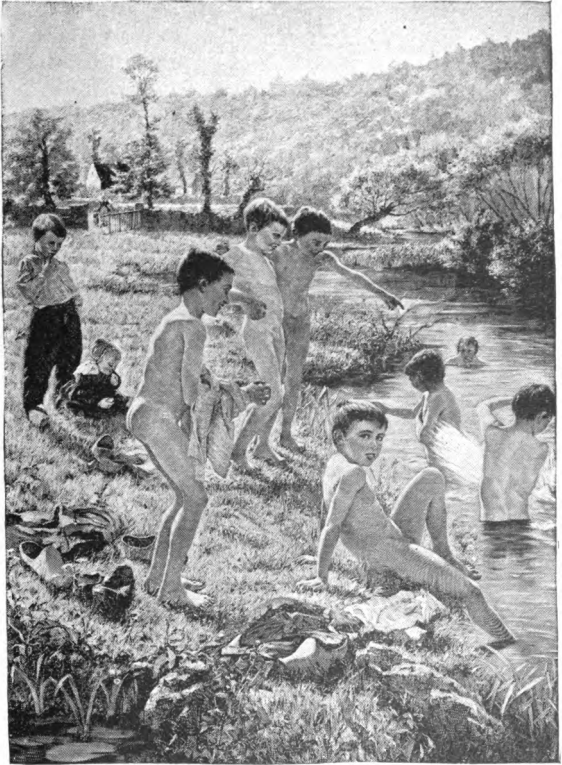
**THE SERENADE.**

*Stories without Words.—II.*



STRENGTH AND CUNNING.

*Stories without Words.*—III.



**THE FIRST SWIM.**



**A MEMORY OF HOME.**





HOPE'S REWARD.





## NOCTURNE.

CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON.

THE vast roof of the train-house, gemmed with occasional lights, stretched, like a lesser firmament, above shifting, disordered groups of men and women. A whistle, borne from afar upon the bosom of the night wind, sounded faint and thin and shrill. A low rumble, strangely rhythmical, increased into a never-ending rude crescendo of noise. The earth trembled; an angry tongue of light lapped up the track; a bell awoke the slumbering echoes of the roof, and the great locomotive stood, hot and panting, amid a pigmy-peopled world, on which the engineer, his hand still on the bell-rope, looked down with curious interest.

Sleek black porters swung themselves down from the cars and rendered obsequious, unnecessary service to the descending passengers. Bent, gnome-like figures passed up and down with flaring torches and smote from the iron wheels their single, hoarse, pained cry. The languid occupants of the warm, brilliant, inhospitable interiors of the cars, seemed alien and remote, like people in a play. An

eager, eddying crowd converged about each entrance. A man with death already in his eyes was being helped on board, while those behind chafed at the delay. Another, oblivious of every one, kissed his wife a last, passionate good-bye. She stood dry-eyed, her face distorted into the semblance of a smile, looking bravely up at him until the train should start and she might cry. A detective snapped a pair of handcuffs quickly and quietly upon the wrists of a descending passenger and hurried him away. A bride and groom escaped into the car from their laughing, jostling companions, amid a shower of rice. The crowd divided to make way for some men bearing a long pine box, followed by a red-eyed woman dressed in black and a scared and awkward little girl. A momentary hush fell at the sight; the invalid coughed; the bride snuggled closer to her companion.

There was a cry of "All aboard!" Lanterns swung; a bell clanged noisily. The engine panted; the long train labored for an instant and then glided smoothly forward. Hands waved; voices in many accents spoke meaningless good-byes. The waiting wife ventured at last to wipe her eyes. The bright windows sped past faster and faster, and melted into a continuous yellow glow. A single lantern hurried to become a point. The vast roof of the train-house, gemmed with occasional lights, stretched, like a lesser firmament, above shifting, disordered groups of men and women.



LA NEGLIGÉE.



## LA NEGLIGEE.

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MADAME FRANCIS HIGGINS-GLENERNE.

(*Lida Lewis Watson.*)

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Illustration by Mrs. James Palmer Wood.

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**W**ITHIN her dainty, jeweled room—  
An Orient gem with faint perfume,  
Where censers sway and swing aglow,  
And ruby firelight flickers low—  
Afar withdrawn from all the noise  
Of peopled world, in dainty poise  
My Lady lingereth, half a-dream.  
Within her dark eyes' languid gleam  
As moonlight on a tranquil lake—  
The shadows, dusky, drift and take  
A tenderer somnolescence there.  
No eye may rest all enviously  
Upon the perfect limbs that lie  
Like sculptured marble, in repose,  
Whereon the firelight's shadow throws  
A roseate tint from cheek to feet,  
As dawn on half-ope'd rose. And sweet  
From dimpled feet to golden hair,

She knows she makes a picture there.  
I would I were the ugly elf  
In china there upon her shelf,  
That from my elevated place  
My eyes might drink in all her grace—  
Or were I that small Japanese  
Upon her cup, her whim to please,  
For then, whene'er she took a sip,  
Full—daintily, I'd touch her lip!  
And feel her finger tips' soft touch—  
At which I'd faint, the bliss were such





## PERICLES.

J. LOVERING.

*Author of "Pinerty's" in THE PENNY MAGAZINE for February, 1897.*

THE foundations of the Burden fortunes had come out of Gould and Curry away back in the early '50's, and on this foundation "Old Ike" Burden had raised a substantial monument that in passing through the hands of his son, Johnny, had, if not increased in size, been very tastefully ornamented. After the death of his wife, Johnny, now the Hon. Jonathan Burden, had devoted himself solely to the education of his daughter Adelaide. After her escape from the hands of her preceptors, at the age of twenty, father and daughter had spent five years in travel visiting a few of the known points of interest and a great many of the unknown. Then the Hon. J. Burden had peacefully departed this life leaving all his worldly possessions to his daughter.

Perhaps some of this was passing through Miss Burden's ever busy brain as she sat idly chipping the rock beside her with the

odd looking little hammer she held. Perhaps—and what is more probable—she was thinking of one or the other of her new hobbies—geology and children. Of the two, children—and the raggeder and the dirtier apparently the better—held the first place in Miss Adelaide Burden's heart.

"Say! you hain't prospecting, be ye?"

Miss Burden prided herself on her nerves. So it was when this abrupt question was fired into her solitude, she merely raised her eyes slowly till they met those of the speaker. Then she started, and for a moment gazed in surprise. Over the rock she had been listlessly chipping appeared the head of an angel—a shock of waving golden ringlets framing a face of perfect oval, with a skin of the traditional "roses and milk;" violet blue eyes shaded by long raven black lashes, and cupid bow lips of moist carmine parted to show beyond a gleam of pearls.

"You hain't, be ye?" inquired the angel, impatient for reply.

"Well, no—that is, not exactly," replied Miss Burden slowly, eyeing the angelic face wonderingly.

The angel, minus the wings, now came around the rock and took up its stand in front of her, resolving itself into a very dirty little boy of twelve or thirteen.

"I didn't know," explained the boy, "I see ye had er lot of spec'mens, and ye was hackin at ther outcrop like ye was."

Miss Burden's answer was to take one of the grimy little hands in hers and draw the boy down on the rock beside her, where with one arm around him she nestled him close against her. The boy viewed this performance with wondering eyes, but offered no resistance to the caress.

Once snugly ensconced Miss Burden said: "Now tell me your name—mine is Adelaide Burden."

"Mine's Pericles Finerty. Wheredju live?"

"Where do I live? 'Most anywhere."

At this the boy turned a solemn, questioning look upon her, then remarked, gravely: "Now you're kiddin'."

"No, I'm not, really," protested Miss Burden.

"Well, then, whatjer mean by that?"

Miss Burden smiled.

"It is this way," she explained. "I have a little money and no relatives and like to travel, so that really I have no home."

The boy's blue eyes opened wider still and they fairly sparkled as he said:

"By Jove! ain't that great." Then seeing the surprised look on her face; "Say, that ain't swear, is it?"

"Oh, no, that's not swearing. But what makes you ask?"

"Oh, dad says no gent'man swears in the presence of a lady, and that swearin' is a useless sort of vice."



"Does your father ever swear?"

"Oh, lots, but he says it's only cause when you's in Philistia do as Phil'stines do."

This was too much for Miss Burden's gravity, and she laughed long and loud, the boy's high falsetto joining in until the rocks rang with the music.

"Say!" said the boy, suddenly, "'ju want some zirkins?"

"Zircon crystals?"

"I guess so. I know where they's some dandies."

"Yes, I would like to get some."

"All right, come on; 'tain't far."

"Now tell about yourself," she questioned, as they climbed the steep hillside. "Where do you live?"

"Up there," with a nod up the cañon.

"With your father and mother?"

"Mother's dead. Dad an' I bach it."

"What is your father, a miner?" she persisted.

The boy did not answer, and the glimpse she caught of his face showed it hard and set in an ugly, defiant scowl.

Miss Burden saw she was treading on dangerous ground and at once changed her tactics. Taking a base advantage of her sex she said, with a well stimulated gasp of exhaustion, "Don't go so fast; you must remember I can't climb like you can. I must rest a moment," and she sank down on the rock apparently completely exhausted.

In a moment the boy was beside her, the hard look gone, his face long with contrition.

"Please forgive me," he pleaded, "I—I didn't think."

"Why, certainly, dear," she said. "But tell me, who named you Pericles?"

"Dad did, I 'spect."

"Did he ever tell you about the other Pericles?"

"Oh, yes," and his eyes began to sparkle. "I know all about him and all the rest of them old fellers, but I don't like them so much—they's too much like fairy stories. Tell you what I do like, though"—

"Yes?"

"It's that story about D'Artagan an' Athos an' Porthos an' Arannis—wa'nt that feller Porthos a buster, though."

"The Three Guardsmen?"

"Yes, them's the fellers. Dad told me all about them—but this ain't gettin' zirkins. If you're rested we'll try agin."

Another long, hard climb and they stepped on the narrow shelf that platformed the entrance to what was evidently an abandoned mine. Fishing out a short stub of a candle the boy lighted it and plunged into the tunnel.

"Come on," he called over his shoulder, "ye can git all the zirkins here ye can lug."

For half an 'hour the sound of voices and the click, click of steel on rock came softly

from the mine. Then the voices grew more and more distinct and a faint, yellow gleam could be seen coming nearer and nearer. At last the light stopped and a voice called out:

"What is it, miss; found some more?"

"No; I'm coming," answered a voice further back in the darkness.

As if the vibration of the voice had loosened them, with a grinding groan a tremor ran through the rocks and a few pieces fell clattering from the roof. For a moment the light wavered, then fell spluttering on the damp floor.

"Hurry, Miss Burden, hurry! It's cavin' in!" and in the dim light that streaked in through the entrance Miss Burden saw the boy, his face against the opposite wall of the narrow passage, thrust his shoulder against one of the "props" that supported the roof.

"Jump right over me—don't stop—she's a coming fast!" screamed the boy, his little form quivering with the strain.

As Miss Burden sprang over him she saw the "prop" was bulging out from the wall, creaking and groaning with the weight that was slowly pressing down from above.

It was hardly a second before she sprung out of the tunnel, and that hardly a second too soon, for, as she turned to look back there came a louder rumble, a splinting of wood, then with a crash that sent the rocks flying down the mountain side the earth seemed to close and the tunnel was gone.

Decision was one of Miss Burden's chief characteristics. One look she gave, then flew down the hill with a swiftness and vigor that gave the lie to her seeming weakness when climbing up that same path but a short time before. In five minutes she had reached the county road, another minute and she had halted one of the "hacks" that now usurp the functions of the obsolete stage between Col-orow and the "Creek." By an apparently special act of Providence the "hack" held for passengers four miners on their way to the diggings of Beaver Dam.

A few words explained the situation, and in a short quarter of an hour from the time of the cave-in five men were at work removing the rock and debris that hid the entrance of the tunnel.

Even Miss Burden was lifting and dragging at rocks she had never dreamed it possible to move.

Soon an opening was made and the workers began to move more carefully and to speak in lower tones.

"Reckon there ain't much left of th' poor leetle devil," whispered the driver, peering into the cavern.

"Don't ye gamble on that, mister," remarked a faint voice from within. "If ye'll jest lift this timber a bit I'll show ye how much there's left."

"Mister" drew back with a grin.

"Ef I hed know'd it yar Finerty's brat I'd

know'd jest a little thing liker cave-in 'ud never killed him." Then, with his head in the opening—"Look out, kid, I'm coming," and he disappeared through the hole, followed by one of the others.

For a few minutes from inside came sharp commands and the sound of men laboring. Outside the others lifted and pulled in response to the commands. Then a joyful shout of "There you are!" and a slight figure, an almost indistinguishable mass of mud and dirt, one little leg dangling, was handed out and laid carefully on the ground.

Miss Burden took the soiled head with its golden curls in her lap, while one of the men, with a deftness which showed practice, slit the stocking from the injured limb and proceeded to set the broken bone, improvising splints from a cracker box brought up from the "hack."

"There," said the self-constituted surgeon as he finished his task, "in two months time you'll be able to get out and break the other leg."

Throughout the operation the boy had hardly winced, only now and then tightening his grasp on Miss Burden's hand, his eyes watching every move of the operator. Now he heaved a sigh of relief, and turning his eyes up to Miss Burden, said:

"Say, I ain't so big, but I done that 'most as good as Porthos, didn't I?" smiled, and fainted, while Miss Burden's tears, falling on his face, left little gulleys in the dirt and grime.

## SOME NOTES ON LONGEVITY.

SHEPPARD HOMANS.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, first enunciated the theory that the natural life of all animals bears a certain relation to the periods of their growth. This period is defined by the union of the bones with their epiphyses. When this union takes place, the bones, and consequently the animals, cease to grow. M. Flourens, accepting this ingenious theory of Buffon, and having the advantage of later and more correct physiological knowledge, made a series of very interesting experiments by which to determine the length of time after birth when this union of the bones with the epiphyses takes place in different animals. He then found that the natural limit of life in all animals is about five times the period of growth.

Thus the union of bones and epiphyses and the consequent natural life of different animals is as follows:

Man grows 20 y'rs. Natural life, 100 y'rs.

Camel	"	8	"	"	"	40	"
-------	---	---	---	---	---	----	---

Horse	"	5	"	"	"	25	"
-------	---	---	---	---	---	----	---

Ox	"	4	"	"	"	20	"
----	---	---	---	---	---	----	---

Lion	"	4	"	"	"	20	"
------	---	---	---	---	---	----	---

Dog	"	2	"	"	"	10	"
-----	---	---	---	---	---	----	---

Cat	"	1½	"	"	"	7½	"
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Hare	"	1	"	"	"	5	"
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Buffon states: "The man who does not

die of accident or disease lives everywhere to 90 or 100 years of age." Hufeland says. "Nearly all those deaths which take place before the hundredth year are brought on artificially; that is to say, by disease or accident." Dr. Farr in the 16th Annual Report of the Registrar General of England says: "The natural term of human life appears to be 100 years."

The extreme limit of life appears to be about twice the natural limit or term. Thus instances have occurred of man living to 200 years, or very nearly; and Buffon relates, with much minuteness, the history of a horse that lived fifty years, and died February 24, 1774.

How are we to account for the ages recorded in Genesis of Adam, his sons, and Methuselah? We cannot disregard the teachings of science, nor need we doubt the statement in Holy Writ. Each has Divine authority. By what theory can we reconcile the two? Simply that the year, or unit of time, among the early patriarchs differed from that adopted since the Deluge, which has been twelve calendar months. Hensler, a high authority, shows the strong probability that the year, till the time of Abraham, consisted of three months only, and that not until the time of Joseph was it extended to twelve months. "This assertion," says Hufeland, a still higher authority, "is to a certain degree confirmed by some of the Eastern nations who still reckon only three months to the year," and besides it would be

altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened three-fourths immediately after the flood. Moreover the recorded ages when the early patriarchs married was about four times the usual age. Again, with the period of Abraham, we find mention of a duration of life which can still be attained, and which no longer appears extraordinary, especially when we consider the temperate manner in which the patriarch lived. We think, therefore, that Hufeland has arrived at a correct conclusion when he says that "man can still attain to the same age as ever."

' Here is a portrait by Hufeland of a man destined to long life:

"He has a proper and well proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid: At any rate too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad, arched chest; a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In



general, there is a complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight, attended with this advantage with regard to others, and it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger he experiences rather an useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of the bile. He is fond also of enjoyment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, and has no thirst after honor or riches; and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

## AN ORPHAN'S RETORT.

LOUIS F. STALLINGS.

**F**ATE had been hard with this little one.

She had been unfortunate enough to be left parentless and homeless when so very young that she hardly knew she had had any parents. She was adopted by a charitable old couple, and when she grew large enough she was sent to school.

Then it was that the other little girls, with that wicked wisdom which innocent grown people suppose the little ones do not possess, came to her and said:

"Annie, your papa and mamma are not your papa and mamma at all. You ain't got no parents."

This was news to Annie, and it sorely troubled her brave little heart. When she got home she told the old folks what the wicked little girls had said. The old folks wisely told her the truth. They also told her, in the tender manner of old folks, that all this made no difference and she had nothing to be ashamed of. This was all very comforting; still it is not the less a wonder that the little girl understood it aright and took courage again.

The next day when she went back to school four of the wicked little girls taunted her again, but she said:

"My papa and mamma are better than your papas and mammas, anyhow."

Four pairs of sharp little eyes opened wide.  
"Just listen!" they exclaimed. Then they asked:

"How can you make out that your papa and mamma are better than our papas and mammas, when our papas and mammas are real papas and mammas, and your papa and mamma are not a real papa and mamma at all?"

This would have been a riddle like that of the sphinx to the simple mind of an adult, but the wisdom of childhood grasped it at once.

"My papa and mamma are better than your papas and mammas because my papa and mamma sent away a hundred miles to get me, and your papas and mammas took you just 'cause they had to. So there."



## THE CRUCIBLE.

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“**A**ND to Peter Scraggs, my well beloved enemy, I bequeath the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in consideration of the fact that it has been the dread of his ridicule and criticism which has enabled me so carefully and successfully to conduct my business affairs as to accumulate the greater part of my fortune.”—*Extraci from the will of Midas Jones.*

\* \* \*

It is necessary at times to tell a lie, but it becomes more necessary immediately after to make that lie the truth.

\* \* \*

If some men were as big as they think they are the world would have to let out a few good sized tucks.

\* \* \*

It is much more easy to get discordant sounds from a harp than to get harmony, but that this is true is no fault of the harp. Oftentimes he who complains of the coldness, or the indifference, or the irritability of a friend, might well consider that it is the player who is responsible for the sweet music.

\* \* \*

Money can be re-made, but not so character. Life's too short.

\* \* \*

It is sometimes as well to be the office boy as the boss.

--63--

The industrious hen will often lay twenty eggs when she cannot well cover more than ten or twelve. And more than likely one of the eight or ten she can't cover contains the germ of a prize rooster.

\* \* \*

We wonder why people do not use the parable more. It is a wonderfully effective way of teaching.

\* \* \*

What more impressive than tireless, persistent energy! What more typical of that energy than a locomotive engine on the track hauling a long train! And what more typical of energy misapplied than that same engine off the track trying to force its way into a sand bank!

\* \* \*

Have you ever thought how little besides knowledge passes from generation to generation? Of those things absolutely necessary to life and to comfort very little, much beyond the needs of the immediate present, accumulates. Of food, most necessary of all, strive all we can the limit of accumulation is but a few months. And of those things which give purely physical comfort—clothing, fuel, shelter—with all our modern mechanisms and methods of preservation we little more than keep abreast of daily demands. In art and literature only do we produce tangible things that survive for the benefit of the future.

But there is one thing that we do gain and

give and accumulate from generation to generation—a thing more lasting than any work of art or of literature—more lasting even than the ruins of the greatest monuments, and of more value than all of the products of man combined; the one thing that no fire, no flood, no drought, no disease, no famine, no convulsion of nature can ever destroy—knowledge.

\* \* \*

It isn't so much the energy, or the strength of will, or the power of brain or arm, or the training or the special fitness that enables us to accomplish things—it is the desire for the result. Desire brings concentration and concentration gives power.

\* \* \*

It is often as desirable for the sheep to wear the clothing of the wolf as vice versa. Many of us, sheep that we are, would lose our wool, if not our whole carcasses, did we not cover that wool with a wolf skin. What a protection it would be to a lamb to have the bark of a dog!

\* \* \*

We expect our friends to love us so much that they will do all things for us and never call on us to do things for them. Honestly, now, wouldn't you like such friends?

\* \* \*

How often is seeming courage callousness?



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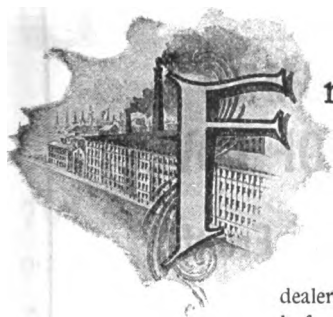
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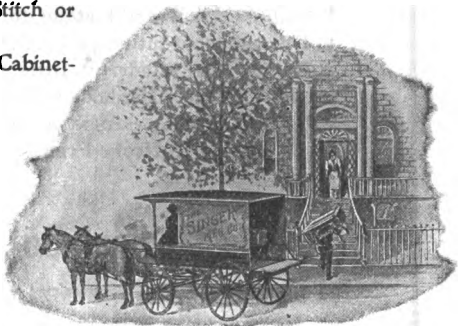
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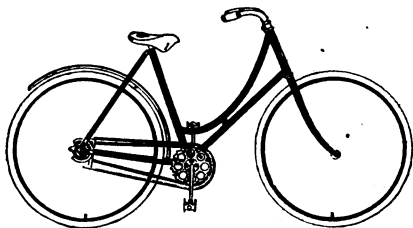
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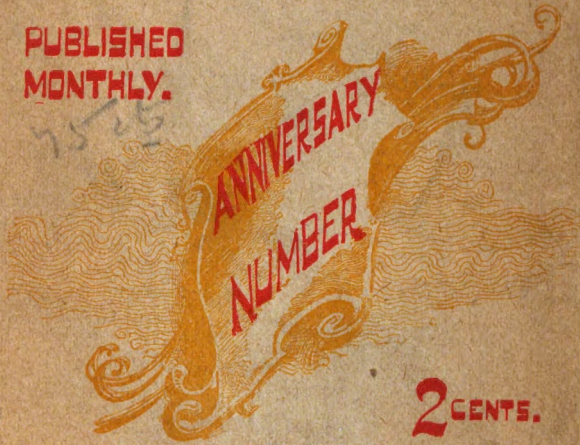
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P716.1 No. 6

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# \$100 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY

Are you a smart spell-er? We give \$100 away in prizes to those able to make the largest list of words from the word RESPONSIBLE. You can make at least twenty, we believe, and if you can you will get a present any way, and if your list is the largest you will get \$40.00 in cash. Here are the rules to follow: Use only words in the English language. Do not use any letters in a word more times than it appears in RESPONSIBLE. Words spelled alike can be used only once. Use any dictionary, and we allow to be counted proper nouns, pronouns, pre-fixes, suffixes, any legiti-mate word. This is the way: Responsible, response, rip, sop, see, sin, sip, soil, sob, sole, etc. Use these words. The publisher of THE AMERICAN WOMAN will give away, on April 10, the sum of \$100, divided into 24 prizes for the largest lists of words as above. \$40 to the per-son making the largest list; \$10 for the second largest; \$5 each for the

next five largest lists; \$3 each for the 4 next largest, and \$1 for each of the next 13 largest lists. We want you to know our paper, and it is for this reason we offer these premiums. We make no extra charge for the privilege of entering this word-building con-test, but it is necessary to send us 25 cents silver or stamps, for which we will send you our handsome illustrated 28 page magazine for six months, and the very day we receive your remittance we will mail you free, a beautiful picture, entitled "The Forest Sanctuary," 17x24 inches a charming present. This offer is the greatest you have ever had made to you. Send your list at once. If you win one of the prizes your name will be published in our May issue. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, 119 and 121 Nassau St. New York City, N. Y.

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Frontispiece.

## THE WAY



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A sad pause.

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## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.



I 'VE dot two dranpas!" she said to me confidingly—a little, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked tot, rocking herself backward and forward on the edge of the sofa, presumably to sooth to sleep the tiny doll clasped so closely, yet tenderly, in her arms.

"I've dot two dranpas!—One uv um's lame!"

A sad pause.

"That's too bad!" said I.

"One uv um's dot a horse!" in a brighter and more cheerful tone.

"Indeed!" said I, seeing that some remark was required on my part. "Indeed! which one has got the horse?"

"The one 'at isn't lame!" said the tot complacently.

—Emma Louise Hauck.

## A CONFESSION.

I love my wife. Her locks of gold,  
Her eyes of azure gray,  
Are just as lovely to behold  
As on our wedding day;  
And yet, there is another girl,  
With eyes of brown so glancy  
And soft, dark hair inclined to curl,  
Has lately caught my fancy.

A perfect little witch! To her  
My wife quite clumsy seems.  
She hath a grace like gossamer—  
A face that haunts my dreams.  
Her cheek so peachy doth appear,  
Her skin such pink perfection;  
My wife beside her, has, 'tis clear,  
A muddified complexion.

And then her voice! I used to say,  
My wife outsang all art;  
She hath so beautiful a way  
Of speaking from the heart—  
With a faint lisp, like sound at play;  
But, if you'd hark a minute  
To my new sweetheart's voice, you'd say,  
Goodbye to lark and linnet.

And everyone would then confess,  
Such beauty always can  
Even though streaked with naughtiness,  
Attract a married man;  
But, ladies, don't condemn my love,  
Don't say "I hadn't oughter!"  
Such grammar might offend my dove,  
My cooing baby daughter.

—Henry Austin.



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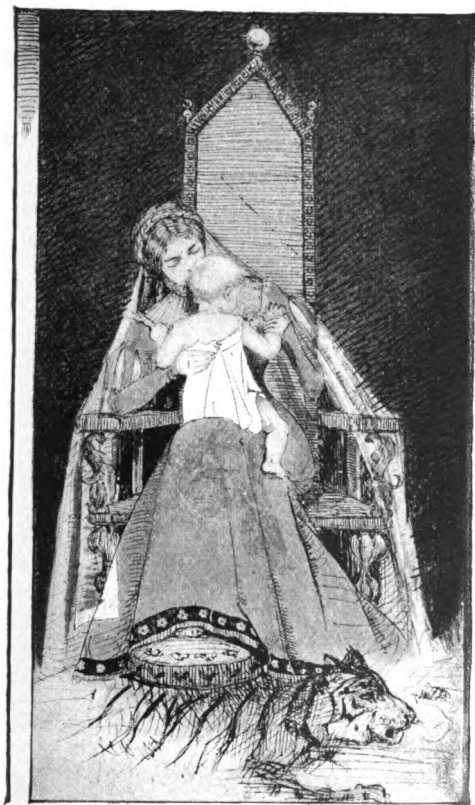
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“MY COOING BABY DAUGHTER.”



## TRIFLES.

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**N**OBLE ideas are man's compass, pointing to the North Pole of perfection, while friendship is a magnet. When the magnet interferes with the accurate working of the compass, that magnet must be removed though the heart break.

We stand midway between Law and Love, Law is our master, but servant to Absolute Love—our destination.

The philosopher's stone is man's mind.

While a great man's virtues are known to only a few, his vices and faults are open to all.

Love and Money control the world. Wise and happy is the man who sees that his one business in life is to personify to the extent of his ability the Spirit of Love, which includes all good, and who forces the tangible things of earth to feed and serve the one law that rules earth spiritually and justifies a man in considering himself, as Victor Hugo said he did, "The tadpole of an archangel."

Men value positiveness so highly that they will sooner forgive wrong judgment than doubt.

*Charles P. Nettleton.*



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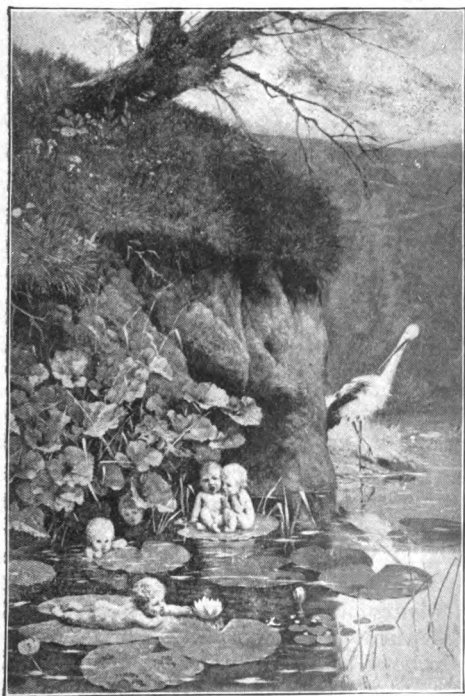
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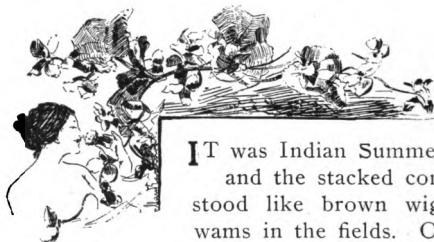
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WATER BABIES.

## LOVE'S LOST KISS.



IT was Indian Summer, and the stacked corn stood like brown wigwams in the fields. On the hills a blue haze rested soft as the smoke of peace from many a calumet. The sunlight made the feathered broom-sedge rosy.

I walked across a meadow and found Love among the grasses. His head was bent as if he searched for something precious, and his eyes were very troubled.

"What have you lost, dear Love?" I said.

"Oh, will you not help me? I am searching for a kiss. Last June it was lost, somewhere on this hillside, and I must not let it be wasted. A little dead rose lies beside it; that was lost, too, at the same time."

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hand across his eyes. His round soft arms were scratched from pushing aside the brambles. His foot had pressed a thorn and two little ruby drops had gathered upon it.

'It is very lonely out here searching, and soon the winter winds will come, then I shall never find it.'

"Comfort your heart, dear Love. They say nothing is ever quite lost."

But he only shook his curly head, that gleamed the color of the sun rays.

We searched until the sun had reached the meadow's rim, then I saw a single yellow butterfly drift between the bars. I looked close, parting the dry grasses where it had been and found Love's little rose.

"Love, Love," I called. "Come quickly, here is the rose, but not the kiss. A butterfly took that and flew away."

"Then I will search no more," Love said to me. He took the rosebud in his hand most tenderly.

"It is so dead," he whispered with a smile and tear together. "Lean close, and I will kiss you, for your heart is very kind."

And so love kissed me on the lips and went away.

—Clara Wood Shipman.

### A PARADOX.



UTES they were undoubtedly. That was evident as they rode in an Elevated downtown railway train, earnestly exchanging ideas in sign language. A quiet elderly gentleman sat opposite closely observing them, when suddenly he broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," remarked the man who sat next to him.

"If you understood their language as I do," said the elderly man, "you would laugh yourself." They were talking of something which had happened in a morning paper, when the one with the brown moustache broke in and said. "I think you must have been out late last night." "On the contrary" said the other, "I was home before 8 o'clock."

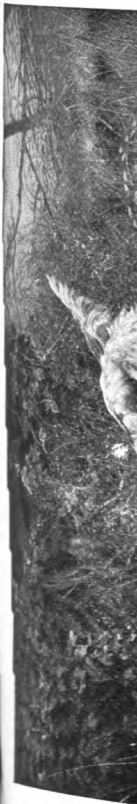
"Then for goodness, gracious sake!" said the one with the moustache, what is the matter with you! You have done nothing but *stutter* all morning."

A grieved look passed over the face of the accused, and he stuttered on his fingers:

"If you had been unfortunate enough to have three of your fingers jammed in a cab door as I did you would stutter more than I do."

And then the inquiring passenger joined in the laugh.

—Walter Cooper.



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A FAMOUS TRIO.

## THE PEARL AND THE TEAR.

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**W**HAT is thy mission, O, lovely Pearl?  
The diver has groped for thee;  
What purpose inspires thee now to unfurl  
Thy glimmers out of the sea?

What is thy mission, O, shining Tear,  
That Grief hath asked thee to share?  
By whose command dost thou now appear  
Out of the depths of despair?,

### *The Pearl.*

I'm to be set in a diadem  
That a fair young Queen will wear;  
O, I am to be the choicest gem  
That will nestle in her hair.

### *The Tear.*

A pitiful message do I bear,  
Evolved by love's scourging rod;  
From the throes of a soul in wild despair  
To the waiting heart of God.

—Leon Mead.

THE TEAR.

O, lovely Pearl?  
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—Leon Mead.



WHEN the lamented Du Maurier remarked that he was suspicious of booms because Thackeray had never enjoyed such a thing the charming satirist of Punch spoke as a gentleman of the old school. This is the age of booms, the word having gone into the language, and the thing it represents become an integral part of modern civilization. A young artist, who is now much in the public eye primarily because, like Du Maurier, he has made the world laugh with him and not at him, is Mr. R. F. Outcault, the originator of that laughable bugbear, the yellow kid. It is more than possible that this, his most famous creation, may, like Frankenstein's monster, live





to torment him. It is said of General Sherman that he could not abide the tune of "Marching through Georgia" and of Bret Harte that the mere mention of the "Heathen Chinee" causes him to flee in dismay. Yet it was the boom latent in that inimitable production that hoisted Bret Harte into the affections of the English speaking world, where he has remained ever since.

It is as a delineator of types of childhood that Mr. Outcault excels. The illustrations that accompany this brief sketch are from his pen. Although he has arisen on the crested wave of a boom, he comes honestly by his fame, having been an earnest worker and student for years. He has devoted much of his time and effort to the



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**study of the children of the slums and tenement houses, and it is the humorous delineation of these types that has given him vogue. It is doubtful, however, if he would follow continuously this somewhat meretricious branch of his art, did not the ex-**



**igencies of the market demand it. It was while sojourning in Cincinnati in a house, the rear of which looked upon a veritable Hogan's Alley, that the young artist caught his happy impressions of humble types. For many hours each day he watched and sketched the children, he ash barrels and**

the dead cats. He was then at the impressionable age and, although he made no use of his studies, he found a wide market for them at a later day.

Should the yellow kid ever rise to the dignity of a cult and enter the dictionaries as did Trilby, the artist may be forced to spend the rest of his life trying to live up to his creation.



The art father of the now famous kid is a young man, whose chief characteristic is straightforwardness.

The rapidity with which he has attained success has given great satisfaction to his co-workers in newspaperdom, but has in no way disturbed his poise. He is a product of a State just now much in evidence—Ohio. It is but about two years since he sold his first picture to a general newspaper. He is a natural mechanic in addition to his artistic proclivities, and for a period of years worked with Edison, with whom he visited Paris and whose studio and portraits he has painted.

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ing the adaptability of Mr. Outcault's art to the demands of the market or the cry of the populace for more fun, may draw closer their skirts and pass daintily to the other side of the road. In doing so, however, they should see to it that they are not mentally photographed by the young delineator and afterwards spread on canvas as hyperentical yellow kids spurning the utilitarian artist of the day.

Mr. Outcault's tastes are decidedly domestic and like many another of his craft, he takes peculiar pleasure in transferring from life to canvas the graces of childhood as exemplified in his own little nes.



---

### WHEN LIFE IS LIFE.

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Hope pours her oil within the bowl,  
And Life's flame sings when Life is  
young:

Memory's light breath but fans a coal  
When Life is old, its joys all sung.

—John J. & Becket.

## LITERARY POSE.

---

**I**T is rather remarkable that Mr. J. M. Barrie during his recent visit to this country was permitted to come and go so freely and with so little hullabaloo on the part of the press and of those people who usually make the innocent and distinguished stranger a stalking-horse to get a little free advertising for themselves. Mr. Barrie's own good taste and sense of humor was largely responsible for the immunity that he enjoyed, and his example may be commended to other and far less deserving Britons, who have as unlimited an appetite for adulation as our people seem to have for its bestowal. One might not unnaturally expect, indeed, a little reciprocity in this international dinner-giving, and that it should some day or other become not quite so painfully one-sided as it has been heretofore. From Dickens, whose egg-shells were snatched from his plate at breakfast by adoring young women, down to Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Hall Caine, every ambulant Englishman who comes over here has hoped to receive and actually has received the sort of reception that

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would be extravagant if given to the saviour of a nation. But when, for instance, Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Clarence Stedman go to London, are they met by enthusiastic delegations and interviewed by scores of reporters and begged to accept a dozen public dinners? Hardly. Outside of the circle of their personal friends it is doubtful whether they are noticed at all in any especially friendly way; and they are even to be accounted very lucky if they escape an attack from some literary sharpshooter like Mr. Morley Roberts. Now, one doesn't wish the English to take up our perfervid way of treating authors; but Americans may rather be advised to study in these things the far more sensible English, for in doing so they will not merely be acting in the only way that is consistent with national and personal self-respect, but they may be sure that they will also greatly enhance the comfort and personal pleasure of those foreign authors, who in reality, deserve the name of gentlemen.

As a matter of fact, the time has about arrived for some one to speak out his mind as to the absurd cult of those persons who write for a living. It is all very well to reverence one whose work is really so lofty

and tender and inspiring as to be a glory to the literature of our race. One can forgive the egg-shell gathering when it is a Dickens who breaks the eggs. But when it comes to the tenth-rate little fellows, whose work no man for the pleasure of it would read twice, what sense is there in all this adulation? One respects a really great author as he does a really great lawyer, or a really great statesman, or a really great inventor, and for precisely the same reason, but no one makes a pother over a mediocre lawyer, or a peanut politician, or a genius who has invented a new kind of mouse-trap. Why, then, should we do so over a mediocre author. He may, no doubt, be a very decent individual and he may do his writing in a ship-shape, workmanlike way; but this can also be said of thousands of clergymen, and physicians, and teachers, and plumbers, over whom no one ever thinks of gushing.

Th n, too, the willingness of many people to grovel before makers of all kinds of books leads to an insufferable amount of posing on the part of the animalculae of literature. Some individual writes a volume of poems or publishes (at his own expense) a collection of short stories. He sends the whole of the one and only edi-

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tion to newspapers and magazines all over  
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devotes himself to letting it be known that  
he has published a Book; he gets himself  
invited to sit on the platform at public  
functions; he advises all his female friends  
about their reading; he presides over the  
sapient sessions of a suburban literary  
club; and he toils industriously to secure  
introductions to those writers who are  
really known. In the course of time he  
has worked up quite a little notoriety in  
his own immediate circle, and he lives  
upon it forever after, in a state of ineffable  
complacency. No one has read his book,  
but everyone knows that he has written a  
book, and that is enough. And this is  
why so many practical men of affairs look  
down upon all literary workers with indis-  
criminate contempt, and think them all as  
paltry and unimportant as these poor  
ephemeridae.

—Harry Thurston Peck.—



## HER LAST SONG.

---

*"Come Not When I Am Dead."*—TENNYSON.

Come not when I am dead  
To whisper thy sweet praises o'er my head,  
Shed no regretful tear  
O'er my last couch upon the lonely bier,  
Nor give one mistful sigh  
As all the mournful pageant passes by.

\* \* \*

For little shall I heed  
Those gentle offerings that life's sorest  
    need  
Brought not, when far from wrong  
And pain, amid the sunshine and the song,  
I bathe within that love  
That, like a river, floods the realms above.

\* \* \*

Oh! here if thou hast aught  
Of tenderness, if thy true heart be fraught  
With largess of fond cares,  
For one so poor amidst the precious wares  
Of happier souls—rich wine  
From thy full cup of life pour into mine!

—Hester M. Poole.

## A GHASTLY



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"Still," demurred  
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SONG.

ad."—TENNYSON.  
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## A GHASTLY REVELER.



HIRTEEN years ago," said the Baron, with a long look at the faces about him, "my ancestor, Renée de la Coeur, dined in this very hall. It is said that he still keeps the custom, but"—and he shrugged his portly shoulders—"we are not to credit such tales; I leave that for the *bourgeois*."

"Still," demurred Victor Faveux, his right-hand neighbor, "what if his ghost should arise?"

"Bah!" replied the Baron, curling his lip, "never fear. The grave holds that wild chevalier. Let us drink to his rest, cross ourselves, and mutter 'Peace to his ashes, peace.'"

Every silent beaker was uplifted. Like an electric flash the sentence ran round the

festive board. The wax-lights burned their brightest. From corner to corner of that lofty apartment a light-like noon-day streamed. In the broad mirrors, encircling the walls, an apartment of like dimensions seemed adjoining—another company seemed outrivalling their mirth.

"What is it?" exclaimed Victor Faveux, as his neighbor shivered, and suddenly put down his drinking cup.

"Did you not feel it? Some one nudged me, as if to make room between us. Look, your chair is farther than before!"

And he measured the distance with trembling arm.

"Bah! The wine has gone to your head. I am as before, no farther, no nearer. Ah—" and, with the words, the shivering seized him, and the mocker suddenly felt a presence between them.

A hush had fallen upon the entire company.

Suddenly an icy blast swept through the hall, and the heavy oaken door slammed to. In a moment total darkness prevailed. Then a voice, hard and rasping, began a convivial lay. Before their terrified eyes a figure grew. The coarse, black hair hung in rough disorder upon the pallid face. The eyes gleamed luridly—the only light

in that apartment.  
through the rear win  
"It is he!" faltered  
Cup after cup the  
each one his hilari  
eyes swept the board  
chanted:



"BEFORE THEIR

"Through decay  
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of jarring laughter  
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Suddenly a clock  
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in that apartment. But the moon shone through the rear windows.

"It is he!" faltered the terrified Baron.

Cup after cup the reveler drained. With each one his hilarity increased. The red eyes swept the board, and a hoarse voice chanted:



"BEFORE THEIR TERRIFIED EYES."

"Through decay and darkness I have come. All barriers I spurn; all preventatives I laugh to scorn," and peal after peal of jarring laughter echoed to that lofty ceiling.

Suddenly a clock struck one. No one stirred. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed. Then Victor Faveux arose and struck a light.

The terrified company pass their hands  
over their startled eyes.

"Look at the Baron!" exclaimed one of  
the bravest.

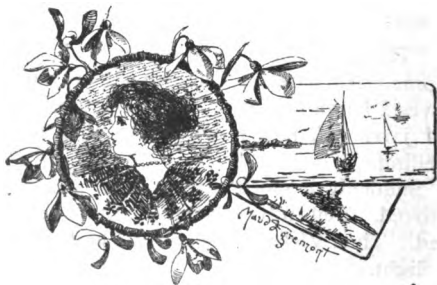
His hair was white as snow.

—*Nina Picton.*



WHO knoweth how good gifts to get  
Is wise,—is almost rich, indeed!  
Who knoweth how to lose and yet  
Remain in peace, he hath no need.

—*Mary Sebastian Lawson.* ]



THE MAJOR



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—Nina Picton



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## THE MAJOR'S FRENCH.



HAT are you doing here, Major?" asked the Judge a few days ago, when the two men met uptown.

"Waiting for my wife," was the reply. "She's across the street at one of those places where they profess to teach a person

to speak French in a fortnight. I hope they really do it, for if they don't we must leave Paris out during the trip we're soon to make through Europe."

"Nonsense. Why don't you be interpreter for your wife? When you and I were in Louisiana, during the war, you used to read French books and talk them off to us as fast as you read."

"Oh, yes, but book-French and French talk are no more alike than a saint and a

politician. I can talk the lingo, after a fashion, but when it's talked back to me I'm helpless. Why don't Frenchmen talk their language as it is spelled, the same as Italians, Germans and Spaniards do? I can make out what is said to me in some languages, but when it comes to French—why, after I'd studied French a year I asked a Frenchman a question, there were only five words in his answer, and I had to walk around the block five times before I could pick the words out of the noises the fellow made."

"But you didn't let that single experience discourage you?"

"I couldn't, for the time soon came when I had to try it again. I took a couple of charming New Orleans girls to a French play at the Opera House one night. I didn't expect to understand a word that was said on the stage, but I did suppose that I could make myself understood when I asked at the box-office for the three best seats in the house; to make sure of it I composed my request carefully and I rehearsed it several times. But what do you suppose the ticket seller did? He said: 'Huh?' I repeated my request very slowly and carefully, wondering at the same time if I had made some blunder for

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the girls to laugh at. The man frowned, then he looked helpless and groaned:

“‘Great Scott! I wish any of the folks that’s come here to-night could talk English.’”

“But that wasn’t your fault.”

“No, but ’twas my misfortune, for the girls had no end of fun out of it, and I was young enough in those days to dislike being laughed at.”

“Still you must have found plenty of other people to practice upon in the course of time?”

“Oh, yes, but the results were always depressing. My meanest experience came one morning when I was aide-de-camp to the commander of the northern defenses of New Orleans. One of my duties was to know who was who, for some miles outside of the lines, so that only the right people should obtain passes to enter the city. One morning when I went to my desk there was quite a crowd of applicants for passes, and among the first in the line was a chap, who handed me a note that was not intended for me, although it was properly addressed, for the note, itself, written in French, was a dinner invitation to a lady. I knew the signature; it was that of one of the handsomest women I



ever saw, and one in whose good graces I longed to be, so I told the messenger in my very best French—for his face showed that he was of French stock, to return the note to the writer, say that evidently there was a mistake somewhere, and that I begged to know in what way I could be of any service to her. Well, Judge, that fellow merely grinned and shook his head. I repeated my message; again the rascal shook his head and grinned, while some of the other people in line tittered—and some of them were darkies, too. I hastily wrote a note—in English, and said I would not have troubled the lady with it if I could have made her messenger understand my French. In an hour or two the man came back with another note; the lady begged a million pardons for her carelessness; she had meant to ask for a pass to the city. Then came a postscript:—‘Tis no wonder that you could not make my messenger understand your French; he is deaf and dumb.’

“To make matters worse, my wife has always made fun of my accent, so I daren’t even read her a line from a French bill of fare; she studied French at boarding school, and thinks she has the Parisian accent. I really have got even with her,

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though. One night, as we were going home from the theater, a picturesque looking foreigner, evidently a sailor, pulled off his cap and asked me a question in his own language. I replied, we exchanged a few sentences, he thanked me and went on; he had merely asked his way to a street on the other side of the city. As he departed my wife sighed and said:

“‘Oh, that outlandish French accent of yours!’”

“‘My dear,’ I replied, ‘that man was a Spaniard, and we were conversing in his language. I suppose, however, that Spanish does sound rather outlandish, when one mistakes it for French.’ Since that evening I’ve never had my accent criticised by that blessed woman. By the way, her class seems to be dismissed for the day—see the ladies coming out? There’s my wife—that handsome woman in blue. Come across the street and let me introduce you; you’ll adore her. Don’t ever mention the Spanish sailor incident to her, though; she’s very touchy about it.”

—John Habberton.

## A FORGOTTEN POET.

ON the right bank of the Passaic River, in New Jersey, a few minutes' ride from the heart of Newark, is the silent city, known as Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Within this enclosure not only lie all that is mortal of a one-time noted poet, but the walls of the cemetery also enclose the acre of ground, on which fifty years ago stood a Tudor cottage, known as "The Cedars," which formed the hermit home of Henry William Herbert, who over the pen name of "Frank Forester," was famous in his day as a sportsman, novelist and poet. It was George Porter, editor of the *American Turf Register*, who suggested the *nom de plume* that afterwards became so popular. Herbert's prose works covered a wide range of subjects, allied to sport in its different phases, and as a writer of fiction he was quite prolific. In 1835 he published the historical romance, "The Brothers," which, like his second work, "Cromwell," was well received both here and in England. Then followed in quick succession such works as "Marmaduke Wyvil," "The Roman Traitor," "Henry VIII," "Knights of England, France and Scotland," etc.

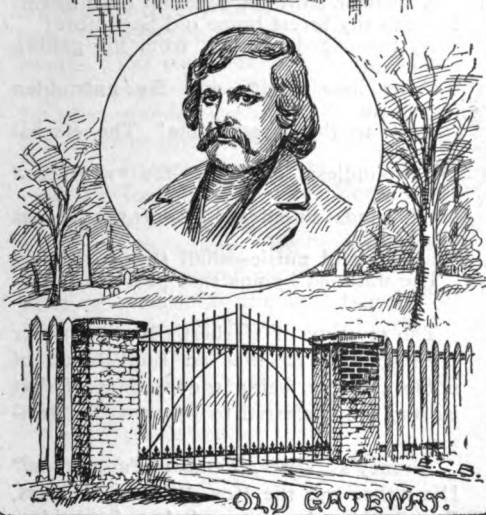


THE HOME

N POET.

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## THE CEDARS.



THE HOME OF "FRANK FORESTER."

The poetry of "Frank Forester" is distinguished by its manly tone and the author's love of and familiarity with nature. It is here and there marked by happy lines calculated to linger in the memory.

In Frank Forester's "American Game" occurs a poem composed on the liberation of the Sac chief, Black Hawk, the first verse of which runs as follows:

A warrior still! A chieftain once again!  
Back to thy forest home old Sagamore!

As the caged panther, from his galling  
chain,  
To the lone desert, and the untrodden  
shore.

Back to thy forest-home! The eternal  
roar  
Of boundless cataracts—the whispered  
tone

Of winds unfettered, from the cedars  
hoar,  
Waking wild music—shall thy spirit own  
The untuned hymns that peal about thy  
throne!

The mystery of Herbert's life has never been solved. He was an Englishman of noble ancestry, being a descendant of that worthy lady referred to by rare Ben Jonson as

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."  
His father was the Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, a scholar of considerable eminence.

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William Herbert,  
cholar of consider-

Although Herbert occasionally enter-  
tained friends at "The Cedars," he lived  
practically alone with his hunting equip-  
ment and pack of dogs, of which he was  
very fond. His trim skiff, the "Soria," in  
which he made occasional trips to Newark  
for supplies, is still remembered by old  
dwellers by the Passaic.

About the middle of May, 1859, Herbert  
made preparations for a dinner at his cot-  
tage, to which he invited a number of his  
friends. For some reason but one of them  
—an old pupil of his—made his appearance.  
In what manner the evening was passed  
will never be known, but the following day  
Herbert dressed himself with scrupulous  
care and journeyed to New York, where  
he engaged a room at the Stevens house,  
on lower Broadway. He locked himself  
in, and, making use of one of his large  
hunting pistols for the purpose, deliber-  
ately shot himself through the heart.

A plain, granite headstone now marks  
his ivy-covered grave, a few rods from  
where "The Cedars" formerly stood.

That Herbert had for some time contem-  
plated so tragic an end is made evident  
by the papers he left behind him and the  
tone that pervades some of his verses. In  
a poem called "My Home," he thus fore-

casts the probability of his melancholy fate:

And years must pass, long years, ere I  
shall run  
To that dear spot, where fools are fain to  
shun,  
The only home which now my soul doth  
crave,  
Thy home—the long, the last—thine early  
grave;  
Oh! that for me the bridal sheets were  
spread  
Now in my narrow house and lowly bed.

—E. C. Burling.



FROM A DRAWING BY HERBERT

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 house and lowly bed.  
 —E. C. Burling.



BY HERBERT

## THE TWO D'S.



HERE was once a soldier who went to his King and asked that permission be given him to challenge a brother officer, who had hit him in the face with his riding whip. And the King, not wishing to lose either of his officers, asked if

there be no other way whereby honor might be satisfied, whereupon the soldier shook his head. Then the King asked him what it was that he most cherished on earth, and the soldier, bowing low, replied that that thing was the love of the King's daughter. Whereupon the King, calling her, bade her do that which would



restore his honor to the aggrieved one; and, drawing near to the soldier, the Princess touched her lips to the mark that the blow had made.

\* \* \*

Tom Dixon and Jack Devers were members of the same club, had graduated from the same college and occupied a suite of rooms together in a big brown-stone house on Washington square. They dined at the same table, drank the same wine and made the same friends. So marked was their attention to each other that they were known everywhere as the "Two D's," and when the bell boy called for Mr. D. each arose and reached for the card lying on the silver salver.

It was not so strange then, that each should fall in love with the same girl; Tom D. discovered her, but that made little difference, for at the first meeting Jack D. deserted to the enemy. After that, for the first time in their lives, the Ds did not confide in one another.

She met them at a pink tea, and she liked the Ds because they were good-looking and sang college songs, and because her brother had told her that their room was a dream, and that they sometimes gave quiet little suppers, when everyone

enjoyed themselves in the best bedrooms and told Jack sung South American songs so much more together, and he came to call. Now love affected there was no excuse to Ds. Tom about the rooms and times, while Jack went to the opera all together; but same dreams. One night the Ds, and, Jack. Then he sat his pipe and fell graph in his hand he saw the wrapper the package on the on his glasses looking dress, then he took the sleeper's shoes. "Why did you he. "It isn't yours what are you doing

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enjoyed themselves. At times she liked Tom the best because he was so good-natured and told such funny stories; but then Jack sung the best and had been to South America and—it would have been so much nicer if they were not always together, and got their letters mixed and came to call at the same hour.

Now love affects persons differently, and there was no exception in the case of the two Ds. Tom lost his appetite, loafed about the rooms all day and smoked cigarettes, while Jack rode in the park and went to the opera and gave up smoking all together; but for all that each had the same dreams.

One night the postman left a package for the Ds, and, Jack being out, Tom opened it. Then he sat down by the fire, lighted his pipe and fell asleep with her photograph in his hand. When Jack came home he saw the wrapper that had been around the package on the other's lap, and putting on his glasses looked carefully at the address, then he took the picture and shook the sleeper's shoulder.

"Why did you open my package?" said he.

"It isn't yours, it's mine," said Tom; "what are you doing with it?"

Then the two Ds stood up and glared at one another across the fireplace.

"Has she been deceiving me?" said one, "I want to know."

"I don't know," said the other D., "are you in love with her?"

"I might have known," said both the Ds together, "I shall ask her in the morning."

\* \* \*

At eleven o'clock Miss Thorne found one of the Ds standing by the window in the parlor.

"I came," said he, "to thank you for the picture."

Miss Thorne smiled. "Mr. D. was here a little while ago," said she, "and said he liked it."

The D. coughed and drew off one of his yellow gloves.

"I am afraid," said he, "but then you see, I loved you all the time and—"

"Don't," said Miss Thorne, "let's sit down and talk it over."

When they had talked about it the D. stood up and took the white rose bud from his buttonhole; Miss Thorne stood up, too, and put it back again.

"You are both good boys," said she, "and to show you that I like you very much I'm going to—"

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When the D. reached home he found the other D. assorting out his wearing apparel.

"It's funny," said he, "but that's just why I came home; I'm going to Mexico."

Then the two Ds compared notes and kicked the dog.

"Yes, she kissed me," said both together, "and I promised not to hurt you."

At the club next day it was said that the Ds had gone away.

—Kimball Scribner.



FROGGIE WOULD A-WOOLING GO. From JUGEND.

## A BALLAD.

[REPRINTED.]

### PART I.

The auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
    (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
A thing she had frequently done before;  
    And her spectacles lay on her aproned  
    knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,  
    (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
Till the cow said "I die" and the goose  
    asked "why;"  
    And the dog said nothing, but searched  
    for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square  
    farmyard;  
    (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,  
    The connection of which with the plot  
    one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue  
    eyes;  
    (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy  
    skies,  
    As she sits at her lattice and shells her  
    peas.

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The farmer's  
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She sat with h  
cheeks;  
(Butter and e  
And this song is  
And as to it  
please.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe, red lips;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),  
If you try to approach her, away she skips  
Over tables and chairs with apparent  
ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown  
hair;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,  
Which wholly consisted of lines like  
these.

PART II.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled  
cheeks;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),  
And spoke not a word. While a lady  
speaks  
There is hope, but she didn't even  
sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson  
cheeks;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),  
She gave up mending her father's breeks,  
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning  
cheeks;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And this song is considered a perfect gem,  
And as to its meaning, it's what you  
please.

—C. S. Caverley.

## AN ANTIDOTE FOR BAD READING

---

**A** GOOD book is its own most powerful advocate. Children who have no books, but good books to read at home, and plenty of them, so that there is no need of going elsewhere to satisfy hunger, are in little danger of ever forming a taste for bad reading. Good reading is bad reading's most deadly enemy. Where the one is the other hardly ever comes.

Every family should have a well selected child's library. Food for the mind is as necessary as food for the body. Such a library would do more to keep a child from evil reading than stern commands, severe punishments, or wise admonitions ever could.

A child's mind is plastic, its tastes unformed; and wise and skillful hands can mold them as they will. If parents, and those having charge of children, only had the sense to act upon this knowledge, many a child would be saved from the degradation of taste and intellect consequent on plucking the forbidden fruits of literature.

—*Everett McNeil.*

BAD READING

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—Everett McNeil.

## CUI BONO?

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"Fill the can and fill the cup;  
All the windy ways of men  
Are as dust that rises up  
And is quickly laid again."

---

**THE PENNY MAGAZINE** is now one year old. This issue marks its first anniversary. It is not the policy of the **PENNY MAGAZINE** to be over boastful, but if the shower of congratulatory letters that sweep into the office like leaves in Autumn mean anything, they mean that the **PENNY** has kept faith with its readers, is thoroughly appreciated and has taken its stand among the best of the first-class publications of America.

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When the **PENNY MAGAZINE** was started a year ago it partook somewhat of the nature of an experiment. It was *sui generis*. It was unique in size, and in price the cheapest first-class publication in the world. It had the audacity to aim at being as good as the best, and, by adhering to this determination, it has gained a clientele of



many thousands of firm friends. In that it was dainty and clean, it appealed to the women of America and to this the highest type of our species, it owes no little of its success. The PENNY MAGAZINE is no longer an experiment. Discerning readers everywhere recognize the fact that a new planet has swept into their ken.

Any one with a lurking doubt as to the origin of species, has only to read this story, told in the *Washington Capital* by a lady, who has returned from abroad with her little daughter:

The little maid had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond, and who supplied her with most of her amusement. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge didn't know what to do with herself. She wandered about the house, upstairs and down, into the garden, and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly:

"Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes'day, two smooove ones and one woolly one."



Pipe-lambk  
Behold the S



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Behold the Spring!

Finispiece.

Drawn by HOBA

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## SPRING



Pipe, lambkin, crook, and sylvan guests.  
Behold the Springtide of the Poet!



Chills, pelting rain, and muddy streets.  
Behold the Springtide as we know it!

Finispiece.

Drawn by HOBART EGREMONT.

**The  
Penny Magazine  
is a  
Healthy Yearling.**

**Watch  
It  
Grow.**

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agent or to the Head**

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**NEW Y**

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**NEW YORK CITY**

—51—



prize winners in *Blue*  
will be made in the *Apr*  
*MAGAZINE*. The com-  
February number, close  
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will pay FIFTY CENTS apiece  
of THE PENNY MAGAZINE  
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THE PENNY MAGAZINE for  
clear and brilliant.

## GOLF LINKS.

Club desiring golf links can acquire 85 acres of suitable land and large stone club house, 80 minutes from Grand Central Station; 5 minutes from station on Harlem road; 10 minutes from station on Northern road. Easy terms. Apply STEWART & STEWART.  
25 Pine St.

**For Rent or Sale.**—Furnished or unfurnished; Large Stone House, large rooms, all improvements. Restricted Park. Thirty minutes from 42d Street Harlem R. R. Shade, fruit, 200 feet elevation. Five minutes from depot. No mosquitoes. Address Bronx, Room 2003, 150 Nassau St., New York City.

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Colonial cottage, 11 rooms and butler's pantry and bath, in good repair, in restricted, resident park, Yonkers, 5 minutes from depot, 30 minutes from 42nd St., Harlem R. R. All modern conveniences, shade and lawn. Being desirous of leaving State, will sell for mortgages and taxes for immediate sale.

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IF YOU live or do business anywhere in the vicinity of Schermerhorn Street and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, visit the attractive quarters of the Schermerhorn Bank, in the Warehouse Building, and see how politely you will be received, and how satisfactorily your business will be transacted. The capital of the Bank is \$100,000, surplus \$50,000. The officers and directors are men of high character and demonstrated business capacity. The Bank advances, or loans, money on household goods or merchandise in the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company's possession, charging the legal rate of interest.

**24 per cent.**

**Absolutely Guaranteed**

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**EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE ONE.**

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**The Washington Capital**

Published by **HOBART BROOKS**

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# \$1,500.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

THIS IS A BONA FIDE OFFER.  
READ CAREFULLY. IT WILL  
NOT APPEAR AGAIN,

## Three Grand Contests in One.

**HERE ARE OUR PROPOSITIONS:—\$500.00** in Gold to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FASHION. \$500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FIXINGS. \$500.00 in Gold to the persons that can make the greatest number of words from the letters in the word MONTHLY. You can enter one or all three contests.

### OFFER No. 1.

**\$500 IN GOLD** to the persons forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word FASHION as follows: \$200.00 in Gold will be given to the person sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word FASHION; \$100.00 to the person sending the next largest list; \$50.00 to the person sending the third largest list; \$25.00 to the person sending the fourth largest list; \$10.00 to each of the next five; \$5.00 to each of the next ten and \$1.00 to each of the next twenty-five. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word FASHION, use no language except English. Words spelled alike but with different meaning can be used but once. Use any dictionary, any word found



therein will be allowed except as follows: no plurals, prefixes, suffixes or abbreviations will be allowed. Work it out in this manner, as, ash, on, has, fan, etc. The above rewards are given free to attract attention to our handsome woman's magazine, 34 pages, 102 long columns, finely illustrated, containing the very latest fashions, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price, 50 cents per year. **TO ENTER THE CONTEST No. 1 IT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS OR MONEY ORDER** for one year's subscription with your list of words. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded.

## **OFFER No. 2.**

**\$500 IN GOLD** to those forming the greatest number of words from the letters in the word **FIXINGS**, as follows: \$100.00 each to the two persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **FIXINGS**, \$50.00 for each of the two sending the second largest lists; \$25.00 for each of the two sending the third largest lists; \$10.00 each for the next five; \$5.00 each for the next ten, and \$2.00 each for the next twenty-five largest lists. Same conditions prevail as in contest No. 1. **TO ENTER CONTEST No. 2 IT IS NECESSARY TO SEND 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "FASHION AND FIXINGS."**

## **OFFER No. 3.**

**\$500 IN GOLD** to the person sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **MONTHLY**, as follows: \$50.00 each to the four persons sending the largest list of words formed from the letters in the word **MONTHLY**; \$25.00 each for the next four largest lists; \$10.00 each for the next ten, and \$2.00 each for the next fifty. Same conditions prevail as in offers Nos. 1 and 2. Remember 25 two-cent stamps must accompany your list of words for offer No. 3 for one year's

except as follows: names or abbreviations set out in this matter. The above requires attention to our list of 34 pages, 102 names, containing the original matter, by best authors; price: **ENTER THE CONTEST BY MAILING 25 TWO-CENT STAMPS OR MONEY** subscription with payment guaranteed in every case.

## No. 2.

Every person forming the grand list of the letters in the word **FIXINGS** by sending the second largest list of the two sets: \$10.00 each for the next ten, and \$20.00 for the next five largest lists. No. 1. **IT IS NECESSARY TO SUBSCRIBE TO**

## No. 3.

Every person sending the letters from the letters **FIXINGS**, as follows: \$50.00 for the largest list of the letters in the word **FIXINGS** each for the next ten, and \$20.00 for the next five largest lists. No. 1. **IT IS NECESSARY TO SUBSCRIBE TO**

subscription to **FASHION AND FIXINGS**. By sending 25 two-cent stamps for one year's subscription to our magazine you can enter any one of these contests; by sending 40 two-cent stamps for an eighteen months' subscription you can enter any two of these contests; by sending 50 two-cent stamps for a two years' subscription you can enter all three contests. If you enter all three contests you will be almost sure to receive one or more of the 158 cash prizes.

## GRAND COMBINATION OFFER.

Every person entering all three competitions and sending 50 two-cent stamps will receive by return mail a very handsome Gold Plated Combination Shirt Waist Set, consisting of 1 Collar Button, 3 Shirt Studs, 1 pair of Link Sleeve Buttons and 1 Skirt Holder that will fit any belt. These Jewelry Sets are something entirely new and are set with very handsome colored Parisian enamel. They are worth more than the price of the three subscriptions and will be sure to please every one.

The March number of **FASHION AND FIXINGS** contains the names and addresses of the people who received cash prizes from our last contest. Send your lists at once or not later than May 30th, at which time contest closes. The names of all successful contestants will be published in the July number of **FASHION AND FIXINGS**. We refer you to any mercantile agency as to our responsibility.

Contestants residing in Foreign Countries must send double these amounts for extra postage. Address

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**"Why Stand Ye Idle"** when you can start a mail order business at home, without capital. Many who formerly worked for an overbearing boss, now make comfortable incomes, some as much as \$50 a week, and call no man master. I will teach you how. Address, H. STAFFORD, 111 Nassau St., P. O. Box 264 New York.

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In other words, for the price of one subscription (20 cent-), we will give any subscriber a full year's subscription for a friend, and will give **FREE** one Penny Binder. Please hasten your order.

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*Life*



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Thus making these the most desirable places for winter outings.

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For a short time the Savannah Line will sell first-class tickets to Savannah, calling for transportation 700 miles each way unexcused meals and accommodations aboard steamer, including two days' stop at choice of three first-class hotels at Savannah in all nearly a week's board in addition to transportation, for \$36.00.

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Unsurpassed Cabin Accommodations. Sea-spray

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The tire is nine points of cycling. Poor tires make poor riding, no matter how fine the wheel, while a good tire makes a poor wheel almost good.

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We make both Basket Tread and Smooth. Obtainable from any dealer, and on any wheel. Write for illustrated pamphlet; or send a two-cent stamp for six phot graph cards nearly cabinet size.

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**ALONG YOUR GARMENT'S HEM,  
In sunny days or shady,  
You'd wear S. H. & M.**

For mighty good reasons, too. It does not fade in sunshine, nor grow stiff and harsh in wet weather. You cannot afford to use cheap substitutes.

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Comfort for Women  
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**I**MAGINE a light, knitted garment with none of the stiff, armor like sections of the corset. Think of this soft, silk-like fabric made into a Nazareth Waist—properly boned with a new bone that cannot rust and



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Nothing ever known preserved the outlines of the form so well and gave the comfort. It's new. Most stores know of it and are putting it in. If

your retailer hasn't it you can order from us. Price, \$1.00, sizes 32 to 40 bust measure; \$1.25, sizes 42 to 46

## NAZARETH MFG. CO.

Nazareth, Pa.

Waist

Women  
of Corsets.

...itted garment with  
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...n order from us  
...measure; \$1.25.

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**FAST BLACK COTTON**

**DRESS LININGS** FOR WAIST  
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*Will Not Crock.*

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements, and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress.

*Look for this on every yard of the Selvage.*

*Nubian Fast Black*

*All Leading Dry Goods Stores.*

## GIRLS' COSTUME.—10 cts.



**PLAID** canvas cloth combined with velvet, in powder-blue, make this a ractive dress. The fanciful front displays a plastron of velvet uniquely shaped, forming a circular yoke and extending down the front in "V" shape to the waist line. The contrasting material on each side is collected in gathers and fastened at the top by straps of velvet. Gathers at the shoulder-edges and waist adjust the fullness of the back and smooth under-arm gores separate the front from the back. A wrinkled belt of velvet encircles the waist. The stylish sleeves follow the arm closely from the wrists to a goodly height above the elbow, the additional material being arranged upon the uppers in soft bouffant effect caught through the centre

in butterfly style. Prettily shaped cuffs of velvet complete the wrists. At the neck is a close standing band over which is arranged a crushed collar and tiny points of velvet.

To make this dress for a girl eight years of age will require three and one-fourth yards of forty-four-inch wide material. The pattern, No. 6946 is cut in sizes for girls six, eight, ten and twelve years of age, and retails for twenty-five cents.

Reader of the PENNY MAGAZINE will receive this pattern, complete, post-paid, for 10 cents, or two subscriptions to the Penny Magazine. Mention number of pattern, 6946. Address

**The Penny Company,**  
150 Nassau St., New York.

Company,  
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## THE PROMISE.

# The Lombard Diamond

### MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD RING.



For years savants have been studying the problem of artificial carbonizing with the object of making a diamond which shall be equal to that produced by nature. The best results of their efforts have been crystallized in the famous **Lombard Diamond**. It is a stone of startling beauty and purity of scintillation. Worn side by side with gems of the first water, it reflects their brilliance, and suffers not greatly by comparison. Ninety-nine out of one hundred persons

would never detect it, even upon the closest scrutiny.

This **Lombard Diamond** is offered to you in the celebrated Tiffany style of setting in a **Solid Gold Ring**. In every respect this ring resembles a genuine diamond ring. These **Lombard Rings** are sold at \$5.00. We have all sizes. Our special proposition to readers of **The Penny Magazine** is this:

We will send you the **LOMBARD DIAMOND** solid Gold Ring, in a beautiful box, by registered mail, postpaid, for \$1.50; or, we will send it by express, C. O. D., subject to your examination, if you send us 50 cents to guarantee good faith, and pay the balance to the express agent, if satisfied. To secure correct size, send a little strip of paper that just fits around your finger. These rings can be worn by men, women or children. Remit money by money order or cash in registered letter. Address

**MORTON & COMPANY,**

Room 2003, 150 Nassau Street, New York.

Upon the O

is an announcement  
last month. The a  
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these sample letter

MORTON & Co.,  
Gentlemen:  
Diamond Ring  
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Feb. 20th, 188

MORTON & C  
Gentlemen:  
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the greatest

LOMBARD  
opposite.

MISE.

board

GOLD RING.

years savants have  
studying the problem  
artificial carbonizing  
the object of making a  
and which shall be  
to that produced by  
e. The best results of  
efforts have been crys-  
in the famous *Lombard*  
*Diamond*. It is a stone  
arting beauty and  
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side by side with  
of the first water. It  
s their brilliance, and  
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by registered mail.  
send it by express,  
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paper that just fits  
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t money by money  
Address  
COMPANY.  
a Street, New York

## THE PROOF.

### Upon the Opposite Page...

is an announcement that astonished the Jewelers' world last month. The announcement is reprinted in 'The Penny Magazine' for March, and the opportunity is still open. We knew the offer was an extraordinary one, otherwise it would not have been worth while to make it. We knew that it was almost too good to believe; otherwise we would not have offered to send the Rings upon approval. We do not blame those patrons of ours during the month who, even when ordering, had their private doubts as to the rare value of the Rings. It gives us real pleasure, nevertheless, to print these sample letters of scores that were received:

MORTON & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I am so pleased with your *Lombard Diamond Ring* that I feel compelled to express to you my satisfaction, and to acquaint you with the doubts I had when ordering it. Long experience has taught me that advertisements, like men, are not always what they seem, but my wife wanted to get one of your Rings, and inasmuch as I had never been disappointed in any advertisement in *The Penny Magazine*, I overcame my scruples and ordered a *Lombard Ring*. It arrived promptly, and delights us far beyond expectation. I am glad to give credit where credit is due. Hence this letter. But how do you do it?

Yours sincerely,

E. SCANLAN.

206 East 124th Street,  
Harlem, New York.

Feb. 20th, 1897.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 22, 1897.

MORTON & COMPANY, New York.

Gentlemen: I received the *Lombard Ring* in good condition. It is very satisfactory. Please send me another for a friend, size and money enclosed. It is the greatest bargain I have ever found. With thanks,  
Very truly,

MARGARET QUIMBY.

Mt. Auburn Street.

LOMBARD DIAMOND, SOLID GOLD RINGS, see offer opposite.

MORTON & COMPANY,  
Room 2003, 150 Nassau St., New York.



## YELLOW KID FREE.

This is the famous Yellow Kid of the New York World. It is a ladies' stick pin or gentlemen's scarf pin, two inches long. It is hand-painted on gold plate in yellow and other vivid colors in hard enamel. We send a sample FREE to each and every person in the United States.

Address, LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.

**WEALTH FOR BRAINS** — Many have become wealthy through patents. Why not you? Simple, useful articles pay largely. Write for book of inventions wanted. Sent free. **ARCHER, AITON & ARCHER**, Dept. P, 271 Broadway, New York.

### WHAT 10 CENTS WILL BUY.

To introduce our famous **DR. WASHBURN'S HEADACHE CURE**, a harmless and absolute cure in 15 minutes for **HEADACHE** and **NEURALGIA**, we will send a sample box for 10 cents and will give with it **SIX** Colorado **GOLD** pens, one book, "Lord Chesterfield's Maxims on Etiquette," one book of "Values of Old Coins," whereby you can get rich by finding them, and also 25 other useful and valuable imported articles in a neat case. All the above postpaid for 10 cents, silver, or 11 cents in stamps. Address, Washburn Remedy Co., 150 Nassau St., New York City.

### An Old Nurse for Children.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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Shoshonegan, Maine, will mail you the true guide to health and lucrative, humane practice.

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.**, Dept. J. 2, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1 800 prize offer and list of 1,000 inventions wanted.

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OF

**CASTORIA**

*Chas. H. Pletcher*

IS ON  
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## W KID FREE.

the famous Yellow Kid of  
York World. It is a li-  
pin or gentlemen's scarf  
inches long. It is hand-  
gold plate in yellow and  
colors in hard enamel.  
a sample FREE to each  
person in the United  
Address,  
15 Bond St., New York.

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Why not you? Simple.  
Write for book of inven-  
ARCHER. AITON &  
dway, New York.

## WILL BUY.

BRUNN'S HEADACHE CURE.  
Advances for H& DACH and  
box for 10 cents and a ill give  
one book, "Lord Chesterfield's  
Values of Old Coins," whereby  
also 25 other useful and valu-  
All the above postpaid for 10  
Address, Washburn Remedy Co.

or (children.

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sed for children while  
softens the gums, allays  
is the best remedy for

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Who can think of  
some simple thing to  
may bring you wealth.  
RN & CO., Dept.  
gton, D. C., for their  
inventions wanted.

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interest in the man himself becomes warm, and then there is laid before you the best that survives to us of his writings, including his noble "Hymn to Virtue." Thus, in scarcely an hour's reading, and reading, too, of the most interesting kind, we make an acquaintance quite sufficient for all the needs of general culture with one of the master-spirits of the world.

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In short, all climes and all times have

typical letters of  
Vesper Hymn" of  
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Babylonian and As-  
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Other Adamases  
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Aeschylus,  
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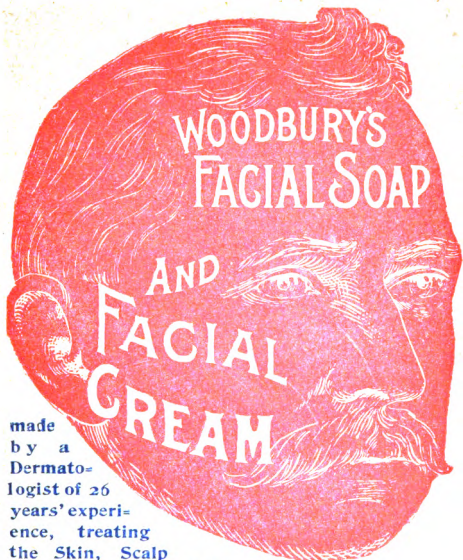


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Vol. I

August, 1896

No. 6

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THE  
PENNY MAGAZINE



MONTHLY



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**I**f at night you cannot rest,

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**E**at and drink whate'er you please,

**L**ook for happiness and ease.

**I**n Carter's Pills you'll always find

**V**egetable to help the mind,

**E**very pill saves you from grief,

**R**emoves obstructions, brings relief.

**P**ills of Carter have wondrous fame,

**I**n every town they hold their name.

**L**essen all the doctor's bills,

**L**ong you're free from ailing ills,

**S**ince taking Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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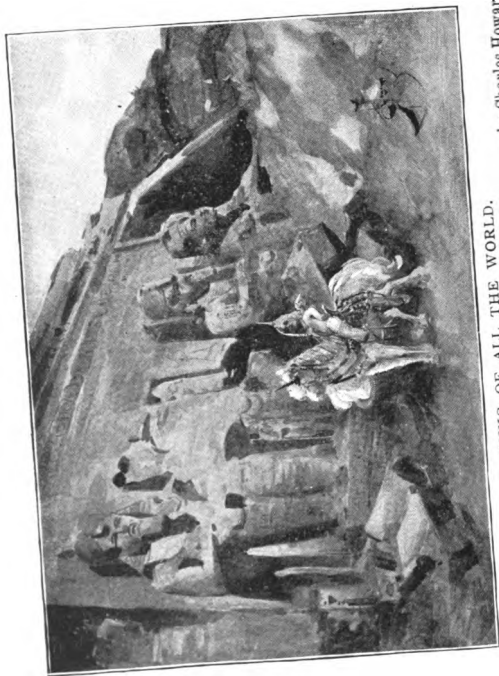
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**KING OF ALL THE WORLD.**  
**Drawn for the PENNY MAGAZINE by Charles Howard Johnson**

**Frontispiece**

## A POEM BY HORACE GREELEY.



HERE are, perhaps, a few persons who know that Mr. Greeley—whose own style was shaped by the dry intellect rather than by fancy—was deeply impressed by the æsthetic quality in literature, and especially by the best poets. His love for Swinburne and Browning was singularly earnest—the former for his luxurious lyricism and melody, and the latter for his strong and deep interpretation of life.

His eldest daughter, on one occasion, gave him "The Ring and the Book" for a birthday present; and in spite of its length I believe he so economized odd intervals of time as to be able to accomplish its perusal. The difference between a practical, sledge-

hammer *Tribune* editorial of the olden time, and Browning's subtle metaphysics, is surely very great; but this did not prevent the author of the former from absorbing a strange delight in the poetry which seems so thoroughly opposite to his own English style.

That Mr. Greeley, in early life, wrote verses himself of a quite respectable quality, not very many of the public, I suspect, at this date, recall. I remember one poem of his titled "The Pen and the Press," or something similar to that, which many years ago found its way into a school book, and I have still a distinct impression of its vigorous eloquence. Not long ago I discovered another in a quite obscure little volume, copyrighted in 1844, which I reproduce below. It was written by Mr. Greeley in 1843, without doubt, for an occasion which the title describes, when he was thirty-two years of age, and when the *Tribune* was not much over two years old. Some of the lines in it might be attributed to Tom Moore, without serious question.

*Joel Benton.*

ODE FOR THE

B

O H, glad wa  
awoke  
From her slum  
On her eyelids lo  
broke,  
And the warm  
veins.  
Before her lay I  
In stupor and  
Despairing that  
Or rend the bl  
ing.

At the sound of  
The heart of t  
Hope breathed  
hall,  
And glimpses  
All vainly scow  
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Fierce Tyrann  
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question.  
Joel Benton.

## ODE FOR THE MEETINGS OF THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

---

BY HORACE GREELEY.

---

### I.

OH, glad was the morning when Freedom  
    awoke  
From her slumber of ages in darkness and chains,  
On her eyelids long sealed the Day's beams clearly  
    broke,  
And the warm gush of life-blood rekindled her  
    veins.  
Before her lay Earth in its tyrants' strong grasp;  
In stupor and sloth Man was listlessly dreaming;  
Despairing that Time should his fetters unclasp,  
Or rend the black ensigns now over him stream-  
    ing.

### II.

At the sound of her voice, at her clarion's call,  
The heart of the Nations intensely was stirred;  
Hope breathed in the cottage, Joy festooned the  
    hall,  
And glimpses of Eden flashed out at the word.  
All vainly scowled down from their moss-mantled  
    towers  
Fierce Tyranny's minions in serried array;  
At the boom of their guns not a heart meanly cow-  
    ers,  
Not a rank from her standard is melted away.

### III.

No, they leap at the summons, the noble and true!  
They rise in their pride at the rockets' upsoaring;  
They rush to the combat, where, fair on the view,  
Over hill-top and river their foemen are pouring.  
On Morat's high plateau, at Naseby's red plain,  
On Bunker's low summit, by Yorktown's broad river,  
They grapple the death-bolts, blood pouring like rain,  
Till the tyrant and minion are prostrate forever!

### IV.

Yet nobler, far nobler, the task of their sons,  
By the noontide of Freedom benignly surrounded,  
No more to shake earth by the roar of their guns  
Nor drench her parched soil with the gore of the wounded:  
The red blades of despots indignantly spurning,  
They wield not the weapons of Passion and Crime;  
Their triumphs are marked by no nations in mourning,  
No heart-breaking shriek mars their chorus sublime.

### V.

Their armor is justice, their trust is in Heaven,  
Their warfare with Error, Oppression and Wrong;  
No red car of Battle o'er victims is driven,  
But the wretched are solaced, the weak are made strong.  
By myriads they gather, the firm and high-hearted;  
In manhood's calm strength they all peril despise;  
And Tyranny knows that its reign has departed  
By the soul that looks out from the glance of their eyes.

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## VI.

So tearless their triumphs, so blessing and blest,  
 No widows bewailing, no orphans deploring,  
 They shall circle the globe from the east to the  
     west,  
 Still to gladness and hope the crushed millions  
     restoring.  
 On the trail of their legions no ashes are seen,  
 No captive is shackled, no slave bends the knee;  
 All Earth's be the joy, hers the vesture of green,  
 But the glory, O Erin, shall linger with thee!





## THE DEFORMED TRANS- FORMED.

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A HAUNTED WASTE.

hers was the feeling which actuates many of our "best people," though serenely satisfied that they *are* the best. This reflection is prompted by a glance out of the "third story back" window of a handsome house in a fashionable quarter of a great city, a glance which reveals a dreary waste of ash-heaps, clothes-lines, naked board fences and strips of grassless ground

THAT much-ridiculed young woman who wished to know whether she was expected to wear a low or high-necked dress in order that she might perform her ablutions accordingly, was but a type of many otherwise very admirable people.

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much-ridden young woman wished to whether she was to wear a high-necked order that perform her accordingly, a type of otherwise very ble people. ly or not, tuates many erenely sat. This reflection of the a handsome r of a great reary waste aked board ess ground



AS IT MIGHT BE.

spot, the gaunt and hungry alley cat stalks with grim and cynical aloofness, repaying with a bitter scorn the whips and spurs which he alike of worthy and unworthy takes.

Such *is* the back yard as it exists to-day in all the cities of America, and often in their wealthiest quarters. What the back yard might be, nay, sometimes is, where taste and skill combine to work its transformation, the writer knows from personal

observation to be the very antithesis of all that he has described. A dollar or two—not necessarily more—spent for hardy vines, climbing roses and grass seed; a little work which any man who, like Adam, bears arms can do; a load or two of that humble substance which, as has been well said, though uncanonized yet works more miracles than the holiest saint in the calendar; a little rain, which God in due time and quantity sends alike upon the just and unjust; a little patience and a little hope, and the wonder is worked. The ugly back



A CIVILIZED YARD.

yard is now transformed into a trim and beautiful back *garden*, its hideous fences hidden under a wealth of green and blos-

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soming vines, its naked brick walls covered with the delicate tracery of the *ampelopsis* or the deeper green of the venerable ivy.



TRIM AND BEAUTIFUL.

Its desert of tin cans and bottles is now a smooth-clipped little square of eye-refreshing turf, edged about with a gay border of bright flowers and shrubs.

Some of these days when we are *really* civilized, and have learned to respect the rights and the property of others for better reasons than because the law says we must, the fences may be banished altogether and we may then have community gardeners charged with the care and management of the joint garden of a whole block. When our back yard millennium comes we may

expect also that the family "wash" will no longer be dried in the rear of the family residence, but in a community laundry, as it should be, and this reform would remove one of the chief obstacles from the path of the back yard gardener.

"The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,

And down came a jackdaw and nipped off her nose"—

and ever since the writer began to plant his back yard with something besides tin cans he has been a sturdy apologist for the apparently unwarranted amputation. He has no doubt that at the moment of the assault the maid had her number eleven foot in the middle of a bed of choice geraniums, or had just set down a large basket of wet linen on top of the king's *Perle du Jardin* rose. These hitherto unpublished details place the much maligned jackdaw in a more favorable attitude before the great public.

Yet though there be drawbacks and discouragements, still the sweets outnumber the bitters, and any one who has the mind to begin and the heart to continue, cannot fail of his reward. The doing is easy—what is generally lacking is the will to do.

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And is it not worth the doing? The original Gehenna, which we now use as a synonym for the place of awful desolation and eternal despair, was a valley near Jerusalem devoted to just the purposes to which we nineteenth century Christians generally appropriate our back yards. Let the controversialist look out for the great Gehenna, but let us all resolve to abolish or transform our little ones. *Philander Stansbury.*

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## FAT AND LEAN.

(REPRINTED.)

**A** THIN little fellow had such a fat wife,  
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!  
She looked like a drum, and he looked like a fife,  
And it took all his money to dress her,  
God bless her,  
To dress her,  
God bless her,  
To dress her.

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,  
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!  
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,  
To eat her, and drink and sleep her,  
God keep her,  
To drink her,  
God keep her,  
And sleep her.

She grew like a target—he grew like a sword,  
A sword, a sword, God spare her!  
She took all the bed and she took all the board,  
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,  
God spare her,  
To bear her,  
God spare her,  
To bear her.

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,  
A pike, a pike, God save him!  
And nobody ever beheld the like,  
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.  
God save him,  
To shave him,  
God save him,  
To shave him.

She fattened away till she burst one day,  
Exploded, blew up—God take her!  
And all the people that saw it say  
She covered over an acre.  
God take her,  
An acre,  
God take her,  
An acre.



like a sword,  
her!  
all the board,  
ear her.



like a pike,  
shave him.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit; bird thou never wert."

THE mocking bird of Florida is surely the most lively creature on earth.

ay,  
!

A newly wedded pair recently moved into the jasmine just outside my window, and I conclude that Mr. Mocker is hen-pecked, for I hear Mrs. Mocker remonstrating with him Caudle-ly. He is jealous, too, I am sure, for he accuses her of flirting with Jim, Jim, Jim, instead of being true to him, him, him — Peter, Peter, doncher-know.



All day long a bevy of mockers sit in the live oaks and tell me stories in song, never pausing long on any theme, but equally at home in canon, fugue or potpourri. They swing and ring and fling music, and toss it to each other, and caroi and ditty and



duetty, and chanson and barcarolle, always insisting that Peter, Peter, Peter, knows all about the world of music, and is on the most intimate terms with Bach and Beethoven, Chopin and Clementi, Mozart and Mendelssohn. Then they twist their heads wisely and shout out, come here, come out here, with Peter Jim Hallie; oh, Peter, Peter, Peter; Jim, Jim, Jim; Zip, Zip, Zip; Meow, Meow, Meow; Peter, Peter, Peter; Who's afraid, Peter, Peter, and then such a roundelay bursts forth that one knows it must have been caught from the angelic choir. We are enveloped in song, enmeshed in rhythm and sound, trills, tremolos and rampant melody, until "night draws her sable curtain round," and the sweet blue and gray songsters retire to their downy nests to rest their tiny thanksgiving throats.

*Eloise Hull.*



THE ANATO

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*Eloise Hull.*

## THE ANATOMY OF LEADER- SHIP.

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A NOTED politician and boss some time ago defined politics as the science of accomplishing things. It seems to me a very good definition. The successful business man employs politics. The retail merchant lays his plans so that his customers may be induced to buy. He accomplishes the feat of getting possession of their money. The same would be true, I suppose, of the wholesale merchant. Similarly, the manufacturer arranges that his products may be disposed of at good prices. The railroad president not only accomplishes the transportation of persons and of freight, but he also accomplishes economy in administration. The business man of whatever kind succeeds the better if he is a smooth politician. He conceives good ideas applicable to his particular branch of commerce, transportation, or manufactures, and studies how most effectively to work them out into money, which is the desideratum of all.

He not only tries in these larger ways to exercise his imagination and make it bear fruit in money, but in the smallest details he employs shrewdness, circumspection, tact, caution, audacity if necessary, smoothness. He must bend the wills or the inclinations of others to his purpose. In a way he leads, or, possibly to put it better, he seems to lead. He discovers demands, actual or potential, and anticipates them.

The gentleman who is engaged in politics, whether for vocation or diversion, also "handles" people. He bends them to his will. He anticipates their sentiments and formulates them; and then he seems to lead. Sometimes he really does lead, having solidified his following so that it really follows; or, possibly, by a flash or an inspiration he blazes out some new path in public affairs. Here, again, audacity at times, circumspection always, and always enterprise and candor and smoothness, are necessary. Human nature is his study, more even than it is the business man's; for all Americans take, or ought to take, to politics, ought to participate, in small ways if they cannot participate in large ways, in public affairs. If sentiments (or issues) sufficiently arouse them, they do participate, sometimes passionately, in the choice

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of representatives to formulate their ideas into the laws by which they shall be governed. The politician, then, is a boss; and often he becomes a statesman.

I admire the boss in politics. Personally I have sometimes loved the boss, beginning with an admiration for his successes and for the methods by which he has achieved them. Often the boss is discovered to be a real leader of men, with all of the gentler as well as the bolder and braver qualities; and that is why I have sometimes loved him. We are all bosses as far as we are able to be. We like to rule our households; or surely we insist that no one else shall rule them. We feel proud that our neighbors also defer to us naturally and easily, not because we are taller or more muscular than they, but because of some quality of mind or heart which they have discovered, and on account of which they naturally like to mind us; or even on certain occasions when we all forget ourselves more or less they throw their hats in the air and cheer for us. We like to be Napoleons of business, operating the largest mills, shipping the largest consignments of goods, making the largest mines pay, shining even in the managements of trusts. We envy the bosses in business; we strive (constantly, of course,

within the limits which surround us) to be bosses in business. Why should we despise the boss in politics? There is no reason—unless we deny at the outset our superb American proposition that the people can be trusted and that popular government is now and must always be a grand success.

You argue that the boss in politics is oftentimes corrupt, employs mercenary ways and means, fattens at the public crib. Not often; and not for very long. The people find him out, and then, if they themselves are moral and incorruptible, reject him. I think it capable of proof that at least nine out of ten of the most successful and the longest successful bosses are the disinterested, the generous, the helpful, the patriotic, the easy bosses. They want things that their followers want; and since their followers (in the genius of our American system, at least) want good and patriotic things, the bosses are usually good and patriotic. The most successful political leaders (meaning by leaders not those who really lead, but those who only seem to lead) have been the men—and the same is true of business and, I suppose, of church work also—who have so anticipated the plans and organizations and desires of their followings that the followers

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are really the influential and right-minded people in all their various communities. I have in mind a Western boss, who for twenty-five years actually managed in the smallest as well as the largest details, the affairs and progress of his party in his state by merely finding out before he acted what the best people of his party wanted. There was always a singular unanimity in these wishes—naturally enough. The rule of this easy Western boss was hardly a rule at all; yet it was absolute, patriotic, unselfish, pure.

Are we justified, I wonder, in insisting that the statesman must invariably be a politician? It seems to me we are. He need not be a boss, though it would be very important and very useful if some American statesmen were also bosses (so that they could shape public policies, I mean), not merely with the smoothness and prescience of the politician, but with the power of the leader with well organized forces already behind him and prepared to do his bidding. Granting that it is not essential that a statesman should be a boss (though many of our greatest have notoriously lacked the faculty of organization and accomplishment in matters of detail), we may still stand upon the other point, namely, that a leader

may not know great things, and may not accomplish them for the people whom he likes to represent and whom he is supposed to represent, if he does not understand the people. If he has been a politician, if he is still a politician, he not only looks into the future with the broad and deep imagination of the thinker and the tribune, but he knows the way. He remembers the practices of success as well as the sublime desires of the seer and the prophet. The closer we study the character of Lincoln the more we accord to him the highest rank among American statesmen. Did we ever produce so great a politician? And was he not a boss, a glorious, matchless, easy boss, admitting Nevada, no matter what the clamor, because he needed a couple of senators, keeping the border States neutral for neutral fighting ground, honestly taking in the good old war Democrats for help, really directing the movement of all the armies when they really began to win?

*Marshall Cushing.*

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"KITTENS."



## BAIRNIE'S HAND.

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IS there aught that's sweeter  
Than a bairnie's hand?  
Hold I such a handie,  
It will set me thinking  
That the day's hard burthens,  
All Life's bitter conflicts  
Are behind me sinking;  
And I see the handie  
Held in mine so tender,  
Look a tiny island  
To the eyes up-blooming,  
Floating far in Ocean;  
Blossoms waft their odor,  
Butterflies are flitting,  
Carolling are song-birds,  
Silver springs are rippling,  
And it is the island  
Of Felicity!

Is there aught that's sweeter  
Than a bairnie's hand?  
What a holy Future  
Rests in thee sure written!

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eter



"IS THERE AUGHT THAT'S SWEETER?"

What of Jest and Pleasure  
 Laugh from out the dimples!  
 What will be the stories  
 That small hand shall trace yet.  
 What the wounds inflicted  
 By that hand on others;  
 What wealth of caresses  
 Sleeping here lie hidden;  
 What of dismal torture,  
 With the temples throbbing,  
 Will that hand be feeling,  
 When once Trouble comes there.  
 Ah, and too, how many  
 Lovely words unspoken—  
 Through Life's lengthened journey  
 Will this hand's clasp say!  
 Yet I will not know it,  
 And I will not think it,  
 How much Joy and Sorrow  
 Here may dwell together.  
 Will but calmly feast me  
 On this revelation  
 Holy grand Divineness  
 In such lovely shape:

Is there aught that's sweeter  
 Than a bairnie's hand?

Englished from "Jugend" by *A. Peccante*.

A FLURRY

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## A FLURRY IN THE MARKET.

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IT was evening in Wall Street. The almost horizontal beams of the setting sun glanced askant the asphalt pavement and threw on its white surface the imprint of old Trinity's steeple, pointing eastward. The shadows were exaggerated. The dark spaces in behind the columns of the Custom-house and the Sub-treasury were absolutely black. The cornices of the great office-buildings were rife with fantastic shapes, where the fading light touched the quaint carvings. The street was deserted by the business men who had thronged it throughout the day. A few under-clerks hurried along or across the narrow financial thoroughfare and seemed, on their very faces, to carry the imprint of long lines of figures or lists of stock quotations.

They sat together on the pedestal of Washington's statue—Washington, with his polished bronzed legs and shining shoes—Washington with a look of complaisance

on his firm-set features as if he refused to be coerced into condemning the selfish, grasping world about him, although he strongly disapproved of the pace that kills.

It had taken a vast amount of climbing for those little legs, and an extraordinary deal of pushing with those chubby arms to get up to the base of great George's statue. The breath came quickly for a few moments, while the two sat there,—he holding fast to the right leg of the Father of his Country, with one hand, and clinging tightly to her little fingers with the other. By-and-by, they came to breathe easier, she the first because he had done most of the lifting. True to the instincts of her sex, as soon as she caught her breath she began to chatter.

"Where d'you live?"

"'N the top floor of the Babel build-in'." Such the reply.

"What's your father?—Mine ain't any-thing;—'cause he's dead,"—slowly but candidly.

"Mine's a janitor. We live in the build-in'. Wont you come and see me? I've got a sister. She ain't as pretty as you but she's older. I used to sell papers. I don't no more."

No response,—he went on,

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"GREAT GEORGE'S STATUE."

"Wish you was livin' down on our street. We've got a garden on the roof. My sister's got a lot of flowers 'n pots, roses 'nd sunflowers 'nd 'tunias 'nd things."

"Has she,—then I'll come."

"Will you? That's great. Say, when you get bigger 'nd don't have nothin' else to do, will you come 'nd live with me 'nd marry me? My sister says she's going to get married soon as somebody asts her,—nobody's ast her yet."

"Well, I don't know. Somebody's ast me two days before yesterday. I don't think I can marry you"—thoughtfully—"but when your sister goes away, I'll come and be your sister."

He was very young. He didn't know the humor and the pathos of her answer. So he was satisfied. And they talked on and on while the shadows lengthened,—until the sun went to rest over in Jersey somewhere and the sky, like a mirror, reflected the lights of the city. He was, evidently, a bibulous, roistering fellow, this sun; he rarely went to bed o' nights in a sober condition. The history of his retiring was one long list of red-fire exhibitions, and excepting when a considerate cloud threw over him a kindly, though often "wet" blanket, he never faded into the Occident, without

n' down on our side  
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suffusing the whole surrounding atmosphere with scarlet and salmon. After such a wealth of color, the blue-black twilight sky is very restful.

And the children talked on and on,—until,—

• • • •

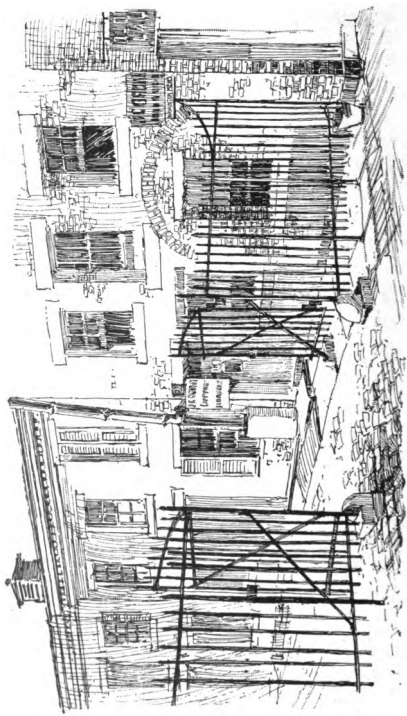
"These two kids are asleep," said the policeman. There they sat,—he leaning against the historic, patriotic limb, and she with her curly head on his shoulder,—going to be a sister to him.

The policeman waked them and led them a little way toward their down-town homes. It was quite dark.

*A. B. Tucker.*







THE WASHINGTON MEWS.

# WASHINGTON

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"Washington Mews" facin  
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## WASHINGTON MEWS.

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THE American school boy, bright and perceptive as he is, would doubtless be puzzled on encountering the sign "Washington Mews" facing him as the name of the little street that runs from University Place to Fifth Avenue immediately in the rear of a row of comfortable old Knickerbocker mansions that face Washington Square on the north. Having mastered his surprise at seeing a New York street called a "mews," the boy would learn from his teacher that in England every street or enclosure that contains a number of stables is designated a mews, and that the term is to be encountered thousands of times in the British Metropolis. If he delved into the philology of the question, he would find that Worcester, who is still a respectable American authority, will tell him that a mews is a place for enclosing horses; stables; to mew, of course, being to shut up, to confine. It would also tell him that on the north side of Charing Cross stand

the royal stables, called from the original use of the building on their site, the Mews: having been used for keeping the king's falcons, at least from the time of Richard II.

The old English name of the Washington Mews has been religiously preserved, and as the sign announcing the fact has lapsed by effluxion of time, a new one has taken its place. The one that now bears the legend looks new and bright, in spite of the fact that the little street has existed since 1824.

It is recorded that in 1633 there was very good duck shooting over the marsh that covered the present site of the Washington Mews. The only "duck" to be found there to-day is the one that is synonymous with "growler" in the slang of the Metropolis, and which is "rushed" or "chased" by the degenerate bipeds that inhabit the houses that were erected to shelter the horses of those who were in early days New York's "carriage people"—the Knickerbockers of Washington Square. Even after the swamp had been partially reclaimed and a part of it turned into the paupers' cemetery or Potter's Field, there was still sufficient water about to render it possible for the New Yorker of 1822 to skate in the winter months from the old stone bridge, which

was at Canal street  
point on Fifth Avenue  
street, the route of  
Minetta Creek and  
the swamp in the  
present Washington  
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was at Canal street and Broadway, to a point on Fifth Avenue above Fourteenth street, the route of the skater being along Minetta Creek and across what was left of the swamp in the neighborhood of the present Washington Mews. It was in this year that Rose Butler, a negress, was hanged for murder on a gallows erected near the spot where the Washington Arch now stands, a stone's throw from the Mews.

In 1797 the Potter's Field was transferred from its site in Union Square to what is now Washington Square and the Mews. The people residing near Union Square were anxious to be rid of the gruesome sepulchre of the poor, and those interested in property near the new site received it with reluctance and protest. But there it remained for a time, and the machinery-made shoe of the present day clinks merrily over the asphalt that covers the bones of hundreds of dead, poor humans. When, in 1889, excavations were being made for the foundations of Stanford White's superb creation, the Washington Arch, some of the crude tombstones that marked the graves of such of the pauper aristocrats as could afford luxuries, were encountered at a considerable depth below the present surface of Fifth Avenue.

New York was growing rapidly in 1824, and Greenwich Village, now the old Ninth Ward, was becoming a populous suburb. A succession of handsome residences made, what was then upper Broadway, the fashionable quarter. The increase of the wealthy class necessitated the expansion of this fashionable area, and thus it was that the old Potter's Field came to be reclaimed. Over the grave of the pauper citizen rose the stately mansions of New York's first citizens. Among those who located on the north side of Washington Square—still called Waverly Place by some people—were the Rhinelanders, Griswolds, Boormans, Coopers, etc. In the rear of the red brick mansions were placed the stables, which constitute the "Washington Mews" of to-day. From here the equipages and well groomed horses of the New York of seventy years ago, carried the ladies of the "first families" in their shopping and visiting tours, and for many years the neighborhood held its own as among the most delightful and exclusive of the Metropolis. Even now, the ruthless hand of time, ever forcing the city further northward, seems to hesitate as though reluctant to disturb the charm of this ideal neighborhood. Many of the old families, how-

ever, have fled, once inhabited men, is now the few horses. Most turned into cottages the cosmopolitan in which the colonists settled. Little there existing neighborhood was the excitement thirty National Guards arms in Washington in suppressing commune, though up to date. It even though the of the Washington



ever, have fled, and the Mews that was once inhabited by many horses and few men, is now the home of many men and few horses. Most of the stables have been turned into cottage residences, occupied by the cosmopolitan population of the Mews, in which the colored brother is freely represented. Little does the humble commune there existing wot that the peaceful neighborhood was the scene of tumultuous excitement thirty-two years ago, when the National Guard lay for three days under arms in Washington Square, while engaged in suppressing the stone cutters' riots. The commune, though humble, is modern and up to date. It takes no stock in legends, even though they relate to the past glories of the Washington Mews.

*Stanly Desmond.*



## THE NOTARY'S STORY.\*



CONDENSED FROM STERNE'S "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

NOW, as the Notary's wife disputed the point with the Notary with too much heat—"I wish," said the Notary, throwing down the parchment, "that there was another notary here, only to set down and attest all this."

"And what would you do, then, Monsieur?" said she, rising hastily up. The Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply. "I would go," answered he, "to bed." "You may go to the Devil," answered the Notary's wife. Now, there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the Devil, went forth with his hat and cane and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the Pont Neuf. \* \* \*

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl to bid her run for the next notary. Now, the Notary being the next, availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and, passing through an old sort of saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, dismantled of everything but a long military pike, a breast-plate, a rusty old sword and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

\*For the best conclusion to this famous fragment THE PENNY COMPANY will pay \$100. The contest closed on August 1st. The prize story will appear in the Christmas number of this magazine.

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An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair. The Notary sat him down in it, and, pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed everything to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

"Alas! Monsieur le Notaire," said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, "I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expense of bequeathing except the history of myself, and I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me. It is a story so uncommon it must be read by all mankind; it will make the fortunes of your house.

The Notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn.

"Almighty Director of every event of my life!" said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly and raising his hands towards Heaven, "Thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm and broken-hearted man! Direct my tongue by the spirit of eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that Book from whose records," said he, clasping his hands together, "I am to be condemned or acquitted!"

The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.

"It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire," said the gentleman, "which will rouse up every affection of nature; it will kill the humane and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity."

The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn, and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words:

"The beauty of her person was the extreme of loveliness. The shame she brought upon her father's name provoked



the tears even of those who, unlike me. Monsieur, best knew her mad wickedness. These were those who had been the companions of her vicious follies. Alas! that I had ever led a too sober life to dream that one so fair could be so vile.

"She was the daughter of one of my brothers-in-arms, whom I will not name, for I would not that his shame should be immortal. It is now just ten years ago that his daughter, this radiantly lovely, this monstrously depraved creature, crept back to her mother's dishonored home. She had gone forth to become, as she thought, the mistress of our King, and there were many women in Paris, as well born as she, who had envied her when they heard it, for it is held not to be beneath a woman's dignity here in France in this our time to stoop from honor to attain so lofty a place. But it was not to the King's arms that she had flown. You have heard, doubtless, of that Comte de Braulieu, who, ten years ago, startled all Europe by his marvelous likeness to the King? He was the double of our Francis in all things, and most of all, and this was the greater pity, in his vices. She of whom I am telling you, with the last of my laboring breath, was not the only light-headed girl whom de

Braulieu tricked, and of a birth and of his other dupes  
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Braulieu tricked, but she was the fairest, and of a birth and station loftier than any of his other dupes.

"When the truth was revealed to her, I was told long afterward, she neither swooned nor raved. She merely shrugged her faultless shoulders and said, in that voice which was so like the tinkling of silver bells, 'I am chagrined, Monsieur, that your royal double is now forever beyond my reach. Another shall pay your debt to me, and, be sure, I shall exact a suitable atonement. It is of what the world calls honor that you have robbed me. Note that he who shall pay your debt shall be one to whom the word means more than it means to you or to me.'

"With that she left him to return straight to her mother. Had she had brothers or sisters it is possible she might have found closed hearts at home, but she was an only daughter and she crawled to her mother's feet like some true penitent and was received and forgiven. It was a refuge and it sheltered her while the slander storm blew over and till some new tale had set idle tongues to wagging.

"I was not in France while her story was public property: I was fighting against Pescara at Milan. Ten years ago, Monsieur

le Notaire, I was neither old nor poor. I doubt if any soldier in Europe could dispute with me at the game of the sword; my nerves were steady, my head cool and my blood as quick as that of many a stay-at-home of half my years. Neither was this house the shabby rat hole you find it, or this apartment, in which I am grieved to receive you, dismantled of every ornament of taste and of almost every trophy of the soldier's trade. The house was a fair dwelling with numerous and faithful servitors, and this chamber, the same into which I led my bride, was so richly decked as to win the praise even of her nice taste.

"And who was my bride, and how did ruin come upon my fortunes and premature old age into my bones? Cannot you guess, Monsieur? A bride and shame and misery entered my home and my heart together. I wedded the cast off light o' love of a shameless trickster. Did I know the story when I committed this folly? I see your eye asking. Not the thousandth part of it. I found at the home of my fellow soldier's widow his daughter. I had never thought I should wed any woman. My country and my country's honor had ever previously engaged all my affections, and as I came into the house where this fair demon dwelt, a

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subtle something pulled at my heart strings, and I was on the point of heeding the warning and turning back, when I heard that voice, which was so clear, so sweet. I did not woo her. It was she that wooed me. She was a foul siren, though I thought her as pure as she was fair.

"Did no friend tell me her story? None dared. My old Margot, who had dwelt here during my absence, once ventured a hint, but I frowned upon the first word and she fled never to return. And the mother, the honorable widow of my honored brother-in-arms? Alas, the imperious will of her daughter kept her silent.

"In short, Monsieur, we were married, and then tongues that had long lain quiet in cheeks were set a-clacking. It was in the third week after my marriage that I overheard two gossips in an alley of the King's garden discourse of my bride and me. One had every minutest detail of the horrible story pat, and the other a most willing ear. I was a broken old man when I returned hither that night. Wedded to shame, yet myself of stainless honor!

"And she? She laughed in my face. She denied nothing. She stunned me by asking coarsely if an old mustache like myself had thought to win the heart of a pure

woman who was at the same time most beauteous? I went to my confessor, and he gave me no comfort. Then I returned hither to find her gone who had so lightly brought misery to the only man who had truly loved her. Had I found her it is possible I might have harmed her, for I was sorely beset by angry thoughts. She came again, but only after a lapse of five years. She entered my presence with an effrontery like that of a mail clad devil. Her beauty was even more imposing than before, but there was a coarseness in it that betrayed her wanton life. She demanded money; said bluntly that her last lover had decamped with all her possessions. I gave her half of all I had, and she took it ungratefully and departed, only to come again and again, each time to bear to the Jews some article which she could barter for gold. Since she had taken honor, she was welcome to all the rest. At length she has bereft me as you find me. I have not a groat left and, when I am dead, I doubt not she will claim the pike, the breast plate, the sword and the bandoleer on yonder wall. They are the last mementoes of an ill-fated soldier's only happy years. In life I will not part with them, Monsieur, else I would bestow them upon you as some slight

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The old gentleman's head sank into the pillows. The Notary thought him already dead, but as he bent over him the eyes opened and the voice, which before had been weak and choked with emotion, spoke out like that of a strong man to say: "She is a dishonest wife. Every such is cruelty's self, because she brings into the life of an honest husband the three most unwelcome guests in all the world, and these are shame and sorrow and distress of mind; yet if she of whom I have told you were here now I cannot but think that she would weep."

As the last words escaped him he expired.

*Gaston A. Sellier.*



## CUI BONO?

"The windy affairs of men  
Rise like a cloud of dust,  
And are as quickly laid again."

THE death of Charles Howard Johnson at the age of thirty is a distinct loss to American art. As Du Maurier said of Whistler, he was an original and exquisite artist. The last work that Mr. Johnson accomplished for publication was the illustration of the satirical lyric, "Her Ideal," which appeared in THE PENNY MAGAZINE for July. Shakespeare composed an appropriate epitaph for this gifted young American when he wrote:

"He should have died hereafter."

"Jugend" is a new, clever, successful weekly illustrated *Puck-Punch*-like thing in Germany. The verses which Mr. Pecante has done into English for THE PENNY MAGAZINE are quite the best which have yet appeared in the new periodical.

It is the custom of little children in London and other parts of England on the Fifth of August to build little grottoes of shells in the street in which candles are set burning. They then importune the wayfarer for alms with the plaintive cry:

"Please remember the grotto!"

This curious custom is due to the fact that July 25th, new style, August 5th, old style, is the day dedicated to St. James the Greater, and the correct thing to do in days of yore was to stick a shell in your hat or cloak and pay a visit to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. Shell grottoes with an image of the Saint were erected for the behoof of those who could not afford such pilgrimage and the keeper reminded the passer by to remember it was St. James' Day and not to forget their offering to the Saint.

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The interest taken in the unique competition instituted by THE PENNY MAGAZINE for the best conclusion to Sterne's famous fragment in "The Sentimental Journey" has been widespread and highly gratifying. An enormous number of manuscripts from writers in all parts of the country are in the hands of the editor. A few of the more



meritorious ones will be published until the issue of the Christmas number, when the prize-winner will appear.



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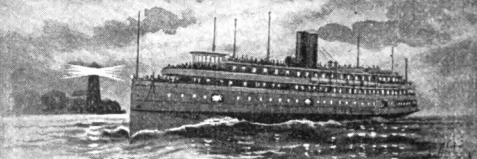
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as explained elsewhere.)

# The New York Life Insurance Company

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

JOHN A. McCALL, President

**T**HE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY announces the issue of a new form of policy called the "Adjustable Accumulation Policy with Guaranteed Cash Values." This policy is intended to provide insurance for UNDER-AVERAGE OR IMPAIRED LIVES, and is issued at Ordinary Life rates. The Adjustable Policy contains all the features of the peerless Accumulation Policy, some of which are as follows:

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OTHER MAKES

THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN  
INVESTIGATION  
BY THOSE WHO  
DESIRE TO SECURE  
THE BEST SAFE  
MARVIN SAFE CO.

12 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK

Vol. II

September, 1896

No. 1

PRICE, ONE CENT  
TEN CENTS A YEAR.

THE  
PENNY MAGAZINE



MONTHLY



PUBLISHED BY  
THE PENNY COMPANY  
150 NASSAU STREET  
NEW YORK

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FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

THE

# Bowery Savings Bank

128 & 130 Bowery, New York.

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Total Deposits, Aug. 1, 1896, \$57,191,652.35  
Surplus, . . . . . 5,018,744.62  
Total number of Depositors, 113,698.

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An account may be opened in this Bank with a deposit of **One Dollar**.

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No more than \$500 may be deposited at one time, and the whole of one account, including both deposits and interest, must never be more than \$3,000.

**Deposit what you can spare while your earnings are good. Dull times, sickness, or accidents are sure to come.**

**JOHN P. TOWNSEND, President.**

**ROBERT LEONARD, Secretary.**

**ISAAC P. MAILLER, Ass't Secretary.**

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*Advertisements.*

**Good morning! Have YOU used  
Pears' Soap?**

A vintage advertisement for Pears' Soap. The central text is enclosed in an ornate, decorative border. At the top, it reads "There is but one BERNHARDT and but one PEARS' SOAP". Below this, a smaller text block states: "BERNHARDT USES PEARS' SOAP AND FINDS IT MORE PLEASING AND SATISFYING THAN ANYTHING ELSE FOR THE TOILET - SHE SAYS 'IT IS SIMPLY PERFECT'". In the bottom right corner of the illustration is a detailed drawing of a round bar of soap, with "MADE IN ENGLAND", "PEARS", and "LONDON & GREAT BRITAIN" inscribed on it.

There is but one  
**BERNHARDT**  
and but one  
**PEARS' SOAP**

BERNHARDT USES PEARS' SOAP  
AND FINDS IT MORE PLEASING  
AND SATISFYING THAN ANYTHING  
ELSE FOR THE TOILET -  
SHE SAYS  
"IT IS SIMPLY PERFECT"

MADE IN ENGLAND  
**PEARS**  
LONDON & GREAT BRITAIN

**When one thinks of Soap, One talks  
of PEARS'**





THE FIRST WHEELWOMAN.

Frontispiece.

## THE WITC

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In vain did th  
the girl grieving

## THE WITCH OF SALEM.

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IN the old colonial days there was a maiden of Salem named Salome, "Salome of the Brook" they called her, for she was so gentle and patient; so like the little rill that ran along the meadow-land below her cottage door.

With her distaff and yarn this Puritan girl would sit through the long winter days before her hearth, seemingly content with her unceasing labors and lonely lot. But when spring would return again, she would go forth and sow marigold seeds in her garden: for she loved the flowers, the fields, the brook and the mighty forest that stretched away over the unknown west-lands.

But better than any of these she loved "John the well-digger." "John the hermit" some called him, for he was the only man without a wife in all the viilage.

In vain did the matchmakers, who saw the girl grieving her spirit away, plead

with the hermit to speak words of comfort to Salome. But at such times he would only grin, and answer:

"If she wants me, let her come and ask me."

"But it is not the privilege of a woman to speak for herself in affairs of love," the matchmakers would insist.

So the matter hung. Daily John would go about the village with his witch-hazel wand, dipping for water; and on every side he would be beset and urged to comfort Salome. But still he grinned and answered as before; while the poor maid drooped like an ivy spray with her unrequited love.

Now in those days there were witches in New England; women who could work charms, in defiance of the laws. Such was one, a widow named Ursula. But no one knew of her magic powers at the time, and all deemed her to possess goodly virtues, for she seemed kind and charitable in her walks of life. If a neighbor's beast should strangle in its stall, Ursula was first to know it and give the alarm; or, if a housewife's cream were to froth in the churn, she was first to declare that witches were about. But no one suspected her. Indeed, she was often called "Ursula the Good,"

by those who, in their blindness, counted themselves her debtor.

Nor was Salome the least of these. Often had Ursula spoken words of comfort to the lovesick maiden, erstwhile passing her hands before her eyes. At such times Salome would cease her spinning and listen to Ursula, like one in a trance; hearing her words but making no answer to them; and often when Ursula would turn to leave, Salome would feel an impulse to follow her.

So had run events until the day now cited; a day in midwinter, with gray clouds overcasting the sky, and the fields seared and frozen. The men of Salem, with their ox-teams, dragged huge logs through the narrow streets, and the housewives busied themselves in their kitchens, a wondrous stillness hung over the settlement and the nearby woodlands, foretelling a mighty storm that was about to break.

Beside her blazing fireplace sat Salome, spinning and yearning; yearning and dreaming of "John the well-digger." She wondered if he would ever relent, and if the impending storm in its awful solemnity might not melt his heart towards her.

"Oh, John! Oh, John!" she murmured at last, "why do you wait so long?"



"When the morning comes again, my dear, he will ask you," gently spake a voice at her side, and starting up, Salome beheld Ursula standing by her stool.

"I thank you for the hope you give me," said the faltering girl, her eyes dimming and her cheeks glowing.

"It is true, the thing I tell you," pursued Ursula. "To me your John has promised that in the morning he would come himself and sue for your hand and heart. He could not longer wait, he said."

"Nor spake he nothing more?" pleaded the overjoyed Salome.

"Not of his wooings, but of your cheeks and eyes, he talked like one half mad."

"Why, what said he of them, I pray you tell me, all."

"As I am bound to secrecy, I cannot do that here; but were we in the forest yonder where those crows are calling, I might speak without fear perhaps."

"Then I will follow you there," and together they passed from the house towards the woods.

"Not yet, not yet, my love; we must still go deeper in," insisted Ursula, when they had gained the forest-edge. And Salome wearily followed until they reached a place where a tree had been uprooted by the wind.

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"I cannot go further, but must rest awhile," she said at last, sinking down upon the frozen ground.

"Then shall it be so," Ursula made answer, turning suddenly, and passing her hands before the weary girl's face.

"Sleep, sleep, sleep," she muttered, and Salome closed her eyes and slept like a child.

With the swiftness of a shadow Ursula turned from the spot and fled back to the village, and when she had gone, the crows, seeing Salome asleep, fluttered down from the trees and walked across her face. First came one, then a thousand, marching to and fro like an army across her beautiful features.

And so she slept until the sun went down and the birds flew away; then she awoke, and with a shudder, hurried homeward. But cold and lonely as she now was, she did not feel wretched; for the hope of being wooed by John buoyed her spirits up, and she slept and had sweet dreams of him that night.

On the morrow the storm had broken and the banking snow almost shut out the light of day from the village of Salem. But faithful to his promise, John the well-digger carefully adorned himself and

sought out the house of Salome. Joyfully she bade him enter, but when she advanced to greet him, he paused on the threshold, saying coldly:

"I seek the maiden Salome."

"I am she, Salome," replied the girl, thinking his words to be in jest.

But the well-digger shook his head seriously. "No, no, I mean Salome of the Brook, she with the smooth and placid brow."

"Well, so they speak of me, sometimes," laughed the maiden merrily.

"It cannot be, you are wrinkled; the crows have walked over your face. If in truth you be Salome of the Brook, then must I say farewell, forever."

"In truth, I am Salome," answered the shrinking girl, and he passed from her door into the storm, lost.

That dreary day passed and another morning had come. A day in spring it was with dogwood blooming in the forest, and the meadowlands fragrant with wild-flowers.

Before the chancel rail of the little church stood John the well-digger, and Ursula. All the village seemed assembled to see their wedding.

But when the preacher stepped forward

and put their hands to  
commotion in the aisle  
woman, wrinkled and  
advanced, and said:  
"I charge the bride  
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"What! my Ursula  
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and put their hands together, there was a commotion in the aisle. Then an aged woman, wrinkled and leaning on a staff, advanced, and said:

"I charge the bride with witchcraft; she has cast her eyes of blight upon me."

"What! my Ursula a witch!" exclaimed the faint-hearted well-digger, springing from her side in terror. The preacher too seemed uneasy, and utterances of anguish and alarm rose from the audience.

Ursula alone seemed calm. Turning upon her accuser, but feigning not to know her, she asked in angry tones,

"Who are you, old woman?"

"I am Salome; Salome of the Brook."

When the guests heard these words and saw the crowsfeet that so thickly furrowed the aged woman's face, they were more restless than ever. Some hurried from the place and others were heard to mutter angrily.

It was now that Ursula, knowing herself to be in danger, in a moment of thoughtlessness raised her hands and undid the spell that she had cast over Salome. In a twinkling the crowsfeet passed from the maiden's face and her countenance once more became as placid as a pool in summertime.

At first the transformation overjoyed the guests. But they quickly turned and laid violent hands upon Ursula, who, in her endeavors to appease their wrath, had thus publicly demonstrated that she in truth possessed the powers of a sorceress.

'Mid the ringing of bells she was led away to the town hall, where the council, hastily assembled to hear her case, found her guilty as charged. Those who visit the old New England town will be shown a heap of ashes that tell her fate; and recorded in the archives there, they may likewise find the record of the marriage of John and Salome.

Soon after the occurrences alluded to laws were enacted in all the colonies, granting women the right to propose every third year, the period to be known as "Ye Leap Year," for it was apparent to everyone, that, had this act been passed sooner, the troubles of Salome and John would never have been.

*George A. Beckenbaugh.*

## NEW SAWS.

---

Nothing is dear that pays.

The man who waits gets used to it.

Selfishness never wears the sign "To Let."

A policeman is not necessarily a figure of justice.

Success spoils more good fellows than the drink habit.

The value of a cold plunge depends on one's recuperative powers.

A man never marries the woman he jokes about; women often marry the men they laugh at.

The trouble with the United States to-day is that we have too much news, and too little information.

Political leaders talk a good deal nowadays about reasoning with the people. One man's observation is that in politics, as in religion, instinct is more potent than reason. Reason is simply the fence that each man puts up around the field he has chosen by instinct, to make his holdings look more secure in the view of others.

*Charles Thomas.*



## TO GLADSTONE.

---

**I**F thou hadst stooped from thy resplendent  
height  
To grasp the tarnished hoop-and-pearl which  
shamed

The brows of Tennyson, and, self-defamed,  
Bemired the lustrous laurels won by might  
Of patience, faith, obedience to the light  
Through strenuous decades, with, thus judgment  
maimed,

The dog-eared tawdriness of titles, named  
'Mid those who turn their victory into flight  
The clearer insight of a larger day  
Had named thee, reckoning thou didst weakly  
err,

By mock suns led inexpiably astray;  
What History, now, is waiting to confer,  
O Peerless, thou hadst blindly flung away—  
Her grander need of GREATEST COMMONER.

*Godfrey Egremont.*



STONE.

from thy resplende

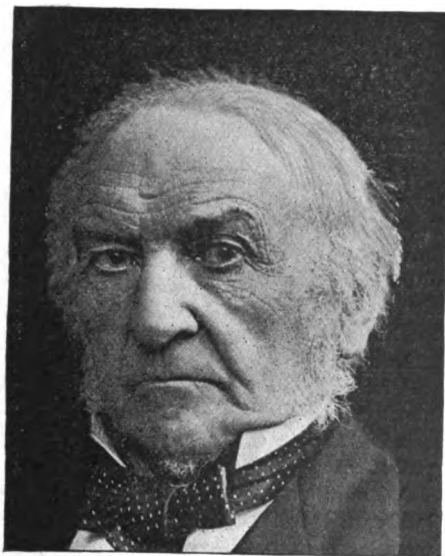
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ST COMMONER.

*Godfrey Egremont*



GLADSTONE.



## WANTED—A FRIEND.

---

A brave friend.

A steadfast friend.

A friend who will defend when others revile.

A friend whose heart and home will be wide open when the doors and windows of the whole world are closed.

A friend who does not care if the hat be old and soiled, the clothes poor, and the shoes worn—who can see the man between the hat and the shoes.

A cheerful friend.

A friend with a clear eye and a clean heart.

A friend who will lift up when the world pulls down.

A friend who from the top rung of the ladder will reach down to the bottom, if need be, to help.

A sympathetic friend.

A friend who will stand testing.

A friend to go to in joy, and be made yet more glad; in sorrow, and be comforted.

A friend whose  
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A truthful friend  
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## A FRIEND.

A friend whose love, shining on our tears,  
drops, transforms them into pearls.

A truthful friend.

A friend who will not flatter.

A friend who will not scold.

A friend who will sacrifice time, money  
—aye, if need be, life itself, and do it willingly.

A friend who has smiles for our joys,  
tears for our sorrows, condemnation for our  
faults, and approval for our virtues.

A discreet friend.

A friend who will not betray confidences.

A friend whose love is a *carte-blanche*  
for counsel, sympathy, and help.

A friend who understands our silence  
and can endure our loquacity.

A friend who is the same to-day, to-  
morrow, in prosperity and in adversity.

WANTED—such a friend by every mortal.

Everett McNeil.



## A VIRGINIA LANDMARK.

---

“**N**ORFOLK Towne” was laid out in 1682, and before very long a sufficient number of persons had taken up residence within its borders to warrant the erection of a place of worship. Chaplain Samuel Boush gave a chalice to the “Parish Church of Norfolk Towne,” in March, 1700, showing that a church must have been in existence at that time. But 1686, fourteen years before this, and four years after the town was laid out, “Francis, Lord Howard, Governor, gave with the advice and consent of the Counsell of State 100 acres of land adjoining Norfolk, for a glebe for Elizabeth River Parish.” As these glebes, together with the payment of tithes of tobacco and corn, were for the support of the minister and church in each parish, it is reasonable to suppose that the first church was erected in 1686, fifty-three years before the present structure was built.

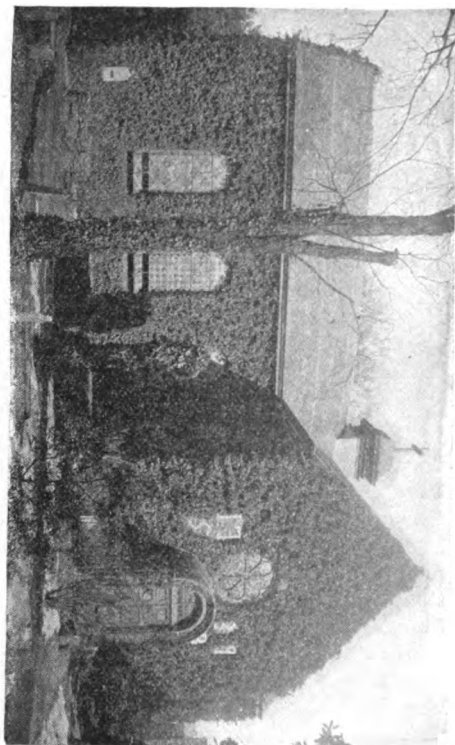
Norfolk Borough was established by royal charter September, 1736. It was

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VENERABLE ST. PAUL'S.



considered by King George II. a healthy and pleasant place, commodious for trade and navigation. In 1739 the present St. Paul's Church was built. Tradition says that Colonel Samuel Boush imported and gave the bricks toward the erection of the church, and that he also presented the land upon which it stands; but although the records have been carefully examined, nothing has been found which will establish the fact. It is probable, therefore, that the so-called donation of land was made by order of Samuel Boush, or by a court of which he was presiding justice. Whether the letters S. B., which are on the southern gable of the church, are really in memory of the generous vestryman, or his father, or whether they stand for St. Bride, whose day might have witnessed the church's earliest dedication, is uncertain. Popular opinion, however, inclines to the former belief, no name being worthier of perpetuation, in the history of the parish, than that of Samuel Boush.

The beautiful old church, with its mantle of ivy, stands in the midst of its ancient churchyard, which comprises nearly two acres. The building is cruciform in shape, with arched windows and doors. The

walls are of unusual thickness, and ornamented with glazed bricks placed at regular intervals. They are almost entirely concealed by the clustering wreaths of ivy, which also covers the walls surrounding the churchyard.

Through trials of war and contention of fire and pestilence the venerable edifice has stood. On New Year's Day, 1776, Lord Dunmore, enraged at the signal defeat of his forces at Great Bridge, opened a heavy cannonade upon the town. The women and children of the old borough who were not able to get away gathered under the shadow of the solid walls of the church as a citadel, and while the rest of the town was reduced to ashes, this house of God stood the fury of the flames, although much of the combustible part of the building shared the fate of the other buildings of the town. Its walls still show the scars won upon that occasion; a cannon ball struck the eaves at one corner and buried itself in the masonry, leaving a perpendicular fissure about two feet long. Later the ball was recovered from where it fell beneath the wall, and was replaced in its appropriate bed, in which spot it has remained ever since—a relic of those troublous times.

*Will H. Dorin.*

## DR. JOHNSON.

---

[Reprinted.]

COME, let the ruby nectar flow,  
I say, old fellow, don't you go,  
I'm Boswell, he who wrote, you know.  
The "Life of Dr. Johnson."

Of punch they've here a splendid brew ;  
Let's order up a bowl for two,  
And then I'll tell you something new  
Concerning Dr. Johnson.

Now, as to that lamented man,  
When he to speechify began  
No greater nuisance could be than  
The late lamented Johnson.

All sorts of awkward words he had,  
Long sentences to drive you mad,  
Which caused in me a habit bad  
Of cursing Dr. Johnson.

One evening at the famous gate  
Of Clerkenwell, 'twas growing late,  
Between ourselves. I beg to state  
That Dr. Samuel Johnson





JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.

[From an old print.]



Had stowed away six pints of port,  
The old, full bodied, fruity sort,  
And I had had my whack—in short,  
As much as Dr. Johnson.

Just as I'd made a splendid joke  
The doctor gave a grunt and woke,  
And, turning round, these words he spoke,  
Did Dr. Samuel Johnson:

"The man who'd make a pun," said he,  
"Would perpetrate a larceny,  
And punished just as much should be  
If judged by Dr. Johnson."

Quick as a thought I made reply  
To that old jackass, by the bye.  
I hope you understand that I  
Refer to Dr. Johnson:

"You've made the same remark before—  
It is all bosh, and what is more  
I look on you, sir, as a bore,  
Although you're Dr. Johnson."

\* \* \* \* \*

My late lamented friend, alas.  
Was only flesh, and flesh is grass.  
Between ourselves the d——dest ass  
On earth was Dr. Johnson.

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Italian greyhound  
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## A SPORTING INNOVATION.

WHILE the lovers of the more aristocratic equine racer are following their favorites at Sheepshead Bay, Morris Park and other great tracks, the more humble disciples of the dog racing fancy conduct their own meets at the home of American dog racing



**A THOROUGHbred.** in the town of Newark and its suburbs. The manufacturers of Newark employ hundreds of Englishmen, who in most instances hail from the Northern counties, and to these operatives this country owes the introduction of this peculiar form of sport. The dog used is the whippet, originally bred from a small greyhound, probably the Italian greyhound.

A representative whippet racing meet was held recently at the "Punch Bowl



Inn," at Bloomfield, near Newark, an old fashioned hostelry pleasantly situated among a grove of large trees. A handsome lawn or in-field slopes from the front of the inn to the track, a straight away cinder path two hundred yards long, enclosed by picket fences on either side. Here was gathered a crowd of four or five hundred typical followers of the sport and on every hand was heard the broad accent of men from the North Country. After the necessary preliminaries conversational and liquid, the race was called, and the crowd of eager fanciers ranged themselves on either side of the track outside of the fences. The dogs who were to compete were led to the upper end of the course, and there held in the hands of the "slippers," whose duty, by the way, is the most delicate in dog racing. The "handler" of each dog then trotted down the track, waving a white handkerchief. On reaching the end of the course they took up positions ten feet past the finish line at which the judge stood. At the crack of the starting pistol each slipper threw forward his dog; and down the line of excited and shouting men and yelping dogs came the runners, at marvellous speed, encouraged by the cries of their handlers and the waving of the white

cloth. Across the finish line they flashed like lightning, leaped up and seized the cloth in the hand of their respective handlers.

The eagerness of the dogs to run is remarkable. At sight of the white handkerchief their struggles to be off make it difficult to hold them. They fill the air with their anxious yelps, in which they are joined by the other dogs then held in leash waiting their trials.



**SLIPPING A WHIPPET.** On the whole whippet racing is worthy of encouragement. It is wholly free from the cruelty attendant upon coursing live hares with greyhounds, it is not expensive, gives good physical exercise to the owners and handlers, and is much enjoyed by the dogs themselves.

*Charles MacKarness.*

# PHANTASMAGORIA.

## A SERMON.

I WAS staying then in Paris, at the famous  
Grand Hotel,  
In a bedroom so mysterious, that I'm almost loth  
to tell,  
How my room got full of fireflies, at that time of  
the year,  
Was curious, and the spiders—they were also act-  
ing queer.  
For a hairy great tarantula, more vicious than the  
rest,  
His web chopped into tiny spikes and drove them  
in my chest,  
Which I thought mighty singular, till the black cat  
on my bed  
Changed into great galoshes every time I turned  
my head.  
On a slack wire above my bed, the devil then did  
dance,  
And flicked me with his fiery tail, for escape I had  
no chance,  
Then with it painted on the wall a beautiful sea  
view,  
And threw in lots of color as impressionists all do.  
But darnation! how in thunder did that kangaroo  
get in,  
Glaring at me from the corner with his antipodean  
grin?

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Stuffed blad  
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Then a Brigad  
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But, said he,  
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There! don't  
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Now I'm hom  
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ing well,  
But I wonder  
Grand Ho

GORIA.

Who threw that tattooed man at me, right through  
the plaster wall,  
Stuffed bladders in my pocket, and with me  
played football?

And that confounded overcoat, which hung behind  
the door,  
It just changed into reptiles, and crawled along  
the floor.

There, they're squirming, don't you see them?  
No? Then all that I can say

Is, that I'm having more darned fun than you are,  
anyway.

Then a Brigadier General came and sat upon my  
bed,

Said I, "General, have some whiskey," but he sad-  
ly shook his head.

(Blamnation, take these ells away!) "Have some-  
thing anyway."

But, said he, "my head won't stand it, for it's  
*papier maché*."

This beats cockfighting, now my room's exactly  
like the Zoo!

With paper pups and crimson cats and snakes of  
every hue.

There! don't touch me now, I'm busy, by George!  
the work is hot!

I'm uncoiling the Sea Serpent, who's got tied into  
a knot.

Now I'm home again, and thinking someone was  
on the boom,

Making a menagerie of a traveler's private room.

I am quiet now, and cooler, and they say I'm get-  
ting well,

But I wonder what's the matter with that Paris  
Grand Hotel?

Carlos Fredericks.

## INTERNATIONAL CHESS.

THE greatest gathering of chess masters known in the annals of the royal game was that which occurred in Nuremberg, Germany, on the occasion of the grand international tourney held here from July 20th to August 10th, 1896. The contestants, numbering nineteen, included two native born American players and one native Englishman, the other sixteen being of continental birth; that is, Europeans from Germany, Russia, Prussia, Poland, Hungary, Bohemia and Holland, not a native born Frenchman being among them. These players of Europe, however, represented London, New York and Paris, as well as St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna and Amsterdam, and other continental cities, Mr. Steinitz, though a Bohemian, hailing from New York; Lasker, a German, from London, and Janowski, a Pole from Paris. The "colt" element—as the base-ball players term it—prevailed to a large extent, seven of the contestants being under thir-

ty years of age  
thirties. Mr. Steinitz, the  
the tourney, had  
Carl Schlechter  
and the young  
only 24; won  
the tourney, was  
second on the  
seven money prizes  
was \$750. The  
first prize, and  
the chess champion  
American virtuoso  
the tourney with  
"big four" of the  
Tarrasch, Steinitz  
prize winners, a  
lost, drew, and pro-  
age of victories—  
counted as half a

PLAYERS.	WON.
Lasker.....	13½
Maroczy.....	12½
Pillsbury.....	12
Dr. Tarrasch.....	12
Janowski.....	11½
Steinitz.....	11

# CHESS.

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ty years of age, and seven others in the thirties. Mr. Steinitz was the veteran of the tourney, he being 60 years of age; Carl Schlechter was but 22 years old, and the young American champion Pillsbury only 24; while Lasker, the victor on the tourney, was but 28, and Maroczy, second on the race, only 26. There were seven money prizes, the highest of which was \$750. Though Lasker carried off the first prize, and thereby won the title of the chess champion of the world, the young American virtually divided the honors of the tourney with him, as he defeated the "big four" of the tourney, viz., Lasker, Dr. Tarrasch, Steinitz and Tschigorin. The prize winners, and the games they won, lost, drew, and played, with their percentage of victories—in which drawn games counted as half a game—were as follows:

PLAYERS.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.	PLAYED.	PER CENT OF VICTORIES.
Lasker.....	13½	4½	3	18	.750
Maroczy.....	12½	5½	0	18	.694
Pillsbury.....	12	6	4	18	.667
Dr. Tarrasch....	12	6	4	18	.667
Janowski.....	11½	6½	3	18	.639
Steinitz.....	11	7	2	18	.611



In percentage of victories counting only games actually won and lost, the record stood as follows, the names being given in the order of highest percentage of victories:—

PLAYERS.	VICTORIES.	DEFEATS.	PERCENT- AGE OF VICTORIES.
Maroczy.....	8	1	.889
Lasker .....	12	3	.800
Dr. Tarrasch..	9	3	.750
Pillsbury .....	10	4	.714
Schlechter.....	5	2	.714
Janowski.....	10	5	.667
Walbrodt.....	7	4	.636
Steinitz.....	10	6	.625

The remainder of the nineteen contestants ended the tourney in the following order:—Tschigorin, Schiffers, Blackburne, Charousek, Marco, Albin, Winower, Sholter—the other American—Porgas, Schallop, and Teichman. Tschigorin's percentage of victories was .528, and Teichman's only .143, the Englishman Blackburne being eleventh on the list with .500.

The games were marked by some of the finest exhibitions of chess strategy extant; but there were the customary fatal errors at critical times. In regard to Pillsbury's record, his loss of position in the early part

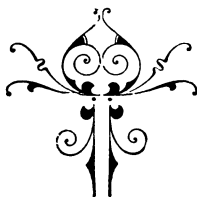
victories counting as  
and lost, the total  
names being given  
percentage of total

of the tourney was due to illness, and it is  
said to have fatally handicapped him in the  
race. At any rate his after victories over  
the "big four" showed what he was capable  
of.

*Henry Chadwick.*

DEFEATS.	PERCENTAGE AGE OF VICTORIES
1	.500
2	.500
3	.500
4	.500
5	.500
6	.500

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## THE PILOT.

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THE Captain's voice was clear and loud.  
"What course is this, O Pilot rude,  
That thou art taking, when my word  
Should guide thee? What! shall joy elude  
My grasp because thine eyes are blurred?"

*The Pilot guides the ship, with dim  
Hid face, and words are nought to him.*

The Captain raised a heavy hand.

"Beware! my might shall fiercely glow  
If thou guide not as I shall say.  
I rule my voyage and I know  
Alone the path, by night and day."

*The sun sails calmly with sweet grace,—  
Still guides the Pilot, with hid face.*

Despair makes low the Captain's voice.

"No joy nor hope of joy is mine,  
Who sail alone and ever must.  
The ship shall sink; I will decline  
To slave 'neath one I cannot trust."

*The Pilot hears.—A thousand suns  
Would shed but darkness to the light  
Flashing from him. The Captain shuns  
That awful gaze and kneels contrite.*

His voice prays weepingly and low,

"My Pilot, shrive me from the past!  
I erred, not knowing anything.  
Lead on, to love or chilling blast,  
Eternal Pilot, Lord and King."

*The ship sped on. The Pilot smiled,  
For man and He were reconciled.*

Charles P. Nettleton.



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Charles P. Nettleton.



MDLLE. PIERROT.

## VACATION TALE OF '96.

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DOWN on Great Peconic Bay the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the murky storm clouds lay low and threatening. From the veranda of the Toltec club-house the farther shore was indiscernible, and even Robbins Island—distant but a mile—loomed up more as an indistinct mass than as an accurately outlined object. Ever and anon, the wind would shake the house until it fairly rocked upon its foundations; and then, with a shriek as of a million fiends let loose, swept away to the westward.

The party on the veranda were clustered close together, and clung to the railings for support. They were gazing steadily out to windward, intent upon the movements of two tiny little specks of white, that could occasionally be distinguished.

"What foolhardiness," quoth Prosperous Papa; "they have managed to round the point all right; but even then they

stand ninety-nine  
of upsetting and  
very eyes."

"I think it's ju  
Summertime, and  
down her fair chee  
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But still the two  
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to keep them ab  
with their ventures  
in the cock-pits,  
the flying spray.  
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sandy beach.

"Let us go do  
look like," propos  
White Duck, Pin  
other pretty frocks  
attended by their  
ern yachting arm  
down, just in time  
specimens of hum  
One of them, be  
briquet of Cracker  
would have been re

stand ninety-nine chances in a hundred of upsetting and drowning before our very eyes."

"I think it's just awful," cried Miss Summertime, and the tear-drops rolling down her fair cheeks positively softened the heart of that cynic—Moneybags—and made her look more like a weeping angel than a Brooklyn girl.

But still the two canoes came on, with just enough of the mainsail gaff showing to keep them ahead of the waves; and with their venturesome skippers lying low in the cock-pits, cheerfully unmindful of the flying spray. And it was not long before the two diminutive sailboats came under the lee of the club dock, and were hauled up high and dry upon the shelving sandy beach.

"Let us go down, and see what they look like," proposed Blue Serge Dress; and White Duck, Pink Dimity, and all the other pretty frocks loudly acquiesced. So attended by their gallant knights (in modern yachting armor) they came strolling down, just in time to see two disreputable specimens of humanity preparing supper.

One of them, bearing the mysterious sobriquet of Crackers, and whose then attire would have been refused by any self-respect-

ingsecond-hand clothes-dealer, was pensively opening a can of condensed milk with a huge wood-axe, to the mutual adornment of both himself and the surrounding sands. The other (bearing the tragic title of Macbeth, with seeming ease,) was tossing a compound which is known as "batter" in a frying pan. The finished product, which he called "flapjacks," gave forth a most pleasing odor; but resembled no ordinary article of nutrition.

Not wishing to disturb the voyagers in their evening repast, the crowd of young people soon retraced their footsteps; although not before Parchmont Goldbuttons—duly impressed by the dress-suit cases plainly visible—had given a cordial invitation to the evening hop.

After tents had been rigged and everything made snug for the night, the two canoeists proceeded to don habiliments suited to the coming function. But, sad to relate, water-tight compartments and oiled canvas bags had availed but little in that tempestuous sea; and the apologies for clothing that they stood in, were infinitely more hygienic and comfortable than their contents.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clubhouse was ablaze with light,

and the ballroom's abundant assemblage, attired in all the rich panoply of fashion, made the scene one of exceptional color and beauty. A waltz had just been concluded, and the usual momentary pause before the buzz of conversation is resumed, made the announcement of the stately servitor audible to everyone in the room. In tones calculated to make even the most hardened beau wilt beneath their superciliousness he called, "*The—two—gent-el-men* canoosts."

Pen can but faintly picture the sight these two old-clothed young men presented as they came boldly marching across the floor. Imagine two of the worst looking tramps you ever saw, with the single redeeming traits of bodily cleanliness. Let them roll around in sand and salt water for a week or two. Spill an assortment of grocery and oil products over them. And then dry them thoroughly over a hot wood fire! Never by word or look, however, did the twain show the faintest sign of embarrassment or discomposure; and although the fair maidens who accepted them as partners for the ensuing quadrille, were almost incapable of speech by reason of their ill-suppressed laughter, the figures were gone through in a form



that perceptibly thawed the somewhat icy manner of their hosts.

Then came the cotillion, and (perchance in irony) Crackers was requested to lead it. His partner—the aforementioned Miss Summergirl—was full of life and vivacity, and abetted him industriously in formulating new and unique figures. It is safe to say that never before had the stately serving men of the Toltec club seen the members conduct themselves with such utter lack of dignity. Elderly men of affairs, purse proud mamas, and feline spinsters were somehow drawn within the vortex of abandon; and joined the younger folks in their mad frolics, until the very rafters rang again with the laughter that the angels love to hear.

The ice was now effectually broken. The two ill-clad ones had become the kings of the feast. Dance, song, and old fashioned games succeeded one another with marvellous rapidity; and only bodily fatigue brought the end.

Next morning when the first awake in clubdom hurried down to the beach, they found only two narrow grooves in the sand and the half empty can of condensed milk.

*Percie W. Hart.*

## THE NOTARY'S STORY.\*

CONDENSED FROM STERNE'S "SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY."

NOW, as the Notary's wife disputed the point with the Notary with too much heat—"I wish," said the Notary, throwing down the parchment, "that there was another notary here, only to set down and attest all this."

"And what would you do, then, Monsieur?" said she, rising hastily up. The Notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the Notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply. "I would go," answered he, "to bed." "You may go to the Devil," answered the Notary's wife. Now, there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the Notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the Devil, went forth with his hat and cane and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the Pont Neuf.

As the Notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl to bid her run for the next notary. Now, the Notary being the next, availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and, passing through an old sort of saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, dismantled of everything but a long military pike, a breast-plate, a rusty old sword and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

\*For the best conclusion to this famous fragment THE PENNY COMPANY will pay \$100. The contest closed on August 1st. The prize story will appear in the Christmas number of this magazine.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand, in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair. The Notary sat him down in it, and, pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and, dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed everything to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

"Alas! Monsieur le Notaire," said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, "I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expense of bequeathing except the history of myself, and I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me. It is a story so uncommon it must be read by all mankind; it will make the fortunes of your house.

The Notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn.

"Almighty Director of every event of my life!" said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly and raising his hands towards Heaven, "Thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm and broken-hearted man! Direct my tongue by the spirit of eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that Book from whose records," said he, clasping his hands together, "I am to be condemned or acquitted!"

The Notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye.

"It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire," said the gentleman, "which will rouse up every affection of nature; it will kill the humane and touch the heart of Cruelty herself with pity."

The Notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn, and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the Notary, began to dictate his story in these words:

"I am a soldier," said the old gentleman, feebly pointing to the wall, "as you may have conjectured by those poor relics, albeit I hate the trade.

"But my life has  
First with poverty.  
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a priest or license of  
willing slaves are  
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of a notary.

"Dip the pen d  
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The notary, not  
over his shoulder

did this bidding a  
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of beggary in th

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quest of alms l

Often and far a  
always caught

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still feel those e

"At last, one  
our cellar sleepi

"But my life has been one long battle. First with poverty. I was born I know not where, without the kind permission of a priest or license of a lawyer. Yet, such willing slaves are we to custom that, instead of dying in free silence, I am slipping out of my dark life on the dark ink of a notary.


"Dip the pen deeper, Monsieur le Notaire. If it drops blots on the pale paper, so much the better will it symbol my origin and my deeds.

"Snuff the candle, prithee! Its flickerings mock my vision like the eye of some swart spirit of evil doom."

The notary, not without a timid glance over his shoulder at the ghostly darkness, did this bidding and, with a courteous inclination of his head, the sufferer continued:

"My first memory is of the streets and of beggary in the service of a hag who beat me—sometimes till I bled—when my quest of alms had not been successful. Often and far as I escaped from her, she always caught me and then—ah! how strange that, withal my heavier years, I still feel those early blows!

"At last, one day, I came upon her in our cellar sleeping all in a heap; so deeply



I could not awaken her, e'en with the gold-piece I had found 'mid the rubbish near a tavern.

"Free at last, how I danced about the corpse, calling it all the names I had ever heard it fling at me!"

The notary shivered and his pen scratched crooked and sharply as a death-watch sounds on the wall.

"Be not afraid!" said the sick man, marking his agitation. "The evil dead have no power to harm the good. Our own deeds are the only ghosts that can haunt us."

The taper on the table flared up—a tongue of yellow fire, as it were, giving the lie to his bold assertion. Frowning at it, he resumed in voice more hollow, betraying the effort of a decaying will.

"Away from Paris! Away from the noisome cellar to the gay, green fields, the good, green wood, the gossip streams, where the shy trout, lurking under stones, make sudden guerilla forays on the gaudy flies that the whimsical breezes drive into the careless water.

"That life was passing sweet, but it lasted not long. I sought service with a farmer who only beat me on holidays, when he drank.

"Tall and strong I grew and he dared no more to beat me. There was that in my eye forbade him. Gentle blood must have been in my veins and no lack, for I had a liking toward books. I learned to write and read and was sneered at by my comrades for a would-be cleric or clerk.

"My master had a daughter, beautiful as peasants be at times, with a face like a saint, hair of sun, eyes of sky. We wedded not long after he passed away, and a year from that day a daughter came.

"Keen to the edge of ache was my passion for my wife, but my love for our child was the red, sleepless current of life itself.

"Marie was more than beautiful; she looked holy. Even her cradle face appeared a heavenly miniature of Hers whose daily intercession we beseech upon our knees.

"How such things can happen I wot not. How a wife and mother can listen to a serpent voice,—who shall explain?

"In the fifth year soldiers were quartered near our village. I noted them not. Occupied with work and in my leisure teaching Marie, I was blind to what I might have seen. When the soldiery went to foreign service, my wife disappeared. At first I was for pursuing her

and killing at once the officer who, the neighbors then told me, had been meeting her secretly.

"But vengeance will always keep. I knew I should kill him some day and now I could not leave Marie. I must be father and mother both.

"I hoarded up my hate like a miser and lived a spendthrift in my love. I had glimpsed that officer but once, yet I doubted not I should know him always.

"Years flowed along rapidly. The city stretched in our direction and my farm became valuable. Marie's education had now surpassed me and I grieved as I marked how a strange restlessness was possessing her, followed by fits of dreaminess. Alas! my child was becoming a woman and her beauty was the boast and the toast of our village.

"Unlike most farmers I owned my farm under copyhold from the curé, not from the lord of the soil. Very kind was the venerable curé and Marie was the favorite of his flock.

"Suddenly like a blow I became aware that a young visitor at the chateau hard by was trying to steal away my one flawless and priceless gem. Rage and despair threw me into a fever.

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Rage and despair

"When restored, I sought him out, ready to slay him. His very countenance augmented my wrath. Had I seen it before in dream, peradventure in the nightmare of my fever?

"Of a surety he had seen me ere this, for he saluted with a gracious gravity and spake me fair in all seeming sincerity. A goodly youth he was to look upon, and professed well his passion. Nothing did he advance of any difference in station that might have wounded my pride of peasant, but he besought Marie's hand almost humbly.

"Son of an impoverished noble, turned soldier, he, too, he said, wished to embrace the profession of arms. He was in mind for going across the sea to fight the perfidious English and plant the lilies of France still firmer and further in that wilderness, America.

"Long he pleaded and I listened. Would to God I had listened better; but I was selfish as well as suspicious. I spurned his suit and with threats, if he should dare seek further commune with Marie. To her for the first time I spoke sternly. She grew white and shrank from my violence.

"A month later business called me to



Paris. On my return I found a note from Marie begging forgiveness for the step she had taken. In her simplicity she beseeched me to follow, saying they were bound for Havre.

"I did follow, with death in my heart. On the outskirts of that town was an encampment of soldiers, making ready to embark for the New World."

The old gentleman paused, as if conscious that he, too, was now on the brink of adventuring for a New World and the notary noticed that the taper was guttering low to the socket. He would fain have lit another, but the spell of the relaboring, difficult speech restrained him.

"The end is near—the event marches. There was a cottage by the camp over which a flag was flying. I beheld a man enter. 'Twas the betrayer of Marie. Stealthily I pursued him. Tossing his sword on a couch, he turned as I entered. Without a word I seized the sword, tore it from the scabbard and was at him.

" 'Hold!' he cried, 'You are mistaken! Marie is my wife! I swear it by——'

"Too late. The bright blade had drunk his heart's blood.

"As he sank, I drew forth the weapon

and at this an old man wearing a General's uniform came in.

"What have you done to my son?" cried he, instinctively drawing his jewelled sword.

"On the hard, polished floor a rivulet of blood ran past me for answer, almost reaching the General's feet.

"Murderer! You shall die here!"

"'Tis well," I laughed. "I shall have the honor of crossing swords with a nobleman, the accursed thief who stole my wife, fit sire of such a son!"

"Starting back, he well-nigh dropped his weapon. In a second I had thrust him through and through with the sword still dripping with his son's blood. He fell without a groan and now—the room runs red——"

The notary sprang up, spilling his ink-horn. The dying man raised himself higher, gasping out words but half audible.

"Found, Marie—shock, killed—escaped—enlisted—army—wilderness—no oblivion—her grave—once more—Marie—aimée—adorée!—Ma——"

The taper sputtered up. The notary fell on his knees by the bed, making the sign of the cross and crying: "Mary, Mother of God!"

The taper went out. The old soldier fell back.

Weeping, the notary fled from the utter darkness out into the night, leaving the tale—unfinished.

*L. D. A.*

## CUI BONO ?

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"The windy affairs of men  
Rise like a cloud of dust,  
And are as quickly laid again."

---

At a season when candidates of all kinds are as plentiful as blackberries and all filled to overflowing with the essence of greatness, the world turns with a sense of relief to the great heroes of a *régime* that is rapidly passing. Towering mountains high among them it recognizes as the three greatest living men, Gladstone, Bismarck and Li Hung Chang.

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**BISMARCK**

Three more radically distinct types it would be difficult to imagine. In race, habits and environment as wide asunder as the poles, yet each endowed with a phenomenal share of human wisdom and human experience, backed by an indomitable will. Differing in race, character and religion, each owes his eminence

to the fact that the clear brain with which he started life was supplemented with a capacity for ceaseless labor rarely equalled.

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Of these three great and venerable men, whose names have been in the mouths of kings and peasants for generations, the most active in this year of grace is the Asiatic. The most picturesque of the three, he is the last to relinquish the reins of power and of participation in the movements of the hour.



LI HUNG  
CHANG.

His tour of the world is more than a pageant to marvel at. It is educational. It has caused the nations to stop and think.

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At a time when the soul is sick of politics and dog days, it is pleasant to project one's astral spirit to that other astral form, the Polar Star, and in those cool latitudes look down upon the manly doings of the gallant Nansen. No more splendid specimen of explorer or man has made a try for the great prize of which scientists and geographers have ever dreamed. Every-

thing that is manly in the world takes off its hat to Nansen. He has

“hitched his chariot to a star”

and some day, perhaps, it will lead him to the goal of his ambition.

---

Referring to the exquisite study of a head, by Burne-Jones, that appeared in the midsummer number of THE PENNY MAGAZINE, a reader in Virginia writes with charming *naïveté* to inquire in the first place who Burne-Jones was, and secondly, why he had no back part to his head, and if this singular phenomenon was the cause of his eyes being uplifted. It is difficult to reply to these striking questions, except by remarking that the unconscious humorist, like the poor, we have always with us.



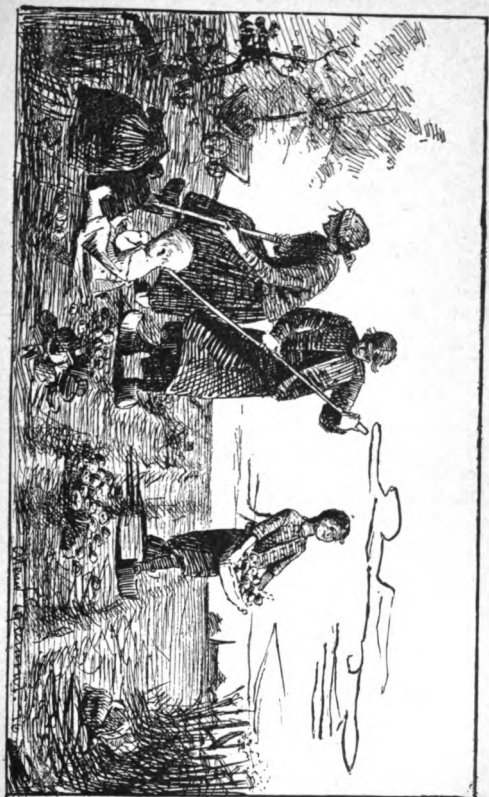
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Illustration

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# A FUTURE AMERICAN IMMIGRANT.



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**MUTUAL + LIFE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

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**ASSETS OVER \$221,000,000**

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

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Advertisements.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

Will drive away and keep away pimples, and make your skin clear, soft and healthy. If you have a good complexion, Facial Soap will preserve it. If your complexion is bad, Facial Soap will improve it.

## It is Inconsistent

to be particular regarding the food we eat, and careless regarding the soap we use.

Many people won't eat in a cheap restaurant, but they will use the soap of a public wash-room.

Pure soap is as necessary to health as pure food.

## Woodbury's Facial Soap

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It is good for bad complexions, and not bad for good complexions.

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NTRAL  
RAILROAD

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NEWEST  
REMEDY  
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The water is tasteless and refreshing, is a tonic and an alterative, and can be drank by the weakest invalid. It is especially recommended by the medical profession as a cure or preventative of all those numerous troubles arising from weakness in the organs of digestion.

# Chappaqua Crystal Spring Water

—  
IT  
PURIFIES  
THE  
BLOOD  
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Send orders to depot, P. SCHERER,  
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*Enclosed find ten cents, for which please send me  
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*Name.....*

*Address.....*

(In New York City the subscription price is twenty-five cents a year,  
as explained elsewhere.)

*Advertisements.*

**A**    ○    ○    ○    ○  

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**JOY**    ○    ○    ○  

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We want one thousand representatives in different parts of America—bright young men and women of character, who know the value of money and are not ashamed to earn it. We will allow each person who sends us subscribers, three cents on every subscription, or thirty cents on every dollar. When any one person has sent us one hundred subscribers, we will enroll him or her as a regular representative of the PENNY MAGAZINE, and issue to him or her, credentials to represent us, guaranteeing the same commission of thirty per cent. on all renewals secured from year to year hereafter by him or her. An assured income is thus provided, as well as an opportunity to obtain an honorable position. Who cannot get one hundred subscribers to the PENNY in three days?

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Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in READERS? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. No proper nouns, no foreign words. Use any dictionary that is standard. Use plurals. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Readers, read, red, sad, ear, ears, dear, etc. These words count. The publishers of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$20.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word READERS; \$10.00 for the second largest; \$10.00 for the third; \$10.00 for the fourth, and \$10.00 for the fifth, and \$5.00 each for the eight next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three-months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a large 192-page book, "The Other Man's Wife," by John Strange Winter, a remarkably fascinating story. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than October 20, so that the names of successful contestants may be in the November issue. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building, B 507, New York City.

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AWAY**

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language that is standard.  
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read, red, sad, ear, ears.  
count. The publishers of  
BUSINESS MILLER MONTHLY  
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\$5.00 for the fourth, and  
\$5.00 each for the eight  
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book, "The Other Man's  
Winter, a remarkably  
satisfaction guaranteed or  
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nding. Write now. Ad-  
Publisher, 905 Temple  
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346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

JOHN A. McCALL, President

**T**HE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COM-  
PANY announces the issue of a new form  
of policy called the "Adjustable Accu-  
mulation Policy with Guaranteed Cash  
Values." This policy is intended to provide insu-  
rance for UNDER-AVERAGE OR IMPAIRED  
LIVES, and is issued at Ordinary Life rates. The  
Adjustable Policy contains all the features of the  
peerless Accumulation Policy, some of which are  
as follows:

No restriction whatever respecting Residence,  
Travel, Occupation, Habits of Life or Manner of  
Death.

One Month's Grace in the payment of premiums.

Privilege of Reinstatement within six months  
after non-payment of any premium.

Automatically and absolutely Non-forfeiting  
after three years' premiums have been paid, the  
insurance being extended during a specified time  
if no request is made, or paid-up insurance granted  
on request within six months after default in  
payment of premium.

Yearly Cash Surrender Values, or Yearly Loans  
at five per cent. interest, after three years.

Eight Options in settlement at the end of an  
accumulation period of 10, 15 or 20 years, under the  
Ordinary Life form.

The immediate payment of death-claims, satis-  
factory proofs being furnished.

Incontestable for any cause after one year, if  
the premiums have been duly paid.

For further particulars apply to the Home  
Office, or to any Agent of the Company.

**SURPASSING ALL OTHERS**

"All over the world."

**SIMPLE**

**STRONG**



**SILENT**

**SPEEDY**

Either Lock-Stitch  
or Chain-Stitch.

Each the best of its kind.  
See the Latest Model.

**The SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.**

Vol. 2.

October

No. 2.

The  
Penny Magazine

New York  
150 Nassau St.



London  
4 Lombard Court.

Monthly

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The Penny Company

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Thomas • C. • Quinn, Publisher. ••

THE REQUEST OF  
EVERY HONORABLE  
1848

# Bowery Savings Bank

128 & 130 Bowery, New York.

Total Deposits, Sept. 1, 1896, \$56,854,596.88

Surplus, . . . . . 5,018,702.62

Total number of Depositors, 113,459.

An account may be opened in this Bank with a deposit of **One Dollar**.

After the whole of your deposits amount to Five Dollars the account will commence to draw interest, beginning on the nearest quarter day afterwards; that is either the first of January, April, July or October.

No more than \$500 may be deposited at one time, and the whole of one account, including both deposits and interest, must never be more than \$3,000.

**Deposit what you can spare while your earnings are good. Dull times, sickness or accidents are sure to come.**

**JOHN P. TOWNSEND, President.**

**ROBERT LEONARD, Secretary.**

**ISAAC P. MAILLER, Ass't Secretary.**

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

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Cash or exchange, few or many, new or secondhand  
Catalogue free—"Prices we Pay"—mention this ad

**Arthur Hinds & Co.**

4 Cooper Institute New York City



Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 9, 1896,

As water finds  
its level,  
Chappaqua  
Crystal Spring  
Water will be  
above all  
Table Waters.

# The Finest Table Water in the world

## Chappaqua Crystal Spring Water.



### The Chappaqua Crystal Springs

are situated in the northern and beautiful part of Westchester County, forty miles from New York City. The supply of water is constant the entire year; the mineral properties so even that it gives the water a pure, delicious taste, refreshing and invigorating.

The quarts and pints of Chappaqua Water are rich in carbonic acid gas, the only natural quencher of thirst and a valuable aid to digestion. *Water* to be good for drinking, should be *bright* and *clear* as crystal when poured into a glass. Chappaqua Crystal Water is free from all impurities of vegetable or animal origin. There are no buildings within a radius of one mile from the Springs, that are situated 100 feet elevation from the valley.

### DELIVERIES IN NEW YORK, BROOKLYN AND JERSEY CITY:

1 dozen quart bottles, carbonated,	-	-	-	\$1.50
2 " pint "	"	-	-	2.00
Case of 50 quarts,	"	-	-	7.00
Case of 50 pints,	"	-	-	5.00
Case of 100 pints,	"	-	-	9.50
Case of 12 half gallons, still,	-	-	-	3.50

Send orders to depot:

**P. Scherer, 19-21 N. William St., New York.**

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Springs  
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CUPID IN AUTUMN.

Frontispiece.

HIS

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Almost  
Capital,

## HISTORIC BLADENSBURG.

---

**T**O the spirit of enterprise do we owe it  
that most of our historic places have



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON HOUSE.

been transformed into modern towns and villages. Not so with Bladensburg.

Almost within the shadow of the National Capital, this ancient borough slumbers on in

all the desolation that a hundred years and more have brought as heritage.

With each succeeding year its streets and



ONCE BISHOP PINKNEY'S HOME.

sidewalks gather to themselves a goodly increase of grass and "the rank weed;" the walls of its ancestral mansions receive a thicker coating of the green lichen, and the humble graves of the first towns-people grow denser with the wild cyprus and periwinkle—Nature's tribute to Nature's noblemen.

Yet withal the place is fraught with keen

years and

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historic interest, and the glamor of departed wealth and fashion serves the moralist with food for thought equally as does the Coliseum at Rome or the ruins of Pompeii.

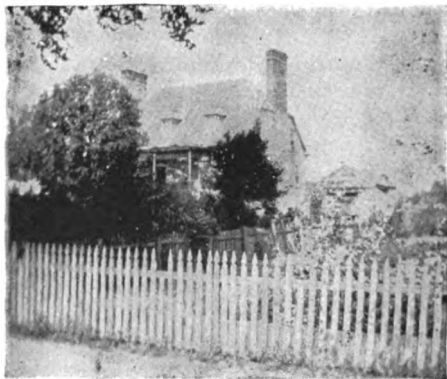
Here in the latter days of the colony came "The Father of his Country." He is supposed to have stayed at the famous old hostelry before which still swings a battered sign having upon it a faded picture of



HERE LAFAYETTE SOJOURNED.

America's hero, and bearing the inscription,  
"The George Washington House."

Later on such men as John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay and Commodore Decatur were



THE VON STEIR MANSION,

frequent guests at the now desolate old inn.

Almost adjoining is the site where but recently stood the house in which William Wurt was born, and within a stone's throw, surrounded by weeds head-high, is the old brick mansion built by an Antwerp merchant, who married a daughter of the sixth Lord of Baltimore. Tradition has it that his name was Von Steir. He was a great lover of art, and the high walls of the then

principally edifice v  
paintings by the o  
Further east, o  
"Parthenon Heig  
Dr. James Webb  
sambling structur  
high porches sup  
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room is the inscrip

But history recor  
letters.

Lafayette sojourn  
and from the room  
of 1812, directed  
Bladensburg."

Hard by is the  
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It was erected  
by the massive  
chimney.

Northeastwar  
ble pile," amid  
the Nestor of  
Lowndes, Esq  
kinsman of the

princely edifice were adorned with rare paintings by the old masters.

Further east, on the brow of a hill, is "Parthenon Heights," the home of the late Dr. James Webb Rogers. It is a long, rambling structure of frame, with wide, high porches supported by massive Doric columns. Upon the iron fire-place in each room is the inscription:

R. D. M.,  
1769.

But history records not the meaning of the letters.

Lafayette sojourned here for several days, and from the roof General Ross, in the War of 1812, directed the so-called "Battle of Bladensburg."

Hard by is the residence of the late Judge Stephen. The house is built of brick, which were brought from England nearly a century and a half ago.

It was erected in the year 1749, as shown by the massive iron figures upon the broad chimney.

Northeastward of this "vast and venerable pile," amid the clustering hills, dwells the Nestor of the village—Benjamin O. Lowndes, Esq. Mr. Lowndes, who is a kinsman of the present Governor of Mary-

land, has lived all his life in Bladensburg. He recalls distinctly the booming of cannon that accompanied the Battle of Bladensburg, and remembers a British officer being brought, wounded, to the old homestead to be nursed by generous enemies. The place was once the home of the late Bishop Pinkey.

It commands a magnificent view of the whole country. Northward, a mile and a half, can be seen the Lord Baltimore Mansion and the town of Riverdale. Further west, upon a range of hills, is Hyattsville. In the distance against the western sky looms up the white tower of the Soldiers' Home and the spires of the Catholic University. Southward, a mile or two distant, stretches a long, narrow valley. It is the famous "Bladensburg Duelling Grounds," where many bloody encounters between noted men have taken place since the early days of the Republic. Beyond this spot, high above hill and house and tallest tree, ascends the Monument of Washington.

And beneath you, near at hand, sleeps the quaint old village, its quiet, almost deserted streets in striking contrast to the busy thoroughfares and fashionable avenues of the adjacent city; its colonial mansions, moss-grown and dismal, each one an eloquent homily upon the ravage of time.

Yet who  
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Yet who can say that Bladensburg, di-  
lapidated and almost forgotten though it  
be, has fulfilled its destiny?

Mantua may produce other and greater  
Virgils and the Alhambra be rebuilt in a  
single day.  
—*J. S. Rogers.*



A child is a flower plucked from the  
gardens of God, transplanted into the soil  
of humanity, and left to be watered  
and cared for by man. It flourishes best  
in the sunshine of love and has need to be  
watered with the tears of tenderest sym-  
pathy, and cultivated by a kind solici-  
tude that wearies not.

Those who have these God-flowers to  
care for have great honor, because of the  
nobleness of the work their hands have  
been given to do. When the gardener  
plucks, may the flower be ready.

—*Everett McNeil.*





## HERALD SQUARE.

### I.

**T**HE roar of rushing railways in mid-air,  
The shriek and clatter in converging streets  
Of swiftly-rolling wheels, the brazen beats  
Of metal tires on granite pave, the glare  
Of argent sunlight over spaces where  
Small garden-spots unfold their blooming sweets,  
Where western breezes temper sultry heats—  
When summer brings its birds to Herald Square :

All this I note as one among the crowd  
I gaze upon a life that circles round  
This nucleus of a world ; here strong and proud,  
And weak and humble, hearken to a sound  
That sings the ancient tale of passion loud—  
The boom of printing-presses underground.

### II.

Here the winged Mercury of our modern days,  
The swift recorder of diurnal fate,  
Historian of men's hope and love and hate,  
Of all their works and all their subtle ways,  
Of sorrow, sin, and crime, of faith that prays,  
And infidelity that grows elate,  
Of death for pauper or for potentate,  
Of whatsoever passes and what stays :

Here this untiring power, whose voice is shrilled,  
Or softened like the modulating sea,  
Waits as a potent king within his loge ;  
But when the city sleeps, its soul is thrilled,  
And its illumined lodgment seems to me  
Some white Venetian palace of a Doge !

—*George Edgar Montgomery.*

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HERALD SQUARE AT NIGHT.

## THE NEWEST WOMAN.

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SHE was only a little stenographer, bright, dainty, and withal somewhat *chic*. She had gone to take some testimony with her employer, a staid old lawyer, and was returning with him to the office. As she and her employer entered the car three other lawyers on their way to court entered at the same time. Soon all four were engaged in an earnest and animated conversation about the great speech of Lord Russell, delivered before the American Bar Association at Saratoga. So interested were they that the presence of the conductor, seeking his fare, was unnoticed by them. The little stenographer took out her purse demurely and paid five fares. As the car approached the Court House the four lawyers awoke to what had occurred, when, in unison, like four legal automatons, they lifted their hats to this small apotheosis of the new woman.

—*Benjamin Patterson.*



## A DRAMATIC DUEL.

---

"DO you know, I think I could make any man believe that I was in love with him? That is, any man worth the endeavor?"

The speaker was not a beautiful woman, but she was fascinating. Her features were not regular; her mouth was too large for proper proportion, while its lines were sentinels of a grasping and conscienceless nature. But the unwary would never think of this. There were a mobility of features and an intellectual illumination of the face in conversation which led one to forget any physical short-coming. The woman was thirty, possibly thirty-five years old. But one would not pause to consider her age. It was her personality which held the attention. It was plain that she was worldly-wise, that she, indeed, had already seen as much of the world as women ever should see. In repose, hard lines would steal out

upon her features as silent indices of a bitter past.

Whatever the rest of this woman's career, she had studied elocution in a well-known Boston school and then she had passed two years in Paris, devoting herself to the Delsartean art of expression. Then she came to New York and opened a Delsartean school of her own. She met with success. She had been divorced from one husband before going abroad; since her return she had duplicated the experience with another. She was now in a condition of mind for a third. Marriage was a mere incident in her career. She believed in affinities. Her present name was Aline Devereaux.

"Aline," retorted her bosom friend, Miss Blake, who, although a pupil of Mrs. Devereaux, was too phlegmatic to develop much artificial expression; "do not imagine that because you have become mistress of the art of expression, you can fool a man into the belief that you are in earnest—unless he is an idiot."

"You forget," rejoined the other, "that it is a fundamental tenet with Delsarte that the physical expression reacts upon the mind and soul and that they, through reflex action, are placed *en rapport* with the external expression."

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"In other words," bluntly rejoined Miss Blake, "if you are acting a lie, you believe it for the time being and your soul is inspired accordingly."

"Yes," purred her friend, "if you choose to put it that way."

"I will bring you a man you can't fool," said Miss Blake, grimly, rising to go.

"When, dear?"

"As soon as you please."

"Come this evening. Introduce him. I will do the rest."

"Agreed."

"Mind, not a hint to him."

"Certainly not. That would spoil the fun. Besides it would not be fair."

"Then this evening, at eight?"

"At eight this evening."

As Mrs. Devereaux closed the door she smiled, not exultantly, but contentedly.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Devereaux had assumed a languishing, graceful pose on a couch amply supplied with colored silken bolsters for inviting ease. Her raiment was of light-cream color, soft, clinging stuff, which heightened the sinuous, serpentine effect of form and posture. The bell rang, the servant appeared and handed her mistress a card. Mrs. Devereaux accepted it as a foregone conclusion, nodded to the girl,

glanced at the card, turned swiftly pale, sat bolt upright, forgot Delsarte, trembled visibly. The card bore the name of Walter Johnson. It was that of her first husband.

Mrs. Devereaux heard a familiar voice, slightly tremulous, say: "Forgive me, Mrs.— Aline, I was determined to see you. Do not drive me instantly away. The past is past. I simply wanted to see you once again, and alone."

"And Miss Blake?"

"Who is Miss Blake?"

"Why, how strange! Never mind. I am a bit nervous. I—I am glad to see you."

Aline murmured other words automatically, while she strove to regain her composure. It was she whose unrest and theory of affinities had brought about their divorce. He had been patient and had acquiesced. She was thinking of this. She had not heard of him for ten years. His sudden appearance, like an apparition, startled her to the depths. More than that, the shock sent her mind irresistibly back to the day of their marriage, back to their hours of wooing, back to the sunsets on the hills where he had wooed and won her, where they had sauntered in the hours of their engagement and, yes, during two summer vacations after their marriage. Then came the chill and

the change. Then the subtle persuasion of a poisoning theory of marriage did its devilish work.

"A curse upon it!" exclaimed Aline. He looked upon her, not understanding. "A curse upon such false theories of marriage!" she muttered, hoarsely. Her face was set and ashen pale; her features were drawn and haggard, her eyes blood-shot; her slender form shrank into itself. She was aged, for the time, by twenty years. She had been standing erect; she slumped to the floor; she crawled to his feet, and, printing burning kisses on his shoes, she cried out, half in terror, half in hysteria, "Walter, Walter, forgive me. I love you as of old, in the days when——"

"Conquered so easily? Miss Blake is to be the second Mrs. Johnson."

The words were his, the tones were those of one who frigidly inflicts punishment. Aline drew slowly away. There was silence. She looked up, breaking into a wild laugh. He was gone. Occupants of an adjoining room heard a fall. They hastened in. On the floor, face upwards, eyes staring agony, Aline lay dead. Her heart-strings had broken. She had not been acting. She had renewed the woman.

*William J. Berry.*



## CUPID IN AUTUMN.

---

**S**UMMER is past, and the days have flown  
When lover and maid strolled forth alone,  
When the birds of the bush could a story tell  
That was hid secure in the leafy dell;  
And the autumn leaves so rich with gold  
Drop one by one to decay and mould,  
But the same old world is never gone  
And life and love still linger on.

The birds and the bees have long since fled,  
But Cupid slyly lifts his head,  
And among the leaves in the forest aisles  
He strolls at ease and plans his wiles.  
For sometimes still in the autumn days  
Lover and maid seek quiet ways,  
And oft beneath the October sun  
A loving heart is lost or won.

And here in the leafy woodland lanes  
Sir Cupid plans his fall campaigns,  
And among the pines when the snow lies white  
He follows the sleigh-bells some winter night.  
Oh! leaves may fall and the seasons die  
But cunning Cupid hovers nigh,  
And the arrow of love takes it wingéd flight  
With as sure an aim on an autumn night.

—Henry K. Rowe.



is the girl who, delightedly reading the PENNY MAGAZINE, stopped to remark. "Surely, by this time, you can in perfect security write down that little story, for the faithful retailing whereof in his dominions Syner

Majestic State desired to decorate you?"

There is never any real withstanding either her arguments or her wishes. Here, then, also, is the story of

HANS AND HEINRICH.

It is but a plain, simple tale, taken bodily out of actualities, originally told the writer

to illustrate the high order of intelligence which obtains throughout the Brooschian army. Hans is a soldier stationed at Donnerwettersbach, a town in Brooschia.

The captain under whom he serves has had him detailed for special service. That brought him to the court of a petty criminal judge, and the other day introduced him to Heinrich. Heinrich was hustled thither, hatless, coatless, vestless, and, probably, sockless, charged with poaching. He is a few years older than Hans, and has seen more of the world. "Take him, Mister Special Service Soldier," thundered the judge, "under your convoy, and deliver him safely to the Mister House of Investigations-Detention Superintendent.

In this way it came about that Hans in full regimentals marched Heinrich through the town to prison. Having traversed the main street they approached a baker's shop situated at the corner of a side street and a tortuous alley, its front door in the former, a side door in the latter. Heinrich gazed longingly at the pile of fresh loaves in the window and stopped, turning to face Hans, "Look here," he said insinuatingly, "perhaps can feel for a poor wretch who's had nothing to eat for two days!" "Well, what is it?" Hans returned, out-

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wardly brusque, but struck on a tender spot by this appeal to the inner man. "Well, Mister Corporal," "I'm hungry enough to eat a whole goat."



"Would you allow me, please, to go in and buy a loaf?" "All right! You can go in and buy a loaf, but mind you're not long. I'll wait here by the door. No humbug, you know." Heinrich disappeared. Hans mounted guard in exact military fashion between the front door and the window, thinking of the black-pudding his sweetheart had promised him that evening.

Several minutes went by before Hans

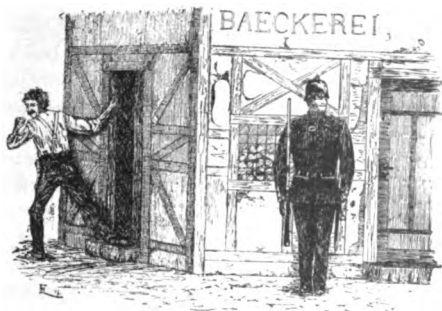
could mentally tear himself away from the coming feast, and remember that Heinrich was taking a tremendous time to buy a loaf. He waited three or four minutes longer. Then he marched into the shop, where no traces of Heinrich were visible—only the baker. "Say, Mister Baker, where's that infernal poacher?" The baker, astonished, replied, "Oh, he went out by that side door about a quarter of an hour ago." "Thunder-weather! The impudent sparrow!" Hans wasted no further moments in swearing, but rushed through the shop, out of the side-door, and along the alley. But he did not find Heinrich, and was obliged to go back and report his loss. However, within the next forty-eight hours the police recaptured Heinrich.

He was delivered again to the safe-keeping of Hans, who reproached him bitterly as in precisely former fashion and conditions they promenaded Donnerwethersbach. "But, excuse me," Heinrich interrupted him at last, "if you only knew the real facts, you would sympathize with me. How's a man to refuse his sweetheart?" Hans was mollified by that one magic word. "When I got into the bakery who should be there but my beloved one! See-

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ing the plight I was in she insisted on my going home with her to get some liver sausage to eat with the bread. We were so happy together that I really forgot all about you, my dear friend." Just then they had reached the baker's shop again. "Now, really," continued Heinrich in melting tones, "Mister Second Lieutenant, I must claim your kind indulgence afresh. I'm simply ravenous. I declare I'm that empty—well, I'd gladly eat—" "Well, see here," Hans responded, "If I let you go, there's to be no tricks,



you know." "Certainly not, Mister Lieutenant, I give my word of honor." "All right! Just get the loaf and come out."

"Now, let me see you go in." Heinrich obediently entered through the front door. Hans immediately wheeled round the corner and stood sentry by the side-door, ruminating on his improved prospects with a new sweetheart. She had actually promised him sauerkraut wine and a cigar for supper that very night. It seemed too good to be true. Yet it was.

The effects of this cerebral hashish were thrown off with a start by the recollection that Heinrich's dealings in the shop were again of unseemly length. Hans rushed through the door, prepared to drag the culprit bodily into the street if needful. But Heinrich was invisible. "Where is he?" bawled Hans to the baker's wife? "Well, he went away out through the front door there, some time ago." "Oh, the ungrateful, dishonorable scoundrel!" "You'd better run down the street after him. Perhaps he's only gone to the next beer-hall." But neither in the next beer-hall nor anywhere else could Hans discover Heinrich. It was necessary to freshly report the prisoner missing.

As before, the police filled the breach and caught Heinrich within a week. He was

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once more relegated to the keeping of Hans, for the same purpose. Hans became even sarcastic in his bitter upbraidings. Heinrich listened in silence, ap-



parently crushed. At last, with the other's fury exhausted, he said: "Alas! how little the Mister Premier Lieutenant knows that with his sharp-edged tongue he is ripping open the graves of the dead!" "What's that? Pray explain yourself." "Circumstances are much against me. Yet I know you have a gracious heart, Mr. Senior Lieutenant. Who was in the shop when you so beautifully granted my last request but my poor, dear, old mamma. She had come to buy funeral-rolls, and



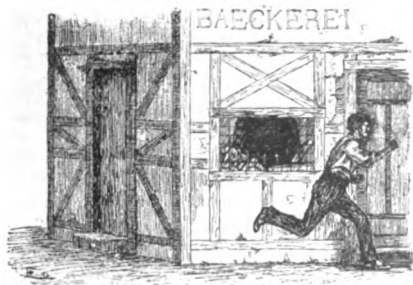
amid the volume of her tears told me that my poor, dear, old papa was dead; that they were just going to bury him, and that I must attend the burial at once, or bear a widowed mother's curse. A widowed mother's curse! Why, you know, Mister Premier Lieutenant, no son among us all could endure that! Ah, here we are!"

Indeed, they were there—at the baker's shop for the third time. Both men had tears in their eyes as Heinrich stopped and turned to Hans for a last appeal. Imploringly he quavered, "My dear friend, I cannot but entreat your compassionate permission. I am simply dying of hunger. Will you—can you—overlook the past, and allow me to purchase a loaf?" Hans shook his head, explaining, "You see, I can't mount guard over two doors at the same time when one of them's 'round a corner, neither can I surround the building by myself. But, thunder-weather! Yet once again! I have it!" "Give me your money!" Heinrich did so, wondering. "Now," said the brave soldier, laying a large forefinger alongside a not diminutive nose, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but one must make these family reunions impossible. I shall go in,

therefore, and buy the loaf myself. You wait here, and mind you don't stir 'till you see me come out again."

When Hans reappeared in the doorway carrying a long loaf, Heinrich had already started on one. Hans could not see Heinrich, nor have the police seen him from that moment to this.

Syner, etc., now proposes to decorate Hans with the 2d class and cordon of the military Order of the Blue Elephant "for marked intelligence and proved capacity in



cutting off an enemy's retreat, both front and flank, and for bold and successful foraging in an enemy's country at the

enemy's cost—a precious example to MY army.”

Here are the little birds who tell the story throughout Brooschia since the writer flew away.

*A Peccante.*



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tell the story  
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of *Percy*.



## HELEN, OLD.

---

**T**HERE, in my mirror's gloss of steel,  
    Jeers the gaunt mockery I am grown.  
For me did heroes bleed and reel?  
    For me was Ilium overthrown?  
For me did Greece, in those wild years,  
Throng her dark ships with wrathful spears?

Did grand Achilles, frowning doom,  
    Slay glorious Hector, and then drag  
His body about Patroclus' tomb  
    For me, this bony and withered hag?  
For these blanched lips and locks of snow  
Did tides of scarlet slaughter flow?

This wreck with beauty a brief sweet while,  
    Ah, pitying goddess, re-endow!  
Give me again the auroral smile,  
    The daffodil hair, the vestal brow,  
The moonlight eyes, the aerial head—  
Then, if thy mood wills, dash me dead!

— *Edgar Poe*.

ROME, 1896.

## BARBED WIRE.

---

**DEVOTION** is a good thing in a man, even if it is given to a stone image or a wooden Indian in disguise.

Sing Sing sounds accordingly to the conscience.

Metropolitan life is a forge in which young men are hammered into purest steel—or old junk.

The last straw often draws the most cider.

Worn-out cobblestones make a good foundation for a new pavement. Such is reform.

Determination is often mistaken for discouragement.

I often think how fortunate it is that some people were born with money. Otherwise, how would they dress as they do.

Great men are always simple ; but with the common run of humanity the affectation of dignity seems to be a pretty good business investment.

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harder fight for success than his grim companion, other things being equal.

It is something to make a hit with one's self.

One can never tell whether a man is a fighter who has never had the need of fighting.

A good test of a good article is whether it can be read aloud to a mixed company with safety and attention.

When you have nothing to do sometime examine yourself to see whether you are fit to be an undergraduate in the college of successful gentlemen.

A good man is able to think just as hard as he has to think.

Why does not some bright schemer, who is rummaging his brain after ingenious prize contests, listen to the bits of misinformation he can hear every day in street cars, and print ten or a dozen of the choice and varied misstatements of historic fact, offering a prize to the first one who points out all the errors and corrects them. Every school child in the land would be an eligible competitor.

Do come to the point.

—Charles Thomas.

## THE REPUBLICAN HOROSCOPE.

---

ON the election of McKinley the "burning issue" of the present campaign will disappear. The old academic problem of finance will remain, but the silver craze will be dead. The feature of McKinley's term will not be expensive financial expedients, but will be a surplus revenue created by suitable tariff laws. Then will come a restoration of business prosperity. Gold will be good enough for everybody, for it is only in bad times that people cry bad money.

The foreign policy as exemplified in the administration of Harrison and in the teachings of his great Secretary of State will be restored. There will be more mills and hence more money, more work and hence more wages, more revenue and hence no income tax, no bond issue.

In the good times coming, demagogues cannot turn to hate the love of the people for their form of government, of which the Supreme Court of the United States is a branch, co-ordinate with the President and the Congress.

—George Bell.

DROSCOPE

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A CHANGE OF HEART.



## THE DEMOCRATIC HOROSCOPE.

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If elected, Mr. Bryan will be utterly powerless to carry out the Chicago platform unless both Houses of Congress are with him.

With the House, Senate and Executive in accord, silver will certainly be placed where it was in 1873.

It is my opinion that Hawaii will be annexed and the Cubans recognized as belligerents. The Monroe Doctrine will be carried out.

There will be no further issue of bonds in time of peace.

The laws in relation to Trusts and Monopolies will be rigidly enforced by Mr. Bryan's Attorney General.

The rights of States will be guaranteed, as provided in the Constitution.

No unconstitutional income tax can become a law, but action may be taken in accordance with the Constitution.

As to pensions, I believe that Mr. Bryan's administration would present a marked con-

trast to the present one. No soldier would ever be dropped from the pension rolls without a hearing.

I believe that he would favor the increase of the navy on the same lines as those laid down by the present administration.

As for myself, my record in Congress speaks for itself. If I should be returned I shall act on the same lines as before, putting country first and party afterwards.

Mr. Bryan is a young man; conscientious, clear-headed, and God-fearing. His tremendous responsibilities will, naturally, make him conservative, and at no time will he move haphazard. The interests of the country will always be nearest his heart without any regard to political considerations.

—*Amos J. Cummings.*











# OUR NATION IN POLITICS. 1864 TO 1896.

ELECTORAL VOTES	STATES	1864	1868	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888	1892	1896
11	ALABAMA	0								
8	ARKANSAS	0		V						
9	CALIFORNIA				S				S	
4	COLORADO				X					
6	CONNECTICUT									
3	DELAWARE									
4	FLORIDA	0								
13	GEORGIA	0								
3	IDAHO									
24	ILLINOIS									
15	INDIANA									
13	IOWA									
10	KANSAS									
13	KENTUCKY									
8	LOUISIANA	0		V						
6	MAINE									
8	MARYLAND									
15	MASSACHUSETTS									
14	MICHIGAN								S	
9	MINNESOTA									
9	MISSISSIPPI	0	0							
17	MISSOURI									
3	MONTANA									
8	NEBRASKA									
3	NEVADA									
4	NEW HAMPSHIRE									
10	NEW JERSEY									
36	NEW YORK									
11	NORTH CAROLINA	0								
3	NORTH DAKOTA									
23	OHIO									
4	OREGON									
32	PENNSYLVANIA									
4	RHODE ISLAND									
9	SOUTH CAROLINA	0								
4	SOUTH DAKOTA									
12	TENNESSEE	0								
15	TEXAS	0	0							
3	UTAH									
4	VERMONT									
12	VIRGINIA	0	0							
4	WASHINGTON									
6	WEST VIRGINIA									
12	WISCONSIN									
3	WYOMING									

TOTAL ELECTORAL VOTE, (1896) 447. NECESSARY TO ELECT, 224

## KEY TO CHART:

	REPUBLICAN		NOT ADMITTED TO SUFFRAGE
	DEMOCRAT		NO VOTE
	PEOPLE'S PARTY		ELECTORS CHOSEN
	VOTE DIVIDED		REJECTED BY LEGISLATURE

## THE COMING ELECTION.

THE political prophets find themselves at a loss this year to know, first, what the present condition of affairs may be in several of the doubtful States; and, secondly, to guess what will happen under circumstances unknown between now and election time in these various localities. The projection of the free silver issue into the campaign has obliterated party lines in many places. The tables of past electoral votes, therefore, are valuable only as serving to indicate what would have happened this year under ordinary circumstances. They, with certain election results already known, enable newspaper readers to foresee that certain Eastern States are safely republican and certain Southern States safely democratic.

The republicans are fighting stoutly for several of the Southern States, the border States especially. They proceed on the assumption that sound money and a third ticket will enable them almost surely to capture Kentucky and possibly Maryland. West Virginia, old Virginia, North Carolina

and Florida, though normally democratic, are thought to be worth fighting for. The democrats, of course, object that the traditional attitude of all these States, together with a strong free silver sentiment, make them impregnable to republican attack. In the West the McKinley managers are exerting themselves in Nebraska and on the Pacific coast, but the democrats, having a presidential candidate from the first of these, and relying upon the silver sentiment in the last three, contemplate opposition with no great alarm.

It is freely admitted that while the republicans find it advisable to fight for certain Southern and Western States, and while the democratic managers will defend these points of vantage, the hardest battles must be joined in the Central West.

From reliable reports received at headquarters, the McKinley managers expect to carry all of the Middle Western States, and the Bryan managers, expect to carry Illinois and Indiana, which, with the Southern States that they expect to hold, would give them a majority in the electoral college.

The following tables are made up not from the customary bluster of politicians, but from reports gathered in various reliable ways of the expectations of the leaders

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REPUBLICAN	
To Go R <i>publican</i>	
STATES.	ELECTORS.
Connecticut.....	5
Delaware.....	3
Illinois.....	12
Indiana.....	11
Iowa.....	7
Kentucky.....	7
Maine.....	4
Maryland.....	10
Massachusetts.....	11
Michigan.....	12
Minnesota.....	10
New Hampshire.....	4
New Jersey.....	10
New York.....	36
Ohio.....	21
Pennsylvania.....	23
Rhode Island.....	4
Vermont.....	3
West Virginia.....	5
Wisconsin.....	10

of both parties based upon the actions, and not upon their words.

One of the tables represents the real expectations, rather than the claims, of the republican managers; the other the expectations of the Bryan managers. One side or the other will be disappointed within a month. Reference to these tables at that time will show in what degree one or both were mistaken.

#### REPUBLICAN EXPECTATIONS.

<i>To Go R publican.</i>		<i>To Go Democratic.</i>	
STATES.	ELECTORAL VOTE.	STATES.	ELECTORAL VOTE.
Connecticut.....	6	Alabama.....	11
Delaware.....	3	Arkansas.....	8
Illinois.....	24	California.....	9
Indiana.....	15	Colorado.....	4
Iowa.....	13	Florida.....	4
Kentucky.....	13	Georgia.....	13
Maine.....	6	Idaho.....	3
Maryland.....	8	Kansas.....	10
Massachusetts.....	15	Louisiana.....	8
Michigan.....	14	Mississippi.....	9
Minnesota.....	9	Missouri.....	17
New Hampshire.....	4	Montana.....	3
New Jersey.....	10	Nebraska.....	8
New York.....	36	Nevada.....	3
Ohio.....	23	North Carolina ..	11
Pennsylvania.....	32	North Dakota.....	3
Rhode Island.....	4	Oregon.....	4
Vermont.....	4	South Carolina.....	9
West Virginia.....	6	South Dakota.....	4
Wisconsin.....	12	Tennessee.....	12
		Texas.....	15
		Utah.....	3
		Virginia.....	12
		Washington.....	4
		Wyoming.....	4

# DEMOCRATIC EXPECTATIONS.

<i>To Go Democratic.</i>		<i>To Go Republican.</i>	
STATES.	ELECTORAL VOTE.	STATES,	ELECTORAL VOTE.
Alabama.....	11	Connecticut.....	6
Arkansas.....	8	Delaware.....	3
California.....	9	Iowa.....	13
Colorado.....	4	Maine.....	6
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Idaho.....	3	Minnesota.....	9
Illinois.....	24	New Hampshire.....	4
Indiana.....	15	New Jersey.....	10
Kansas.....	10	New York.....	36
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## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

**S**LOWLY and wearily she ascended the stairs. There was no elasticity or vigor in her motions—there never was at eventide after a busy day of waiting on customers.

The day had been a particularly "heavy" one, to use a shop phrase and the arrangement of the new stock had just about exhausted her meagre vitality. It was an exertion even for her to stoop to pick up the bright bit of silver lying on the step before her—a dime, the loss of which some unlucky pedestrian was doubtless bemoaning.

She picked it up, however, with a sigh, which might have been one of weariness or possibly one of relief at the thought that the long walk at the end of her "L" Road ride was not now necessary, and that the cable cars would to-night at least carry her over the seemingly endless distance from the west to the east side.

One nickel she decided to donate to the cable company and the remaining one to the purchase of a glass of ice-cream soda.



In her neighborhood, ice-cream soda at ten cents per glass was an unheard of extravagance—in fact, five cents thus expended was looked upon as a luxury not often to be indulged in, particularly as stray dimes were not usually to be found looking invitingly up at the chance passer-by.

Slowly and wearily she ascended the stairs. Even the dime with its promised temporary relief and luxury failed to put more energy into the tired body.

In the corner of the first landing and turn of the stairs sat a crippled mendicant, with his old hat placed invitingly upside down. He was young and rather healthy-looking despite the fact that one leg was missing. To be sure his face wore a tired expression, probably from a more than unusually monotonous day of sitting still or as a trick of his trade.

The girl, however, saw only the missing leg, or rather that the leg was missing, and noticed the tired look on the cripple's face. She was young enough herself, and had seen enough of the world's bitterness to feel supreme pity for other suffering creatures. It took away all the pleasure from her own good luck to meet this unfortunate being, apparently poorer than herself.

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night as usual," she said, bravely suppressing a sigh ; and the soda—well, it can wait 'till some other lucky night."

By this time she had passed the cripple and had almost reached the top of the second and last flight of stairs. Slowly she retraced her steps and dropped the shining dime into the gaping receptacle with a pitying look on her tired face so prematurely old.

Slowly and wearily she reascended step by step, not waiting for the murmured thanks, blessings, etc., and two men behind her, ashamed or inspired by her act, duplicated it.

Ten minutes later the dime had again changed hands. From a cigar store emerged the crippled mendicant—beggar being too ugly a word to use in connection with his sleek appearance—with two packages of cigarettes protruding from his pocket.

His day's work was ended. "Quite a day, too," he had been telling himself, as he walked comfortably along with the aid of his crutch. The tired look had vanished and the smoke of the cigarette between his lips wreathed artistically around his face at each puff.

"That last deal," he said, "wasn't half bad; three dimes in less 'n five minutes is

quite a pull even for me." He smiled and jingled the coins in his pocket suggestively.

"But the girl, she looked tired. I'd jest as soon not take money from poor folks," he mused, "but they're my best trade, 'n' what's a feller t' do."

"Tim says I look too well fed, which ain't t' be wondered at considerin', t' touch the rich folk, who knows the look to well t' be fooled. P'r'aps he's right. Wots the odds? Rich folk er poor folk, s' long 's they take pity on the poor cripple."

And he took a long, soul-satisfying puff at the cigarette, as he hailed a passing car.

—*Emma Louisa Hauck.*

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## MYSTERY.

**T**HERE is a mystery in human hearts,  
And tho' we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well and are belov'd,  
To everyone there comes ofttimes in life  
An inner sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy  
And cannot realize the bitterness;  
There is no one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all we feel,  
No matter what or where our lot may be;  
The self mysterious even to itself  
Must live its inner life in solitude.

—*C. F. Phillips*

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## IN POSTER LAND.

ARS LONGA; VITA BREVIS.

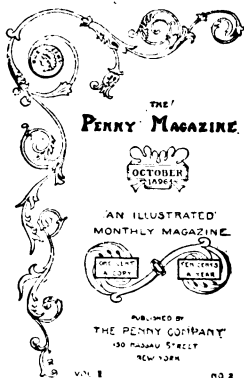


UR country is not only a land of promise; it is fast becoming a land of Art. There is at this time an enormous amount of undeveloped talent in American homes. As the people begin to learn the value

of taking more leisure—as in the older countries—and the race for wealth becomes less feverish, the latent art sense of our people will rise superior to business and we shall have better pictures, grander statuary and a noble architecture more worthy of our greatness as a nation.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE recently offered a small prize for an artistic design for its

front cover. The result has been highly gratifying and interesting. Hundreds of worthy art efforts have been received, ranging in quality from the ambitious essay of the schoolboy to the strong and mature effort of the professional artist. At least one-third of the designs sent in are of signal



GEO. A. KEILEY.

merit, and the major part of them show great care and earnestness of purpose. Many of them are extremely beautiful.

Unfortunately, no one of these designs has been found practicable for the purpose required by THE PENNY MAGAZINE. It has therefore, been decided, while returning all

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### ... A GALAXY OF ART ...

James Brevoort Cox.

William B. Hills.

Edmund Howe Poggi.

T. Harvey Peake.

Hobart Egremont

the designs to the competing artists, to divide the prize offered among the ten most practicable and meritorious. This has been



L. N. T. ARTZ.

done, although the merit of those remaining rendered the task of selection an extremely delicate one. Many very beautiful designs were discarded because of the gorgeous color scheme employed, rendering reproduction for commercial purposes impossible. The ten artists whose designs were selected are: L. N. T. Artz, New York; Hobart Egremont, Karlsruhe, Germany; J. Frank Green, New York; James Brevoort Cox, New York; Edmund Howe

artists, in  
the ten most  
has been

Poggi, Elizabeth, N. J.; T. Harvey Peake,  
New Albany, Ind.; George A. Keiley, New  
York; William B. Hills, Orange, N. J.  
Miss Tierney, Norfolk, Va., and A. L.  
Jackson, New York.

A few of the designs are here reproduced.  
THE PENNY MAGAZINE, unfortunately, has  
not available space to mention the names of  
all of the brave competitors. A few of those  
whose designs were of striking merit are :  
Frank Armstrong, New York; Ernest W.  
Smith, Maplewood, N. J.; Sue Gray Thu-  
burn, New York; C. N. Berkeley, New



J. FRANK GREEN.

York; H. A. Wheeler, New York; Anna  
Lee, Anacosta, D. C.; E. Cornelia Edson,  
New York; M. Morris, Mount Vernon, N. Y.;  
Miss E. Plimsoll, Montreal, Que.; Charles

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Edmund Howe



S. Wise, New York ; A. A. Monroe, Flushing, N. Y.; Charles Stansfield, Bangor, Me., and William H. Amiss, Washington, D. C.

The size of the magazine makes the task of producing an appropriate design more than ordinarily difficult. Practicability, cost and effectiveness are the three most important factors to be considered. Regarded from all standpoints the competition here referred to has been a notable and worthy one, and the projectors of the magazine desire to thank the earnest army of competitors for their able efforts.

—*The Editor.*

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## THE CROWN OF MISERY.

**SOME** men there are who cannot see,  
Some deaf, some dumb you find ;  
But he whose soul from Love is free,  
Is deaf and dumb and blind.

—*John J. a' Becket*



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CUI BONO?

"The windy affairs of men  
Rise like a cloud of dust  
And are as quickly laid again."

**MR. AMBROSE BIERCE**, critic and satirist, whose wit is, at times, as keen and trenchant as a Damascus blade, usually employs his pen, after dipping it in wormwood, in pointing out the foibles of his fellow men. This is as it should be, but lately he has poured the vials of his wrath upon the lovable and kindly dog, whose occasional propensity to bay the moon seems to have got on to Mr. Bierce's nerves. The attack on the canine tribe in the columns of a newspaper is scarcely fair, because the dog has no opportunity to reply, owing to his well-known preference for cold beef rather than cold type.

Mr. Bierce is certainly uncharitable in his low estimate of the dog. Probably the only canine that was ever party to a fraud was an innocent party, although a silent part-

ner. This eminent dog was Black Friar's Bobby, of Edinburgh, to whom the Baroness Burdett-Coutts erected a costly monument. It was related of Black Friar's Bobby that on the death of his master he repaired to the cemetery and settled himself upon the grave, where he refused to be comforted, declined all proffers of food or friendship, and finally succumbed to a broken heart.

---

This moving tale so worked upon the susceptibility of the baroness that she spent many golden guineas in erecting a noble pile to the memory of faithful Bobby. Later, however, it was discovered that the story was but the weird figment of a Scotch reporter's brain, and that Black Friar's Bobby had never existed. The monument remains, however, as a solemn suggestion to Mr. Bierce that not for the first time has a newspaper writer libeled the good name of a dog, even although the dog never existed.

---

In these days of intense political excitement there is often a slip between the candidacy and the office and many a brilliant candidate who has carefully rehearsed his part as officeholder never gets farther than the threshold of the place desired. These

gentlemen are not unlike the embryo actor who after years of longing was finally given a speaking part, having been cast as the Gnome King in the pantomime.

---

'Twas but little the Gnome King had to do, but the worthy aspirant for Thespian distinction set manfully to work to become letter perfect. Night after night he walked the floor and even sought the solitude of the woods, where his brain work would be free from irritating externals. Here he mastered his line, which consisted of the words:

"I am the Gnome King."

Every variation he gave to this fascinating line, putting the emphasis on syllables, words and letters. Even in his sleep he was observed to mutter feverishly from time to time, "I am the Gnome King!"

---

At last the fatal night arrived for the production of the spectacle. The aspiring comedian, arrayed in his kingly glory, was placed upon a trap and slowly raised to the platform level of the stage. The crucial moment in the Thespian's life had come. As the trap reached the level of the stage floor the chief of all the demons strode fiercely forward and interrogated the mon-

arch of the gnomes, "Who art thou?" roared the Demon. Falling upon his knees and trembling in every fibre of his frame the brownie potentate replied, in weak and faltering accents, "I—I—am—a—blooming—fool!"

---

For the benefit of the ever-increasing army of new readers of **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** it may be well to state that the \$100 prize story embodying the conclusion to Laurence Sterne's famous fragment in the "Sentimental Journey," known as "The Notary's Story," will appear in the Christmas number of **THE PENNY MAGAZINE**. The manuscripts will be judged by an eminent student of English literature, whose name is sure to be acceptable to the large number of competitors for the prize.



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## PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

**T**HE PENNY MAGAZINE, New York, is now an international publication. It will sell in Europe for one penny, and in America for the equivalent of a penny—two cents. The subscription price will be twenty cents a year. All subscribers now upon our books will be supplied, without extra charge, until the expiration of their subscriptions. Agents will be allowed the same commission as in the past, 30 per cent., which will make their compensation on each subscription six cents instead of three cents. Subscribers in the city of New York will be placed on the same footing as subscribers elsewhere. The twenty-five cent subscription price in New York City has been discarded. THE PENNY MAGAZINE, New York, is now two cents a copy, and twenty cents a year, EVERYWHERE.

This change was made necessary by our determination to give this magazine a world-wide circulation. At the former price of one cent a copy there was not sufficient margin to enable newsdealers, especially at distant points, to handle it with profit. Newsdealers everywhere are now supplied direct from this office at \$1.30 per hundred, and we pay for transportation.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE, New York, has established a circulation of upwards of 100,000 copies per month within one hundred miles of New York City Hall. It appeals to the sensible, thoughtful, ambitious people who seek quality rather than quantity, and ye who want the best money's worth obtainable. With the wide distribution before the eyes of the people secured by the change in price, the possibilities for circulation in the English-speaking countries of the world are almost limitless.

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Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in EDITORS? You are smart enough to make fifteen or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more times than it appears in the word. No proper nouns. No foreign words. Use any dictionary that is standard. Use plurals. Here is an example of the way to work it out: Editors, edit, sot, dot, dots, to, etc. These words count. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JENNESS MILLER MONTHLY will pay \$50.00 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word EDITORS; \$25.00 for the second largest; \$15.00 for the third; \$10.00 for the fourth; \$5.00 for the twenty next largest, and \$2.00 each for the twenty-five next largest lists. The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the purpose of attracting attention to our handsome ladies' magazine, twenty-four pages, ninety-six long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 12 two-cent stamps for a three months' trial subscription with your list of words, and every person sending the 24 cents and a list of fifteen words or more is guaranteed an extra present by return mail (in addition to the magazine), of a large 192-page book, "The Master of the Mine," by Robert Buchanan, a remarkably fascinating love story. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or your money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than Nov. 20, so that the names of successful contestants may be in the December issue, published in November. Our publication has been established nine years. We refer you to any mercantile agency for our standing. Write now. Address J. H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 905 Temple Court Building B 1147, New York City.

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# The New York Life Insurance Company

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

JOHN A. McCALL, President

**T**HE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY announces the issue of a new form of policy called the "Adjustable Accumulation Policy with Guaranteed Cash Values." This policy is intended to provide insurance for **UNDER-AVERAGE OR IMPAIRED LIVES**, and is issued at Ordinary Life rates. The adjustable policy contains all the features of the peerless Accumulation Policy, some of which are as follows :

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Yearly Cash Surrender Values, or Yearly Loans at five per cent. interest, after three years.

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The immediate payment of death claims, satisfactory proofs being furnished.

Incontestable for any cause after one year, if the premiums have been duly paid.

For further particulars apply to the Home Office, or to any Agent of the Company.

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ONE CENT EVERYWHERE.

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VOLUME 3.  
NUMBER 5.

SEPTEMBER, 1897

2 CENTS PER COPY  
20 CENTS YEARLY

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE

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THE DRESSMAKER'S  
HELPER  
AT YOUR DRY GOODS  
STORE

THIS MAGAZINE IS  
DEDICATED

To Those Who Judge  
a Book By Its Worth  
Not By Its Weight.

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THE PENNY COMPANY, 150 Nassau St., New York

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FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERETT JANNEN WENDELL

# — Soap !

**Which is the best known Soap ?**

**Eh ! Yes, you're right.**

**How did it become so well known ?**

**Yes, you're right again, by advertising  
of course.**

**And we have been its advertising  
agents for more than a dozen years !**

**Now ! Your business may not be  
soap ; perhaps it is shoes, shingles or  
sewing-machines. Whatever it is, it  
probably needs publicity.**

**If so, infer a moral from what you  
have just read.**

**Call or write.**

**We will send a circular which tells of  
our half-century business record, who  
and what we are and how we can be of  
profitable service to you.**

**LYMAN D. MORSE ADVERTISING AGENCY,**

**38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.**



## The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said and heard it read.

That put to any test.

Of all the mites a woman writes.

Her P.S. is the best.

Though why the best none ever  
guess'd

Nor saw a secret there.

Until a maid in mischief laid

The women's secret bare

That P.S. means

## Pears' Soap



100 years old and better than it ever was.

20 International Awards

**Pears'** There are soaps offered as substitutes for **Pears'**  
which are dangerous—be sure you get

# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

**Some information by Mrs. Markoe.**



I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

## **A Reliable Depilatory.**

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment

contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

## **You Will be Delighted.**

You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

**Helen Markoe:**

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

5 Maple Street,

MRS. A. J. JENKINS.

I will be pleased to send important information privately to any lady reader of *Penny Magazine* who writes to me for it. Address

MRS. HELEN MARKOE, Box 3032 MM, NEW YORK, N. Y.

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

Published Every Month in America and Europe.

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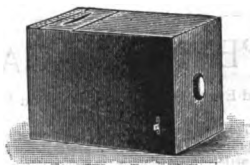
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Makes Pictures  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ .

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finely located, in a beautiful New York suburb having 50 stores, 8 churches. Every city improvement, 12 trains daily, located on River and Bay. On Long Island, to the first 250 readers of the PENNY MAGAZINE answering this advertisement for *simply cost of making deed*; 55,000 tickets were sold at our depot last year; full Particulars including handsome bird's-eye-view by mail. Address,

C. M. Russell, President,

123 Liberty Street, New York.

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or correspond with pretty girls and handsome men, many very rich. Big list, with addresses and photos FREE. Mason, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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*Wm. H. Fitch*

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EVERY  
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**INGERSOLL & BRO., Dept. 40.**  
65 Cortlandt St., N.Y. City.

## Monograms, Flags and Coat of Arms,

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**Cash PAID** for your neighbors addresses, 50c. per 100. Blank book holding 600 names sent for 10 cts., also list of 60 other firms who buy names, **STAR CO., STATION E, CHICAGO.**

## PERFECT GENAEOLOGICAL FAMILY CHART.

**EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE ONE.**

A complete family chart, showing your direct descent. Send name, address and twenty cents to

**CHARLES O. BASS, 132 Nassau St., New York City.**

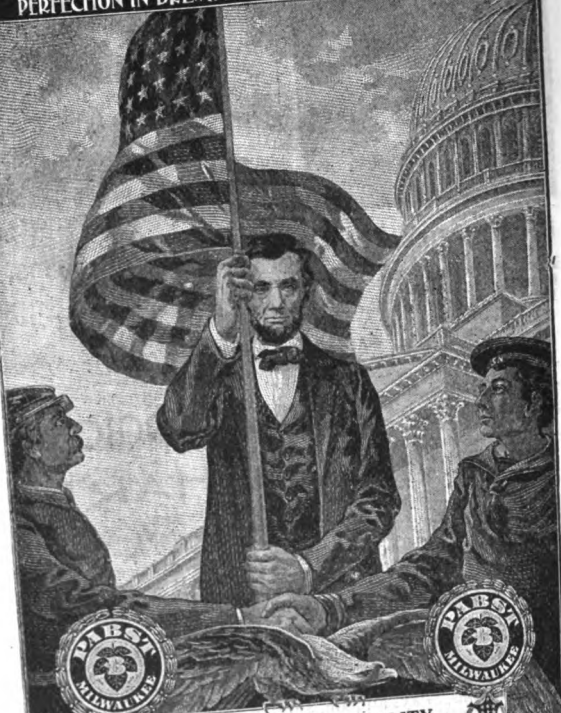
### An Old Nurse for Children.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Dept. J. 3, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.,** for their \$1,800 prize offer and list of 1,000 inventions wanted.



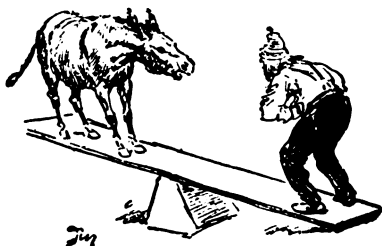
PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA.



### A POWERFUL MENTALITY.

Strength of character is based upon mental power normally exerted. A calm mind, steady nerve and rhythmic action of the intelligence are absolutely essential to health. A mind weakened by loss of sleep, over exertion, anxieties and the summer's heat can hardly hope for complete success. Nerve and energy may do much, but the strain is gradually sapping one's mental strength. Nothing will bring the mind back to its normal power, to steady action, quicker than PABST MALT EXTRACT, THE "BEST" Tonic. While it does this, it builds up the body so that it can better support the mind in its efforts. After the relaxation, fatigue and ennui of the summer, nothing is better than PABST MALT EXTRACT. THE "BEST" Tonic.

"IN UNION IS STRENGTH"



SEPTEMBER'S SIGN—THE BALANCE.



**SNAP-SHOT BY A SUMMER GIRL.**



**A SUMMER MAN.**

*Frontispiece.*

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*

---

## THE CRUCIBLE.

---

**A**LMOST any argument can be refuted, most appeals to the conscience thrown off; but is there one of us who can even affect to disbelieve the verdict of his own countenance?

\* \* \*

It is curious that we often achieve excellent results from acting on ideas that we repudiate.

\* \* \*

It's all nonsense to say that woman has never been successful in any distinctive field. She has always been an undisputed success—as a woman.

\* \* \*

Although we may resent the necessity of living the life of an ant, and look with longing and envy on the existence of a grasshopper, it takes a great deal of practice and ant-like concentration of mind to grass-hop successfully.



The first lesson a wife should learn is that the very traits which rendered her irresistible before the ring went on will excite in her husband's heart a longing to take it off.

\* \* \*

The man who finds an open switch and neglects to flag the approaching train is held morally responsible for the wreck that fol-

lows. So the man who, through mistaken kindness or dislike to do unpleasant things, fails to point out to business associates dangerous conditions that he alone has opportunity to know, is responsible for consequent disaster. He did not cause the dangerous conditions. He had worked hard, had done his best, perhaps, but the blame is his, nevertheless. His knowledge hidden becomes his responsibility exposed.

\* \* \*

The cynic—a sensitive man whose emotions are under the control of his judgment.

\* \* \*

Some little time ago it was the privilege of the writer to be a guest at an informal dinner party given by a gentleman who ranks exceedingly high in the politics of New York State. It would be a breach of hospitality

to even hint at what was said about the board, but with the permission of the host and of the gentleman immediately concerned, the following circumstance may point a moral without violating the requirements of etiquette.

After the wine and the walnuts, one of the party in a spirit of humor made a calculation of the combined wealth of the politicians and newspaper men about the table. It required no special qualification as a mathematician to be able to sum up the results, but, after some good-natured chaffing, a gentleman, who has served successfully in the Legislatures of two States, arose and said:

"Gentlemen: Accept the conclusions of our friend as a compliment. There are men about this table old in politics almost as myself, and there are others just beginning and as full of hope as we were. I have served in a legislative capacity for more than a score and a half of years, and I tell you that money in politics is like money in the bosom of the earth—a man must stoop down and abase himself to get it." It was a short speech, but the best speech of the evening, and one that young men, looking forward to a career in statecraft, would do well to bear in memory. It was the result of thirty years of active experience in a profession in which more men have failed





and in which fewer have succeeded than in any other calling known to modern life.

\* \* \*

Only those who have known the loneliness, the bitterness, the despair, which floods the soul, when there is a dearth of all human love and sympathy can know the sweet comfort, the courage, the strength, which a few words kindly spoken can give.

\* \* \*

Each of us, whether rich or poor, young or old, can bestow upon some sin-wounded, discouraged soul the healing balm of kind words. Like the sunbeam and the raindrop, falling on the withering flowers, they will bear to it life, courage, hope, and return to the giver a rich benediction.

\* \* \*

It is a clever man who can successfully manage two or three love affairs in a small country town.

\* \* \*

It would take a great mind to tell where courageous endurance ends and thick-skinned indifference begins.

\* \* \*

How many men there are of whom we say, "Wonderfully industrious!" "Remarkably energetic!" "Absolutely untiring!" "Knows no hours!" He is the man who is everlastingly

at it—the worker, the driver—full of force, full of life; and still, he usually dies at forty. He reminds one of that masterpiece of ship-building of a generation ago: the steamship with a twelve-foot screw which churned the water so you could see her wake twenty miles away, and which burned 400 tons of coal a day, making twelve knots an hour. And still the modern boat, which burns 200 tons a day, and whose wake you cannot see but five miles, makes twice as many knots an hour!

\* \* \*

And as the steamship is but a simile, there are men who don't seem to be using minute by minute every bit that there is in human nature, who, in the length of a lifetime, accomplish just as much as the man with the atmosphere of buzz and whirr, constantly about him, the man who dies at forty, and who leaves nothing behind him but a large family and a fine gravestone.

\* \* \*

There's many a black sky that doesn't end in a storm.

\* \* \*

The man who attends entirely to his own business is never, never entirely out of one kind of a job.

\* \* \*

Some of our later day political faddists who claim to carry about exclusive specifications for the millenium in their coat-tail pockets are like those flags on the



street cars that stand out straight from the pole. even though the wind isn't blowing. They look mighty patriotic, but they are merely wired out that way for advertising purposes.



## A WOMAN'S TEARS.

LUCIEN G. CHAFFIN.

**A**ND so you loved him?  
Well, he lies there dead,  
He cannot hear your moan,  
If he is dead!

You know he loved you not?  
Then you but waste your tears.  
Living he never cared, and dead  
He nothing hears.

Why should you weep then,  
Now you know he's dead?  
He cannot give back love,  
If he is dead!

You say you gave him love  
And he regarded not?  
Why, then, say peace has come at last,  
And cheaply bought!

And yet a woman—  
He you loved is dead?  
That is enough. You'll weep,  
If he is dead!

## DON'T DROP YOUR PEN.

---

JOHN FAXON.

---

THE dropping of a pen about to be used always makes me nervous and uncomfortable, for a case where a delay of not more than fifteen seconds, caused by the dropping of a pen with which a man was to sign his name to a will, lost to a worthy purpose a legacy of \$100,000, always comes to my mind. That was the case of H. R. Rouse, one of the pioneer oil operators on Oil Creek, who made a large fortune early in the business. He was a native of Warren county, and in 1861 his wells were yielding him a daily income above the average man's annual income.

He fell a victim to the first great oil well fire, when the famous Hawley & Merrick well began to suddenly spout oil and gas in such quantities that the oil ran to waste and flowed over the ground in all directions and gas filled the air for a quarter of a mile around. A terrible explosion and conflagration followed. The score or more people who had collected to witness the then novel sight of a flowing well were enveloped in flames, among them H. R. Rouse. He was rescued from death in the sea of flames by a man named Uriah Smith, of Mercer, at the risk of his own life and at the cost of permanent and awful disfigurement.

Rouse was so horribly burned that his re-



covery was impossible, and, after being carried to a house nearby, he insisted on making his will. His eyes were burned to a crisp in their sockets, and he was one solid blister from head to foot, but he lay, without uttering a moan or a complaint, dictating his will, a task that required several hours. When the will had been reduced to writing and read to him he was so weak that he could no longer speak, and he motioned for the pen to sign the document. When the person who had done the writing dipped the pen in the ink bottle and was about to place it in Rouse's hand, he dropped it and it rolled under the bed.

Not more than a quarter of a minute elapsed before he had recovered it, but when it was placed in Rouse's hand the hand was powerless to use it. The brave oil prince was dead. The will he thus left unsigned bequeathed \$100,000 to the poor fund of Warren county, it also remembered the man who had torn the testator from the burning mass of oil, who was left a handsome legacy. Rouse's heirs, not being legally bound to carry out his wishes, repudiated the moral claims, and Warren county lost her legacy, as did the man who, at the risk of his own life, saved the oil prince to his family at least for Christian burial. And that is why the dropping of a pen gives me a most uncomfortable and nervous feeling.



## MAKING DIAMONDS.

---

L. T. GATES.

---

### PROFESSOR WILLIAM CROOKES,

the famous inventor of the Crookes tube, which made possible the discovery of the X-rays, an expert authority on all scientific questions, declares that there is no reason why the manufacture of diamonds should not sometime become an established industry, and he bases his confident assertion largely on the success of the experiments made by Professor Moissan, of Paris, who has turned out from the furnaces in his laboratory pure and undeniable gems. Professor Moissan has shown, during his recent visit to America, how he accomplishes his remarkable results by subjecting pure iron, packed with charcoal in a carbon crucible, to an intense heat in an electric furnace which melts the iron and saturates it with carbon. A quick cooling of the fiery mass and the consequent tremendous pressure exerted by the expanding metal upon the carbon within dissolves, separates and crystalizes it into the perfect diamond. One may say perfect, because the most searching chemical analysis fails to detect any difference between the structure of the diamond of the chemist and that of the diamond from the mines.

The professor, like many other tireless workers in the same field who have produced

"artificial" diamonds for the market, has but endeavored to imitate a process which Nature discovered centuries ago, when from the depths of her gigantic laboratories with their furnaces heated to an inconceivable intensity by the fires of volcanic activity, she evolved and deposited in mysterious hiding-places the precious and brilliant gems which have played so large a part in the world's history, and which, like Nature's other perfect products, can never cease to delight by their wondrous and consummate beauty. In one case the results have been beautiful, though necessarily comparatively small; in the other, rich and varied. In either case the process is in itself simple, but for human ingenuity the labor must be for many years a slow and costly one, so that even the artificial diamond, so-called, must long command its own price.

"A diamond is a diamond" is an old saying, and so precious is this gem, so unique is its fascination to the eye, and so enduring is its charm that the inquiries into the secrets of its chemical formation have been in these latter days almost as numerous as the old time delvers into the elusive mystery of the philosopher's stone. With modern knowledge, added to the methods of modern research, the effort for the former has not been futile or hopeless. Professor Crookes has been quoted as saying: "The only thing that remains for us to do is to follow up and develop the facts which are already in our possession, and by doing this we are bound, sooner or later, to reach the goal represented by the diamond of fair size." Diamonds will retain their value for untold years yet, and will continue to shed the reflection of their value on their most perfect imitations.

## A SILHOUETTE.

---

ARTHUR WORTHINGTON HAWKS.

---

**H**E was a tiny little chap, not near as tall as the hitching post upon which he was leaning. The dark brown face and the many colored sash encircling his waist told more plainly than words that he came from the land of olives and grapes.

A cloud was crossing the sun, I thought, as the face changed, the graceful curves of the mouth dropped sullenly, the dark eyes seemed to penetrate even further into the head than usual, and the high, manly forehead filled with lines that were certainly out of place.

What had caused this transformation? Simply a look, a single glance downward at the large, heavily laden basket of bananas which lay at his feet. He must go on, for his customers live in another section of the city, and if he sells all his stock she can have the medicine she needs, and a cake besides. Yes; he must go on, but as he looks up the long, bustling avenue he thinks his willing little arms will surely break, and he gazes enviously at the boy who swiftly rides by on his bicycle. But his quick eye soon catches sight of another, who seems to live in the same world with himself—a mother and son, the latter a cripple for life through no fault of his own. Born without arms, and destined to be

a dependent upon the kindness of others for all his days—yet his face was bright; he admired everything, enjoyed everything, and as he passed the poorer boy he smiled on him. That was all. The lines left the forehead, the eyes became more sympathetic, and as the mouth broadened into a smile that chased the cloudlet off his face, he stopped, lifted his burden, and was soon lost in the busy, jostling crowd as he whistled gayly a strain from Verdi.



### A RURAL REMINISCENCE.

**T**HE sermon was long and the preacher was prosy,  
The cushion was soft and the corner was cozy;

And, musing, I knew,

By my side in the pew

Was a dear little face that was dimpled and rosy.

A stray bit of lace and the curl of a feather

Lay close to my cheek, and I didn't care whether

The service was long

Or flirting was wrong

In a lonely back pew, as we knelt down together.

In reading the prayers we had one book between us,

So sweet was that smile and nobody seen us,

While bent on our knees

(Oh, how Cupid did tease!)

I had stolen a kiss, with the prayer book to screen us.

In the oriel window the sunlight was gleaming,

In my drowsy old brain I felt love fancies teeming;

Then my heart gave a thump,

But my head got a bump

On the back of the pew—I had only been dreaming.

## HIS NIGHT ASSIGNMENT.

---

PHILIP COWES.

---

**H**ENRY SAYLOR, who was killed a few years ago in Covington, Ky., in a quarrel with a man named Finch, was once a reporter on the Cincinnati "Commercial." In the year 1859 a vacant dwelling on Vine street, in Cincinnati, became the center of a local excitement because of the strange sights and sounds said to be observed in it nightly. According to the testimony of many reputable residents of the vicinity, these were inconsistent with any other hypothesis than that the house was haunted. Figures with something singularly unfamiliar and uncanny about them were seen by crowds on the sidewalk to pass in and out. No one could say just where they appeared upon the open lawn on their way to the front door by which they entered, nor at exactly what point they vanished as they came out; or, rather, while each spectator was positive enough about these matters, no two agreed. They were all similarly at variance in their descriptions of the figures themselves.

Some of the bolder of the curious throng ventured on several evenings to stand upon the doorsteps to intercept the ghostly visitors or get a nearer look at them. These courageous men, it is said, were unable to force

the door by their united strength, and invariably were hurled from the steps by some invisible agency and severely injured. the door immediately afterward opening, apparently of its own motion, to admit or free some ghostly guest. The dwelling was known as the Roscoe house, a family of that name having lived there for some years, and then, one by one, disappeared, the last to leave being an old woman. Stories of foul play and successive murders had always been rife but never authenticated.

One day during the prevalence of the excitement Saylor presented himself at the office of the "Commercial" for orders. He was handed a note from the city editor which read as follows: "Go and pass the night alone in the haunted house on Vine street and make two columns if anything occurs worth while." Saylor obeyed his superior; he could not afford to lose his position on the paper.

Apprising the police of his intention, he effected an entrance through a rear window before dark, walked through the deserted rooms, bare of furniture, dusty and desolate, and, with feelings which it is perhaps needless to describe, seated himself at last in the parlor on an old sofa which he had dragged in from another room, and watched the deepening of gloom as night came on.

Before it was altogether dark the curious crowd had collected in the street, silent, as a rule, and expectant, with here and there a scoffer uttering his incredulity and courage

with scornful remarks and ribald cries. None knew of the anxious watcher inside. He feared to make a light; the uncurtained windows would have betrayed his presence, subjecting him to insult, possibly to injury. Moreover, he was too conscientious to do anything to enfeeble his impressions and unwilling to alter any of the customary conditions under which the manifestations were said to occur.

It was now quite dark, but the lights from the street faintly illuminated a part of the room that he was in. He had set open every door in the whole interior, above and below, but all the outer ones were locked and bolted. Sudden exclamations from the crowd caused him to spring to the window and look out. He saw the figure of a man moving rapidly across the lawn toward the building—saw it ascend the steps; then a projection of the wall concealed it. There was a noise as of the opening and closing of the hall door; he heard quick, heavy footsteps along the passage—heard them ascend the stairs—heard them on the uncarpeted floor of the chamber immediately overhead. Saylor drew his pistol and groped his way up the stairs, entered the chamber, dimly lighted from the street. There was no one there. He heard footsteps in an adjoining room and entered that. It was black, dark and silent.

He struck his foot against some object on the floor, knelt by it, and passed his hand over it. It was a human head—that of a



woman. Lifting it by the hair, this iron-nerved man returned to the half-lighted room below, carried it to near the window, and attentively examined it. While so engaged he was half conscious of the rapid opening and closing of the outer door, of footfalls sounding all about him. He raised his eyes from the ghastly object of his attention and saw himself the center of a crowd of men and women dimly seen. The room was thronged with them. He thought the people had broken in.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, coolly, "you see me under suspicious circumstances, but——"

His voice was drowned in peals of laughter—such laughter as is heard in asylums for the insane. The people about him pointed at the object in his hand, and their merriment increased as he dropped it and it went rolling among their feet. They danced about it with gestures grotesque and attitudes obscene and indescribable. They struck it with their feet, urging it about the room from wall to wall; pushed and overthrew one another in their struggles to kick it; cursed and serenaded and sang snatches of ribald songs as the battered head bounded about the room as if in terror and trying to escape. At last it shot out of the door into the hall, followed by them all with tumultuous haste. That moment the door closed with a sharp concussion. Mr. Saylor was alone, in dead silence. Calmly replacing his pistol, which all the time he had

held in his hand, he went to the windows and looked out.

The street was deserted and silent; the lamps were extinguished; the roofs and chimneys of the houses were sharply outlined against the dawn light in the East. He left the house, the door yielding easily to his hand, and walked to the "Commercial" office. The city editor was still in his office—  
asleep. Saylor waked him and said quietly,

"I passed the night in the haunted house."

The editor stared blankly as if not wholly awake.

"Good God!" he said. "Are you Saylor?"

"Yes; why not?"

The editor made no answer. The reporter's face was seamed with lines like those of age; his hair and beard were snow white.

"They say that things were uncommonly quiet out there to-night," said the editor, trifling with a paper-weight, upon which he kept his eyes. "Did anything occur?"

"Nothing whatever."



## A MARK TWAIN STORY.

---

**H**OWEVER unjust it may be to Mr. Clemens, as Mark Twain was known before he conducted his own christening, his reputation classes him among the absent-minded.

He is said to have called upon the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe without a necktie one day, after her return from a visit to the South. When he came back from his visit he hurried to his wife to tell her how their neighbor had withstood the journey and of the present condition of her health. But he was stopped in the midst of his story by the horrified look in his wife's face.

"You don't mean to say that you have been to see Mrs. Stowe?" said she. "Why, you haven't got on any necktie."

He professed great chagrin at his carelessness and rushed upstairs, apparently to remedy the defect in his toilet. When he came back, some time later, he laughingly tossed his wife a letter and a necktie.

It seems that Mr. Clemens had written to Mrs. Stowe in his own inimitable fashion that as he had found he had committed the unpardonable crime of calling upon her without a necktie he now sent her one, hoping to mitigate the sentence which she would pass upon him for his carelessness. The note which he handed his wife was a clever reply which Mrs. Stowe had sent back with the necktie.



## A CONFESSION.

CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

**W**HEN I was a boy of ten I was a very good boy indeed; a real sweet little angel, who had never told but one lie (for which I was properly thrashed), and who never, never played marbles for keeps. Why? Because, though not told so, I thought hell a literal place and didn't want to roast and sizzle and roast and sizzle in fire and brimstone forever and forever.

When I was a lad of twenty I—ahem!—I was better still. (“Have I been growing ever since?” No matter; that is not the question.) But the word hell was now a synonym of remorse, and fire and brimstone was simply not in it. The straight and narrow path was a daisy good cinder track, after all, and I en-

dorsed it for all I was worth. (Partly promissory notes.)

Ten years later still my views on the lower hemisphere of the spiritual world again underwent a change, or rather a reconversion, and up to date I really believe that I believe in the good old-fashioned hell. Not for myself, you understand; bless my soul, no: though doubtless I deserve it, as some of those promissory notes are still unpaid; but quite all altogether for the Other Fellow. Listen, beloved.

Justice in this mundane sphere is a very erratic comet. You cannot tell what way it will go nor what it will do, and as often as not it leaves undone the things it ought to do. Within a few miles of the place I write from lives a judge who shortly ago sentenced a man to the State prison for fifteen years for having stolen eight dollars and seventy-five cents and a pair of trousers worth a dollar and a half. In the town where I live is a rich woman who is at the head of a pack of scandal-mongers who lately talked so vilely of a young lady that she committed suicide. Can earthly justice punish that judge or deal adequately with that scandalizer? Now I say that, humanly speaking, the Lord should provide for such individuals some nice hot little sheol, where for what Daniel calls "a time, times, and a half," they can duly reflect over themselves.

And what about the rich man who employs in a factory babes of eight or ten years, boys

and girls, at fifteen cents a day? Or the seducer of a woman—yes, ditto of a man?—it happens, beloved!—or the woman who strips the last shred of modesty from her ulcerous soul and for fame or money lays it bare (by proxy) in a book? Verily, methinks 'twere well done or St. Peter should give these the glassy eye!

Perhaps—for precious few things on this earth are absolutely certain one way or the other—perhaps these souls are relatively little worse (remember heredity and surroundings) than the rest of us, for lo! where is the perfect man—the chain without one link, one sin, which may cause ruin? But a certain vague (?) standard must be upheld and fought for constantly.

; But let all—all, be done in love. The punishment of crime and fault, in self or others, which is not bestowed in the spirit of love vitiates itself, even as it does when unjustly severe.

P. S.—After all, I don't believe in the "bad" place.



## SOUL PICTURES.

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EVERETT M'NEIL.

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### **The Sensitive Soul.**

**I**MAGINE the golden harp of an angel, with its delicate strings exquisitely attuned to the touch of angelic fingers and capable of throbbing responsive to the sweetest and loftiest strains of heavenly music, transferred from heaven to earth and thumped upon by mortal fingers! Some of the strings would snap beneath the rude touch, and the heavenly harmony be changed into discord.

A sensitive soul is like this harp. Its sensibilities are attuned to the deepest feelings, and the rude touch of the world jars discordantly upon them. It feels the divine harmony which should throb within, and struggles to express it; but, alas! it finds its delicate strings strained and warped, and the harmony—the heavenly harmony—is lost forever.

How many a heaven-attuned soul has been shattered by the rough, heartless thumpings of the thoughtless world!

### **The Aspiring Soul.**

There are few sadder sights than that of an eagle, king of the boundless skies, in captivity. How he beats his cloud-tossing pinions against his prison bars! How scornfully he darts his sun-piercing eyes upon the lowly

objects around him! How his freeborn spirit longs to burst his prison house, and mount on earth-spurning wings, up, up into the blue of the heavens! Free as the air!

There are souls that are like the caged eagle. This mortal tenement is to them a prison. Heaven-born, they spurn the earth, and pant for greater freedom. Oh, how bitterly then the soul struggles; but the rankling chains of mortality hold it down until death breaks the rusty links.

### **The Skeptic Soul.**

I can conceive of nothing more terrible than a skeptic soul. With no purpose, no future, no hope, with nothing to cheer, to steady or to guide, it stumbles on over life's stormy way. Like a ship in mid-ocean, without compass, rudder, anchor, or safe harbor in view, the skeptic soul idly drifts between the two eternities.

A skeptic soul is like a strong swimmer battling for life alone on the wide, merciless ocean. Over the dreary waste of restless time it casts its eyes; but sees no rescue, nothing but the interminable stretch of a spiritless dead eternity. To the heavens it turns its gaze; but their glories proclaim to it *no God*, and the pitiless blue of the overhanging dome looks coldly down, spanned by a rainbow of promise. It has no purpose, no future, to struggle for—not even hope to cheer it. Down, down it goes beneath the dark waters



of oblivion, a ghastly soul wreck. Like a meteor it flashes from darkness into darkness.

### **The Religious Soul.**

Religion is the striving of the soul after the true end of life, after a future better and higher than the present; after God. It is the divinity within asserting itself.

From a lowly valley, full of shadows and gloom, a traveler starts to climb to the summit of a lofty, sun-crowned mountain, which rises jagged and steep before him. Great forests, the home of black shadows, encircle its base. Yawning precipices and tumbling rocks threaten. But every step that he takes is upward, out of darkness into light—away from the earth. Each moment the horizon widens, the splendor increases, until, triumphant, he stands on the topmost peak.

Such a traveler is the religious soul. That mountain, shadow-hung, jagged, steep, appalling, is typical of the pathway of the soul struggling up toward its God.

Truly the soul is an awesome thing to contemplate. Its deepest depths are lost in the gloom and horrors of despair; but its loftiest heights stand forth transfigured by the glory and sublimity of God.

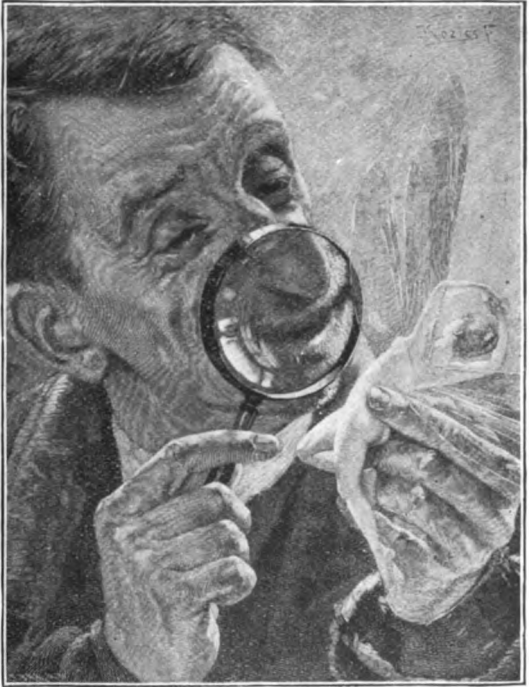




**THE STREET MUSICIAN,**



**THE FENCER.**



**THE NATURALIST.**



**THE FLIRT.**

*Human Types—No. v.*



**THE GOURMET.**



**THE MOTHER.**

## THE BOND.

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JOHN M. WHITMAN.

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**T**HE Lady in Silk moved rather scornfully and drew her skirts more closely about her. A Woman in Calico had entered the car, holding a baby in her arms and unable to find a seat, stood near her. There was a trace of annoyance upon the face of the Lady in Silk. She would not that her garments even should be soiled by contact with the cheaper fabric of the Woman in Calico.

After a time the Lady in Silk lifted her eyes to the burden carried by the Woman in Calico. Their expression was changed as if by a miracle. The look of annoyance and the look of pride had passed away. There was gentleness there—such gentleness as can only come into the face of one who has been a mother.

Hesitation and sympathy were blended in the look as the Lady in Silk held out her arms and said, "Let me take your little one. It must be hard to hold her standing there. It is a rough ride at best, and the jolting will wake baby up."

The face of the Woman in Calico lighted up a moment. There was no mistaking the invitation of the outstretched arms and in a moment her baby was held close to the breast of the Lady in Silk.

Never mind the costly fabric; never mind the lace and velvet; it is a mother's baby still fast asleep that the Lady in Silk is hold-



ing in her arms. And so they went to the end of their journey, the Lady in Silk holding in her arms the sleeping child of poverty.

There had been pride upon the faces of both women at first—the pride of caste upon one and the pride of poverty upon the other, but the sleeping child had wrought a miracle upon both and the glow of maternal tenderness illumined both.

Wide is the gulf between the Lady in Silk and the Woman in Calico; all the way from lawns and fountains and blue skies and flowers and the harmony of sweet sounds and the voices of the poet and the blending of hues upon the canvas of the painter, all the way to

the dull court and the tenement and the clangor of toil and the dust and smoke of the city and the dreary monotone of poverty's complaining voice. Wide is the gulf, but not so wide that the bond of maternal love cannot bring together the hearts of the Mother in Silk and the Mother in Calico.



A STUDY.



## BAYREUTH'S TREASURE.

CLARENCE CHATTERTON.

**N**O true follower of Richard Wagner ever disregarded his lightest mandate, and so, for many years, the great composer's "Parsifal," his operatic masterpiece, the work which stands as the completest development of his musical and artistic theories, has been as securely locked within the borders of the little Bavarian town of Bayreuth as was the Valkyrie Brunnhilde within the magic fire circle drawn around her by the mighty Wotan. But no more securely, for as Fate ordained that the hero Siegfried should dare to approach the slumbering Brunnhilde and should lead her forth to the world again, so rumor has it that a modern Siegfried, in the guise of an impresario, may arise in far-off America to ignore the Master's will; to wrest from Bayreuth its dearest treasure, and to

present "Parsifal" in operatic dress to American audiences. A veritable hero must this impresario be, for he must invade ground made sacred by Richard Wagner's injunction; yet it is within the bounds of possibility that one of Wagner's weightiest commands may be set at naught by the iconoclastic zeal of some modern musical "hustler," heedless of a dead composer's whim which stands in the path of the accumulation of the nimble dollar.

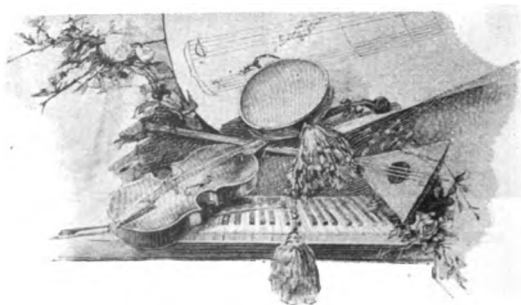
"Parsifal" is now no unknown work in America. It has been heard here as an oratorio; its Holy Grail and Faith *motiven* are familiar to every musician, whether or not he has ever made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth. Numberless choral organizations have grappled with the difficulties of the music of its Flower Maidens and its Knights; artists have sung to us in the concert room the chief numbers of Kundry or of the "pure fool," Parsifal. But this is not "Parsifal," the opera, or more than opera, the "Bühnenweihfestspiel," mysterious with crafty illusions of the stage, shrouded in mysticism and the glamor of mystic types, solemnized by scenic pomp and gorgeous ceremonial, kindling with the flame of an atmosphere almost sacred, almost supernatural. For these one must journey to Bayreuth; must see and hear "Parsifal" in the dim interior of the famous theater built almost by Wagner's own hands on the wooded hill outside the town, and must there become imbued, impregnated, inspired, crazed, whatever the word may be, as is every pilgrim to



SCENES FROM "PARSIFAL," WAGNER'S MASTERPIECE.

Bayreuth, with the spirit of a work unique from every point of view. By many a "Wagnerite" the transfer of the opera to another stage will always be held as something like a sacrilege, since its performance at Bayreuth has taken on—in the eyes of the faithful—the reverential attitude of a religious function.

In any event the transfer will never be easily or cheaply accomplished. Solemn traditions must first be trampled upon and cast aside. Those who hold the rights and the manuscripts of the opera in their devout keeping must be reckoned with. The clearly-expressed voice of Wagner must be ruthlessly stifled. Bayreuth will contend fiercely for its precious and unique privilege, and any production hoping to rival hers must be enormously costly. Wagnerites and Wagner singers must be taught to disobey the Master's commands. Who accomplishes all these things will accomplish an unprecedented task, but the prospective rewards, artistic and pecuniary, may prove a sufficient incentive for the test.



## SWEET COUNSELORS.

MINNA IRVING.

**A**TTIRED in a gown of the palest of pink,  
She sat in her chamber alone,  
Through the windows beside her the petals of snow  
From blossoming orchards were blown.  
A cream colored letter adorned with a seal,  
And topped with a lavender crest,  
And saying, "I want you to marry me, love,"  
Was hidden away in her breast.

She bit at the red of her lip till it bled,  
And pulled at her ringlets of gold;  
This answer she framed was too ardent by far,  
And that was too formal and cold.  
So the pages of note paper under her hand  
Were blank in their purity still,  
While the minutes were rapidly slipping away,  
And the messenger lounged by the sill.

"Indifference is wisest," she said, the coquette,  
"My words I must carefully weigh,  
When my decorous note of acceptance he reads  
He must feel that it *might* have been *nay*."  
But his violets—sweetest of counselors—stood  
On the ebony cabinet near,  
And sent her a message in wafts of perfume:  
"Be true to thy womanhood, dear."

And so with a smile on the red of her lip,  
And a tear in the blue of her eye,  
Grown suddenly tender and sweetly sincere,  
She hastened to write her reply.  
It was only a word that she traced on the page,  
Her gallant young wooer to bless,  
But the truest and best that a woman can say  
When love is the questioner—Yes!

## AFFABILITY RUN WILD.

---

**D**ID you ever meet Sir Edwin Arnold, poet, Orientalist, and writer of leaders at £5 a leader? If you have, you have met one of the most affable men on earth. Sir Edwin can be agreeable with less effort, probably, than any other Englishman of the present generation. If there is any particularly pleasant thing to say he says it.

This tendency to be complimentary at all hazards once gave some of Sir Edwin's friends a chance to smile softly and unobtrusively at his expense.

It was a few years ago, and the genial poet was hibernating in Japan. He was present at a State dinner one day; the members of the Diplomatic Corps and sundry distinguished foreigners, chiefly Englishmen and Americans, were there.

The conversation turned on the Austrian Minister, whose absence from the dinner was a cause of general regret. The Austrian Minister was evidently a very decent sort of fellow, for everybody had a good word for him.

"Is it not most unfortunate," said one, "that so charming a man should be so deaf?"

"Ah!" returned Sir Edwin, in his suavest manner; "but he makes of his infirmity only an additional attraction."

Everybody voted this quite the neatest thing that had been said on the subject.

Just then in came the Austrian Minister, full of apologies for his tardiness. Every-

body greeted him most cordially, except Sir Edwin.

"Sir Edwin Arnold is here," said one of the Minister's friends.

"Is he?" he replied. "Pray present me."  
They had never met!



## WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

JOHN PLUMMET LYONS.

**W**HEN Virgil said that "*Femina*"  
Was so "*mutable semper*,"  
'Twas thought a wondrous clever stroke  
In painting woman's temper.  
And all the thousand poets since,  
By his remarks incited,  
Have womankind and fickleness  
Inseparably united.  
How false! They're constancy itself!  
Why I have known a plenty  
Who for a score of years or more  
Have stuck to two-and-twenty.



## HIS LAST MOMENTS.

BY FRANCIS BOLAND.

JUST as the sun went down we came upon the camp of the hostiles and charged it without a halt. The Apaches were taken by surprise, as we hoped to take them, and we ran them for two miles up the narrow valley before the bugle recalled us. When the roll was called at the camp fire Lieutenant Mackenzie of G was missing.

A mile and a half up the valley, as night came down, a soldier, wounded and unconscious, was lying at the mouth of a ravine leading into the foothills.

When the night has fairly settled down he slowly opens his eyes and looks up into the blackness. Where is he? What has happened? His thoughts are confused, and it is several minutes before he works out the problem to his own satisfaction. Ah, yes! He was pursuing with the column when a wounded Indian lifted himself up and fired at him. He was hit in the shoulder, and as he reeled about in his saddle his horse dashed off to the right. He does not remember falling, but here he is, and all alone. His wound? He moves his arm and the pain makes him gasp. However, a bullet in the shoulder is not a disabling wound. It is a dark night, but he can find his way into camp. He——

“What’s that?”

He was about to make a move to reach his

feet when there' was a noise only a few yards away at the entrance of the ravine. Indians prowling over the battlefield to knife and scalp the unfortunate wounded—to mutilate those who died before the sun went down. His heart almost stands still at the thought. There it is again—a body pushing its way through the bushes, unmindful of the noise created. There is a heavy tread—the rattle of stones on the brink of the ravine, and then—

“Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!”

Now he knows what it is! Better for him had the bloodthirsty Apaches come skulking back to use knife and tomahawk! It is a bear, a huge, shambling grizzly, whose scent caught the odor of blood as he woke from his sleep in the dark recesses of the ravine.

“Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!”

He is only a few feet away, but he does not seem to see the soldier lying among the low bushes. The light breeze is strong and circles about, and the monster must wait to catch the scent again and trail it up. He is hungry. He is vexed by the delay. He growls in a menacing way and sharpens his claws on the flat rocks, while the face of the wounded man grows whiter yet, and his eyes close as if he feared to sight the creature up there in the inky blackness.

“Growl! Sniff! Sniff!”

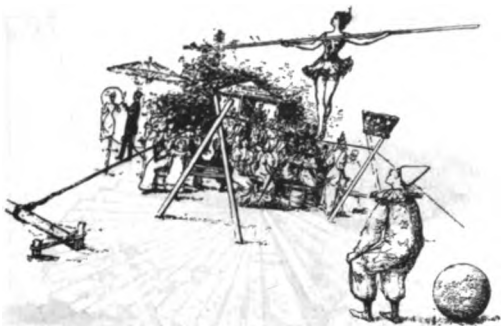
Now the breeze drops and the scent is again wafted to the nose held high in the air. Now the ugly head is lowered, the eyes burn and glare their way through the darkness and the

white-faced man hears the heavy tread of the growling beast and utters a prayer to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three of us, who have been searching for Lieutenant Mackenzie since the sun came up, sit on our horses and look down at a great blood spot in the bushes. There are a saber, a carbine, scraps of leather and shreds of bloody clothing. We gather up the arms, turn with horror from the bones, to which feet are still attached, and ride away to report.





## BY CHANCE.

*From the Spanish.*

K. R. C.

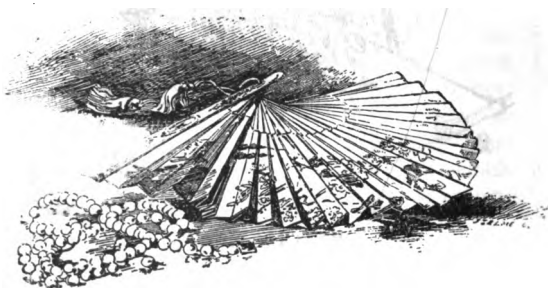
**O**NE day, not far from the fields which adorn my  
country an ass passed, by chance,  
He found a flute which a young shepherd forgot, by  
chance,

Approaching it, the animal breathed heavily, by chance.  
Thanks to the powerful breath the flute sent out a  
sharp note, by chance.

"Oh," cried the stupid creature. "I know how to play,  
and who will say an ass's music is not good, by  
chance!"

Then there are in this world many little asses to whom  
success comes one time—by chance.





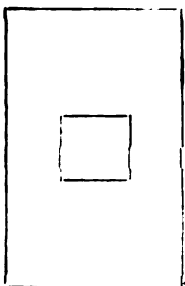
## WHY NOT WEAR AN UIPIL?

FLORENCE C. GARDNER.

**W**OMEN who have little time for sewing and little money to spend can find great comfort in their own room by wearing an uipil. This can be made, even by hand, in less than an hour, and is far more comfortable, as well as more artistic, than any dressing sack.

There is no cutting out to be done and no fastenings are required. The word uipil is from the Maya language, spoken in Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan. The garment thus called has been in use for many centuries throughout Central America down to Darien.

The Maya women who were and are yet re-



**THE WAY TO CUT IT.**

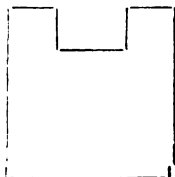
nowned for their good looks and fine figures, refuse to adopt any different shaped dress; those who can afford it make their uipils costly with embroidery and lace, though the body of the garment is always cotton or linen snow white.

But the uipil can be made of any stuff or color and is the easiest, most delightful garment imaginable for warm weather, and for winter, too, if made of woolen goods. Moreover, it is as easy to iron as a towel. It requires two yards of 36-inch material.

In the very middle of the piece cut a hole—round, square or V-shaped—as is liked, just large enough to slip over the head without disturbing the hair. The Mayas always make the opening square.

Now double the stuff and sew the straight edges together, leaving an opening on each side at the top for the arms to go through.

Hem the lower edge, neck and armholes, and all is done. The long, straight shoulder seam falls nearly to the elbow, serving as sleeve, causing the sides of the gar-

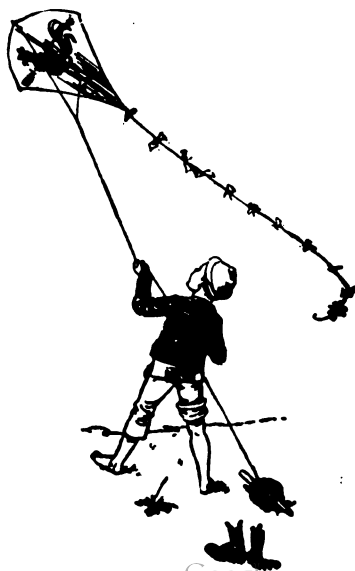


**HOW IT LOOKS WHEN CUT.**

ment to hang lower than the back or front, producing folds and the peplum effect.

Made of China or India silk, the uipil is lovely, especially when the neck is trimmed with lace. The Maya women put deep lace all around the lower edge, and wide colored insertion above it, as well as around the square neck.

If preferred, the neck could be cut round and much larger, then bound and a ribbon run through it so as to gather it full at the throat. This shortens the shoulders and the effect is very pretty. Sleeves could be added as desired, and a ribbon tied around the waist.



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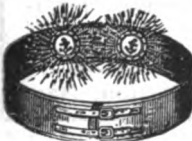
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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles,  
 Moth Patches, Rash and Skin  
 diseases, and every blemish on  
 beauty, and defies detection. It  
 has stood the test of 48 years, and  
 is so harmless we taste it to be  
 sure it is properly made. Accept  
 no counterfeit of similar name.  
 Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of  
 the haut-ton (a patient): "As  
 you ladies will use them, I re-  
 commend 'Gouraud's Cream' as  
 the least harmful of all the Skin  
 preparations." For sale by all  
 Druggists and Fancy Goods  
 Dealers in the U. S., Canadas,

and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



## THE ANCHOR ELECTRIC BELT.

**AGENTS WANTED. BOTH SEX.**

Goods sent to reliable persons to be paid  
 for after selling. W. H. Palmer, Glas-  
 go Conn., has sold 1,000 Belts, and as high  
 as 20 in one day. The electricity from the  
 batteries will turn a needle through your  
 table or hand. No one but what can  
 wear them. Cures Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Disease, Weak  
 and Lame Back and other diseases Prevents Cold Feet and tak-  
 ing Cold. Gives a comfortable glow of warmth all over the body,  
 which shows that it is acting on the circulation. For advertising  
 purposes we will give one Belt Free of any Cost to one person in  
 each locality. Address E. J. SMEAD & CO., Dep. 32, Vineland, N. J.

**DOES YOUR  
 SADDLE  
 SUIT YOU?**

Send \$1.00 to guarantee express charges, and  
 we will send you **ANY SADDLE**  
 you want **ON 10 DAYS' TRIAL.**

Gordon, Beck, Brown, Christy, Safety Poise,  
 Bernasco, Cutting, Wheeler, Perry, Mesinger,  
 Hunt, Garford or ANY of 100 more.

*Send stamp for our list.*

**BICYCLE  
 SADDLE**

**EXCHANGE,** 26 West Broadway, - New York.

**PATENTS** Thos. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C. No attor-  
 ney's fee until patent obtained.  
**Write for Inventors' Guide.**

THE FAC-  
 SIMILE  
 SIGNATURE  
 OF

**CASTORIA**  
*W. H. Freeman*

ON  
 EVERY  
 WRAPPER.



## **LIBERAL OFFER TO LADIES.**

DEAR EDITOR : If any of your lady readers desire to know a sure way for quickly developing the bust, or to make scrawny arms or neck plump and attractive, I will gladly send information if stamp is enclosed. I have nothing to sell.

**Mrs. A. W. HEALD,**  
116 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

## ***YOU MAY WRITE ALL DAY***

without getting tired, nervous, cramped, or calloused, or your middle-finger joint coming through, if you put on your pencil or penholder



### **BAKER'S CUSHION FINGER-REST AND ERASER.**

(Patent Applied For.)

It adjusts itself to any style of finger-grip.

Besides, it's the best rubbing-out shape and surface for pencil, ink or type-writing, and is always where you want it—between your fingers. Ask your stationer about it. The price by mail is six cents.



**EUGENE A. BAKER, 150 Nassau St., New York.**

# The · Lombard · Diamond

## Mounted in Solid Gold Ring.



For years savants have been studying the problem of artificial carbonizing with the object of making a diamond which shall be equal to that produced by nature. The best results of their efforts have been crystallized in the famous Lombard Diamond. It is a stone of startling beauty and purity of scintillation. Worn side by side with gems of the first water, it reflects their brilliance, and suffers not greatly by comparison. Ninety-nine out of one hundred persons would never detect it, even upon the closest scrutiny.

This Lombard Diamond is offered to you in the celebrated Tiffany style of setting in a Solid Gold Ring. In every respect this ring resembles a genuine diamond ring. These Lombard Rings are sold at \$5.00. We have all sizes. Our special proposition to readers of *The Penny Magazine* is this:

We will send you the LOMBARD DIAMOND solid Gold Ring, in a beautiful box, by registered mail, postpaid, for \$1.50; or, we will send it by express, C. O. D., subject to your examination, if you send us 50 cents to guarantee good faith, and pay the balance to the express agent, if satisfied. To secure correct size, send a little strip of paper that just fits around your finger. These rings can be worn by men, women or children. Remit money by money order or cash in registered letter.

### UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

MORTON & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I am so pleased with your *Lombard Diamond Ring* that I feel compelled to express to you my satisfaction, and to acquaint you with the doubts I had when ordering it. Long experience has taught me that advertisements, like men, are not always what they seem, but my wife wanted to get one of your Rings, and inasmuch as I had never been disappointed in any advertisement in *The Penny Magazine*, I overcame my scruples and ordered a *Lombard Ring*. It arrived promptly, and delights us far beyond expectation. I am glad to give credit where credit is due. Hence this letter. But how do you do it?

E. SCANLAN,

Feb. 20, 1897.

206 East 124th St., Harlem, New York.

MORTON & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I received the *Lombard Diamond Ring* safely and in due time, and it more than answered my expectations, and am so well pleased that I would like to inquire if you have any pins that would match, or be its equal. If so, please let me hear from you, sending price and style.

MRS. G. W. BARLOW,

Mar. 15, 1897.

Watertown, Litchfield County, Conn.

**MORTON & COMPANY.** Room 2003, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

# **THE YUKON-CARIBOO BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLD MINING DEVELOPMENT CO.**

**Capital, \$5,000,000.      Shares, \$1.00 each.**

**FULL PAID.**

**NON-ASSESSABLE**

---

This Company has placed exploring parties in the Gold Fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo District and the marvelous Klondike District at the head-waters of the Yukon River. Each corps is in charge of Mining Engineers, fully equipped for successful discovery and development. Shares of its capital stock are offered to the public at par. Prospectus and additional information furnished, and subscriptions to stock, received at the offices of the company.

**There are no promoters' shares or concealed profits. Every share issued will be paid for in cash at the price of the public subscription—one dollar per share.**

**COLORED MAP of the Gold Regions sent free  
on application.**

**J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.**

**CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.**

**Manhattan Life Building,**

**66 Broadway, New York.**

**Harrison Building,**

**1500 Market Street, Philadelphia.**

**AUTHENTIC.**

**CONSERVATIVE.**

# **KLONDIKE**

**The Land of Gold.**

## **CONTENTS.**

Practical information of every description concerning the new gold fields, what they are and how to reach them—A short history of Alaska—A synopsis of the personal testimony of miners who have been on the ground—A digest of the mining laws of the United States and Canada—The latest authentic maps and illustrations—A review of the gold rushes of the world, together with a chapter on gold and its victims.

.. BY ..

**Charles Frederick Stansbury**

**Illustrated.**

**POSTAGE PREPAID. TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.**

**F. TENNYSON NEELY, Publisher,**

**96 Queen Street.  
London.**

**114 Fifth Avenue,  
New York.**

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.**

**FASCINATING.**

**EXHAUSTIVE.**



**FEHR'S TALCUM POWDER**  
IN OLDEN TIMES WAS POPULAR,  
BUT IS MORE SO NOW.  
IT SOFTENS AND PRESERVES THE SKIN.

There is but one original Talcum Powder—that's  
Fehr's. Don't allow your druggist to palm off on  
you any substitute.

**JULIUS FEHR, Pharmaceutist,  
Hoboken, N. J.**

PRESSREY

**SIMPLE**

**STRONG**



**THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,**

**Offices in every City in the World.**



## **SOMETHING MORE ABOUT MONEY MAKING**

which, again, is possibly only money saving. Whichever it is, it all amounts to the same thing. It is making things go right, pushing things right, advertising right.

**Ten to One** you are not quite satisfied with the way your advertising is done.

**Ten to One** (perhaps) you wouldn't be quite satisfied with the customary batch of improvements that might be suggested for it.

**Ten to One** that wouldn't be so with mine—not that I beat the others, but I do insist on getting closer to you. You would have to tell me all about your desires and purposes, or we couldn't do business together. Given that information, and it is

**A Hundred to One** that I can help you. What should you think about writing? My reply would be prompt. It would not be sensational, it would not propose revolutions, it would not deal in sky-rockets. It would be Business—as still I sign myself—

**“Business,”**

2009 American Tract Building,  
New York City.

1897

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

*Columbia*

BICYCLES. \$75

*One secret of Columbia superiority lies in the infinite care taken to bring all the features into harmonious relation. Well rounded*

*and thoroughly adjusted in its smallest details it may be examined with minute scrutiny, with certainty of finding construction that is not equalled nor even approached. There is beauty and strength in every line.*



*1896 Columbias, \$60,*

*Hartford Bicycles,*

*\$50, \$45, \$40, \$30*

*POPE MFG. CO.,*

*Hartford, Conn.*

*Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail from us for one 2-cent stamp.*

# \$1000.00 CONTEST

**YOU PAY NOTHING TO ENTER.**

**You Win a Prize, Sure. Valued \$10. to \$500.**

We announce the greatest Word Contest of the age, an absolutely fair and honest contest conducted in a manner that everybody can understand.

## **WE OFFER THE 167 PRIZES**

shown below to those who make the largest correct list of words out of the word "ALPHABETICAL" and if a sufficient number of persons enter the contest we will distribute an extra quantity of prizes of the same sort as in the list.

**RULES:** Make words from the word "Alphabetical" like this: BIT, AT, HABIT, IT, PIT, TIP, A, etc. Use these 7 and as many more as you can make, but you must not use any letter twice in a word unless it appears twice in "Alphabetical," for instance, you can use L twice or A 3 times in a word if needed. ALL WORDS will be allowed that appear in WEBSTER'S UNEXCELLED DICTIONARY, which our examiners will use in making awards. To every person who buys the Dictionary and sends over 50 correct words, we guarantee to award a prize of \$10.00 guarantee, or over. We will send you the Dictionary postpaid for 25 CENTS (it is worth a dollar). If you want to get it before starting on your list, send 25 CENTS to HOME TREASURY CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**You need not send any Money with your List of Words.**

All we ask is that you write your list plainly, in accordance with rules, put your name and address in your letter as well as your list and send to us before Oct. 15, 1897. As soon as the lists are received they will be turned over to examiners. When the winners are chosen and prizes awarded, soon after Oct. 15, you will then learn whether or not you have been successful.

**Bear in Mind** you are not to send any remittance with your list, it costs nothing to enter. The only expense you can go to is buying Webster's Unexcelled Dictionary at 25 cents, which is a very good volume and worth the money; you needn't buy our Dictionary unless you desire.

**This is a Fair Contest** and nobody can feel that any money has been spent in vain if their list does not win a prize. Our object in conducting this great contest is to make

## **Homo Treasury Magazine**

popular. We know that if you become familiar with the name you will sooner or later become a regular subscriber and we are willing to **Give Away the Prizes Advertised** in order to popularize our business. Now just think of it! Even if you have been unsuccessful in other word contests, you can go into this with the knowledge that you may win much but can lose nothing.

The following list of 167 Grand Prizes will be awarded to the 167 persons who send largest lists of words made from ALPHABETICAL in accordance with rules.

**First Prize.** Five hundred dollars in cash for largest correct list.

**Second Prize.** A \$100 Bicycle, 1897 model, for lady or gentleman.

**Third Prize.** Set of Furniture, valued at \$85.00, for third largest list.

**Fourth Prize.** Cornish Parlor Organ, valued at \$50.00, for fourth largest.

**Fifth Prize.** Sewing Machine, \$50.00, for fifth largest list of words.

**Sixth Prize.** Solid Gold Elgin Watch, value, \$50.00, for sixth largest.

**Prizes 7 to 90.** A Solid Gold Genuine Diamond Ring to each of the senders of 83 next largest lists.

**Prizes 90 to 146.** A Beautiful Kimberly Diamond and Pearl Gem Ring (our valuation \$12.50 each) to senders of 56 next largest lists.

**Prizes 146 to 161.** A First Class Springfield Quick Train Chatelaine, Gold, Lady's Watch to each of the senders of 15 next largest lists. Value of watches \$10.50 each.

(Continued from preceding page.)

**Prizes 161 to 167. A Ten Dollar Gold Piece** to each of the six persons sending the next largest lists.

**SPECIAL NOTICE** Names and addresses of 167 Prize Winners will be printed in **HOME TREASURY**.

As a grand special proposition, we will, if the number of entries to contest warrants, give an extra number of gifts selected by us from the schedule. It is a condition of this contest that every person to whom is awarded a grand prize, as specified in the above, shall become a regular subscriber at 25 cents per year. We make this condition because we do not want people to compete in this contest merely for the purpose of getting a prize. We want to gain a large list of regular subscribers & it must be understood therefore, that when a prize of **\$500.00** or an organ, or any other of the above described gifts is awarded to you, that you shall become a **regular subscriber to Home Treasury**. Don't send your subscription until you are notified that you have won one of the Grand Prizes.

### READ WHAT OUR BANKERS SAY:

AUGUSTA, MAINE.  
THIS IS TO CERTIFY that we have received from the publishers of **HOME TREASURY**, the sum of \$1000.00 to be held by us as guarantee of the fairness of their "ALPHABETICAL" word contest. We shall forward cash prizes as offered, promptly to winners, as directed, by the examining committee, and we have every reason to believe that **HOME TREASURY CO.** will meet its promises in every respect. **AUGUSTA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.,**  
F. E. SMITH, Treasurer.

**HOW TO WIN** If you feel that you can afford to spend 25 cents for our **Dictionary** to help you, send for it, but if you don't want to buy it, or if the time is too short, simply make up your list and send it to us with out a cent, but be sure and put your name and address on it. **You must mail us your list before midnight of Oct. 15,** and the sooner the better as our learned committee can first examine lists that first arrive and we absolutely guarantee you a prize if you send a list of over 50 words. Remember, we are thoroughly reliable and you need not send a cent with your list.

Address plainly:

**HOME TREASURY CO.,**  
**233 F Water Street, AUGUSTA, MAINE.**

## HERE IS A PUZZLE.



Can you find the **Stork**? Here is a new puzzle. In this scene a large bird is concealed, if you can find it, mark with a pencil or pen, clip out, send to us, and we will give you the beautiful **Alsatian Diamond Ring** shown here. This Diamond is the latest scientific discovery, it has every appearance of a \$100.00 diamond, including the yellowish lustre, and has often deceived ex-

perts. You can wear the **Alsatian Diamond** and everybody will believe it is a **REAL DIAMOND**. For trading purposes, there's nothing equal to it. The **Alsatian Diamond** preserves its beautiful brilliancy forever. With your clipping of puzzle, with bird plainly marked, send us piece of paper showing size around finger, also 10 cents, silver, to pay for trial subscription to our magazine, and we will send you the famous **Alsatian Diamond Ring** as a prize, absolutely free. Will send your money right back if you are not delighted. Address,

**HARTZ & GRAY, Box 407, New York, N. Y.**



## WINNERS OF THE VACATION CONTEST.

The result of the Vacation Contest which closed, as announced in our "Midsummer" number, August 12th, has been a complete surprise. The two leaders, when our "Midsummer" number went to press. Mr. C. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. J. L. Ezekiel, of Richmond, Va., were out-voted the closing week of the contest by three subscribers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE, who had not before figured in the contest. The table below gives the number of votes written for the leaders in the contest:

Mr. J. F. Lawrence, Erie, Pa.....	1,246
Miss Josephine Smith, 896 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	974
Miss Louise Varney, Wingham, Ont.....	624
Mr. C. Smith, 146 High St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	493
Mr. J. L. Ezekiel, Richmond, Va.....	361
E. C. Lane, 159½ Varick St., N. Y. City ....	121

The names of those contestants who received less than one hundred votes are omitted for lack of space.

For the benefit of newer readers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE the following announcement, of this contest printed in the April number is repeated here:

THE PENNY MAGAZINE will furnish this summer free transportation for vacation trips to Niagara Falls, or to Halifax, N. S., to its two most popular readers. Ninety per cent. of the circulation of THE PENNY MAGAZINE at the present time is east of Lake Erie and north of the Maryland line. Hence, in selecting Niagara Falls and Nova Scotia, the Magazine keeps in mind the locality of the possible winners and their probable preferences. One is a land trip, the other by water in part. The person receiving the highest vote will have the choice of trips, the second highest will have the other. All transportation charges will be paid by the Penny Company.

The leader in the contest, Mr. J. F. Lawrence, has chosen the Halifax trip, and Miss Josephine Smith the trip to Niagara Falls. The third and fourth contestants, Miss Louise Varney and Mr. C. Smith, have won the privilege of selecting ten dollars' worth of books from the catalogue of the great publishing house of Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, Mass.

# ANTI-JAG

A cure for **DRUNKENNESS**, that can be given secretly at home. It is harmless. All druggists, or write Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York.

**Full Information Gladly Mailed Free.**

## Increased Steamship Service Between New York and Savannah.



**FIVE SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK EACH WEEK,**

**Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from Pier 34, N. R., at 5 o'clock P. M.**

The superiority of the Savannah Line is well known, and the increased service will enable it to afford its patrons greater facilities than heretofore offered in passenger and freight business.

Monthly schedule of sailings, rates, reservations, etc., furnished on application. Low rates to all points South and Southwest. Write **M. C. HAMMOND**, Agent, Pier 34, N. R., or General Eastern Agent, 317 Broadway, New York.

**E. H. HINTON**, Traffic M'g'r, **E. K. BRYAN, Jr.**, **G. E. A.**,  
Savannah, Ga. 317 Broadway, N. Y.

**WASHINGTON, the Capital City,** has a representative weekly paper. It contains wonderfully entertaining inside information and gossip about the government and polite society. Its contributors are clever and never tiresome.

## The Washington Capital

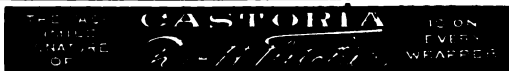
Published by **HOBART BROOKS**

**\$2.00 a Year**

**Send for a Sample Copy**

## WRITERS WANTED

**To do Copying at Home.**  
Law College, Lima, Ohio.



# Superfluous Hair . . . Removed.

**I HAVE** the true secret for removing hair from the face, neck or arms so that it will never return. I have treated thousands of cases successfully. I have no cheap medicine to sell. I attend to your particular case in the right manner.



It will cost you nothing to write to me and get full information. I have many testimonials and I have never yet treated a case unsuccessfully. I offer no "prize" for a failure, as I accept none in case of success. I do not believe in extensive advertising; I get my customers mostly by the method of one recommending me to another. I keep busy, but not too busy to attend to your case personally. If you are annoyed with or know of any friend who is troubled with superfluous hair on the face, neck or arms, I will, upon confidential request, send carefully sealed, such information as will enable you to bring about a permanent removal of the obnoxious hairs. Address,

**MRS. HELEN MARKOE,**

**Box 3032 N.M.**

**NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**

# WOODBURY'S

Facial Soap,  
Facial Cream,  
Facial Powder,

: : AND : :

Dental Cream,  
THE GRANDEST  
TOILET COMBINATION  
KNOWN!



Manufactured by Dermatologist John H. Woodbury, who has had 26 years' practical experience treating the skin, scalp and complexion. The daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Cream will clear the skin of tan and freckles and relieve the pain of sunburn. For 20c we will send you a sample of each of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, and Dental Cream (sufficient for 2 weeks' use), and a book illustrated on how to protect a good complexion and improve a bad one.



**John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute**

New York, 127 W. 42d St. Boston, 11 Winter St,  
Phila., 1306 Walnut St. Chicago, State cor. Monroe.

Address all letters to 127 W. 42d St.



# **TAKE THE Norwich & Line**

*Inside Route via New London*

**NEW YORK to BOSTON,**

**Worcester, Gardner, Winchendon, Lowell,  
Mass.,**

**Keene, Nashua, Manchester, Concord,  
Rochester, N. H., Portland,  
Bangor, Me.,**

**AND**

**Points North and East.**

**Steamers:** CITY OF LOWELL } In  
CITY OF WORCESTER } Commission.

**Leave Pier 40, North River, 5:30 p.m.,  
Weekdays Only.**

**Staterooms, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Cabin Berths Free.**

**Fine Cuisine and Service.**

### **The Price**

Of this Magazine is 2 cents per copy.

### **The Fare**

On the New York Central is 2 cents per mile.

### **The Penny Magazine**

Is unique among American Periodicals.

### **The New York Central**

Is unique among American railroads.

### **The Penny Magazine**

Is noted for its charming stories.

### **The New York Central**

Is noted for its charming scenery.

### **The Penny Magazine**

Is the best of its kind published.

### **The New York Central**

Is the best railroad in operation, and is styled by the press of two continents,

**"America's Greatest Railroad."**

# A Telephone Message

is the quickest and most satisfactory method of communication between two points.

In New York the telephone message is the unit of value on which the rates for telephone service are based. For \$90 a year the subscriber has full metallic circuit service, available day and night, and is entitled to send 600 local messages. Messages he receives cost him nothing. Additional outward messages cost from \$8 per 100 downward.

**THE NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY,**

15 Dey St.

952 B'way (23d St.)

115 W. 38th St.

## PENNY MAGAZINE PREMIUMS.

At the request of many subscribers we extend for a limited time the special Camera offer made for July and August; and we are also able to announce a premium offer of a **Complete**

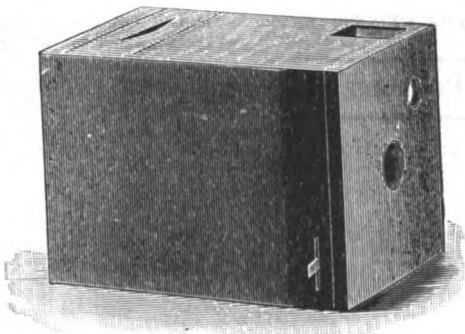
### Premium No. 1.

#### Outfit for this Camera.

The outfit is complete for developing and printing, and consists of 1 Ruby Lamp, 2 Developing Trays,  $1\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  Printing Frame,  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen Developing Powders, 1 box Hyposulphite of Soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. Sheets of Printing Paper, 1 Bottle Toning Solution, 1 Package of Bromide Potassium and six Plates.

The Camera itself, is given for TEN subscriptions, and the OUTFIT for SIX subscriptions; or both for SIXTEEN Subscriptions

A picture and description of the Camera follows:



A first class Camera, takes pictures equal to the best. Fully guaranteed by maker. Size of picture,  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ .

This Camera is provided with an instantaneous shutter so constructed that time exposures can be taken if desired. It is operated by a lever projecting from side convenient to the hand, and the plate, which is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches square, is

held by a groove inside of camera, reached by raising section of cover at the rear. Moreover, it is provided with a square FINDER, with the lens properly adjusted to throw the object in the centre of the ground glass. This will be appreciated by those who have already used cameras.

**FOR TEN SUBSCRIBERS,**  
at twenty cents each, the Penny Company will send one of these wonderful cameras to any address in the United States or Canada. This Camera is worth \$5 of any one's money. It can be secured for ten subscriptions or \$2.00.

Ten Subscriptions to the Penny Magazine can be obtained in one Hour.

Send money, with names and addresses of your ten subscribers, and we will send the camera to you at once, and the Penny Magazine to every one of the ten subscribers every month for one year, or twelve times.

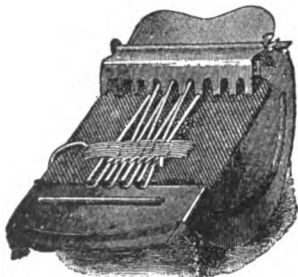
If you wish the **CAMERA AND THE COMPLETE OUTFIT** send Sixteen Subscriptions or \$3.20.

**THE PENNY COMPANY, 150 Nassau St., New York.**

**FOR TWO Subscriptions** (your own and another) we will send to you one of the most ingenious and useful inventions of the century, **THE IMPERIAL DARNING MACHINE.** This little darning

machine will save 50 to 100 hours of time every year to every

**Premium No. 2.**



housekeeper. Judged by its time-saving results, it is worth

500 times its cost. It can be operated by a child. It will put a fresh heel or toe in a stocking in 2 minutes and mend holes in everything; works itself. No trouble. The machine is sent with free instructions and sample of the work on receipt of TWO subscriptions or 40 cents.

**THE PENNY COMPANY,**  
150 Nassau St., New York.

---

For TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS we will give one of

**Premium No. 3.**

**BLAIR'S INK MAK-  
ING FOUNTAIN  
PENS,** the perfect  
pen for the busy  
worker. Always and

everywhere ready. Requires only water to refill. For ten subscriptions (\$2.00) this Blair Pen will be sent to you by

**THE PENNY COMPANY,**  
150 Nassau St., New York.

---

The famous Lombard Ring advertised elsewhere

**Premium No. 4.**

in this Number of the  
Penny Magazine, will  
be sent to the person  
who sends 8 subscrip-  
tions or \$1.60 to this

office. With your subscriptions you should send the size of ring wanted. A strip of paper cut to fit your finger will suffice and the Lombard Ring will be sent exactly as advertised in this issue by Morton & Co.

**THE PENNY COMPANY,**  
150 Nassau St., New York.



**CHARLES E. HOTALING,**

## **Real Estate,**

**441 Sumner Avenue, Cor. McDonough St.,**

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

---

**Exclusive and entire charge taken of property in Brooklyn.  
Highest references.**

---

**"BEDFORD-STUYVESANT" DISTRICT A SPECIALTY.**

---

### **The Schermerhorn Bank.**

---

**[IF YOU live or do business anywhere in the vicinity of Schermerhorn Street and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, visit the attractive quarters of the Schermerhorn Bank, in the Warehouse Building, and see how politely you will be received, and how satisfactorily your business will be transacted. The capital of the Bank is \$100,000, surplus \$50,000. The officers and directors are men of high character and demonstrated business capacity. The Bank advances, or loans, money on household goods or merchandise in the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company's possession, charging the legal rate of interest.**

---

### **\$7,800 GIVEN AWAY**

**To persons making the greatest number of words out of the phrase "Patent Attorney Wedderburn." For full particulars write the National Recorder, Washington, D. C., for sample copy containing same.**

---

**WANTED—To communicate with men or women who can get up good puzzles. Fine pay for original and ingenious work. Address, J. F. K., care Penny Magazine, New York.**

## **“Forging Ahead.”**

The average business man wants to **FORGE AHEAD**. To **FORGE AHEAD** when one is moving on an inclined plane is quite easy; but to again use the metaphor, business to-day is not an inclined plane.

Hard times, competition and various other things hamper and make the “business road” rather difficult to travel.

I have seen, however, during the last 15 years, where good advertising has done much to make success possible. There are more fortunes to be made; many articles with a limited sale which may be made as popular as the Royal Baking Powder or Hood’s Sarsaparilla.

Modern methods, new ideas, careful spending, making every dollar tell—that is my business.

Would you like to consult me? If so, write or call. It costs nothing. Pamphlet free.

**Wm. F. Simpson,**

Advertising Agency,

32 Park Row,

And London, Eng.

New York, N. Y.





DR. RAUB'S

# Egg White Soap

MADE WITH THE WHITES OF EGGS  
AND SWEET CREAM.

**NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT.**

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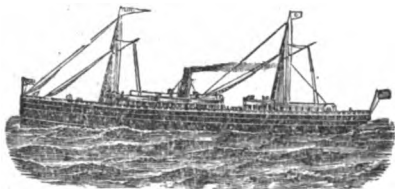
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1. **P - N - S - L - A - I -** Name of a State in the United States.
2. **- E - - - E -** Another State of the United States.
3. **C - N - I - M - T - I** A place in the United States.
4. **M - - T - - M** Another place in the United States.
5. **A - - - - A** A well-known Country full of patriotism.
6. **- - - - - OM** A large river in America.
7. **C - - - - AG -** A place thousands of Illinois people call their home.
8. **- - - - - SW - R - D** A popular monthly publication issued in N. Y. City.

9. **- I - - - - -** The name of a man noted for receiving \$50,000 a year salary.
10. **L - M - - - L -** Name of another president. He was assassinated.
11. **J - P - M** Name of a distant country.
12. **OH - - -** Name of another distant country.
13. **W - - - I - CT - M** A noted army general of about a century ago.
14. **C - F - EE** A popular kind of drink.
15. **- A - ER** Another popular drink.

Every word needed to make the list complete has been printed millions of times in Geographies, Dictionaries, Newspapers and other accessible mediums of information. When you have made as large a list as you can, send us your list, with 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to Woman's World. As soon as your letter is received, we shall return the same over to the well-informed committee of examiners, and, if you have sent at least ten correct words, we shall send you by express, prepaid, our \$50.00 Guarantee American-made Watch and Chain, with the understanding that, if you find as represented, you are to become a regular subscriber to Woman's World, in accordance with our arrangements and offer as indicated in our letter of award to you when you have won the valuable \$50.00 Guarantee Watch and Chain. Furthermore, if the committee decides that you have sent a full correct list, you shall receive \$300.00 in money, also the \$50.00 Watch and Chain. When you send your list of words, don't fail to name your nearest express office, as well as post-office address, so the prize may reach you promptly. Mention whether you want a lady's or gentleman's watch.

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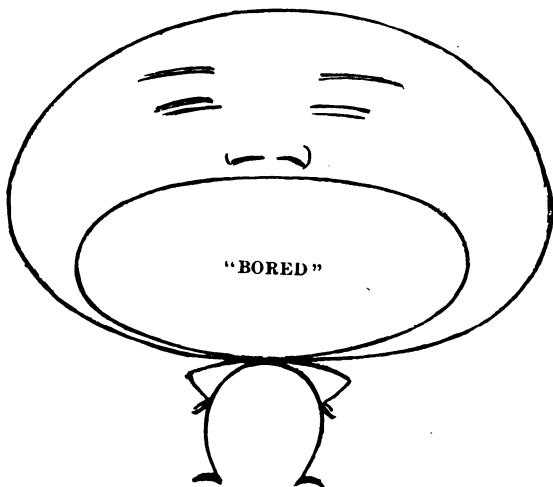
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DECEMBER, 1897.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*





WHY PEOPLE TURN TO THE PENNY MAGAZINE  
FOR RELIEF.

### THE CRUCIBLE.

---

A woman's affection should be so deep that  
she could forgive a husband for preferring a  
fairer face than her own.

\* \* \*

The person who has patience usually has  
nothing else.

\* \* \*

There is always a time in a young girl's life  
when she thinks that she could never marry  
anyone but a minister; that all other men are

necessarily wicked and therefore to be avoided as drawbacks to Christian pursuits. She soon passes this age, however, and if she hasn't married her minister in the meantime, she never will.

\* \* \*

"Ah, I loved once!" she said, as her soulful eyes reflected the past vaguely.

"But which was it?"

\* \* \*

Wrong doing never affords any lasting pleasure.

\* \* \*

Possibly a woman always wears the wedding ring to remind herself that she is married.

\* \* \*

Strong depth of feeling is not to be deprecated but encouraged. Your cold man is always selfish, and, therefore, of course, unhappy; the warm-hearted man suffers more, truly, but is willing to, because thus he can help others. And he is the only one who does help others in this, our troubled world.

\* \* \*

The censure that one deserves is what hurts.

\* \* \*

Open to all men—is the greatest achievement of man—the grand steady growth of soul; limitless, infinite in possibilities, endless in results, glorious beyond the world's worth, and the reason for our existence here.

\* \* \*

Thoughts are more often the centers of horizons than the ultimate expression of facts.

—II—



Thoughts grow, the horizons continually enlarge, and—shall we ever reach the end?

\* \* \*

It is a queer commentary on human nature that some persons, hardly bearable at other times and usually indifferent to us, are ideal friends when one is sick. Such persons, though shallow, fill a very important place in the world.

\* \* \*

Perfection seems so very far off that we get disheartened. Didst ever gather huckleberries or chestnuts, or any small fruit? Was it not one or two at a time, one or two at a time? Patience, and keep at it!

\* \* \*

A great wit should be placed under bonds to keep the peace. More than half the time the devil backs him up.

\* \* \*

Constantly mistrust your friend, and by and by you may have good reason to do so:

\* \* \*

Call no man or woman your friend to whom you cannot say, let us both try to make this our beautiful friendship *for life or death*.

\* \* \*

Love, and show it to all you meet, whenever possible, or you are of little use in God's beautiful world. What on earth do you think we are here for? A note to a friend or acquaintance in trouble who hopes for it and would prize it, evil rebuked in a spirit of love, self-denial and concealment of it, the kind ges-

ture, the sympathetic look, courtesy, thoughtfulness, patient unselfishness—these are divine duties, of which God alone knows the full beauty, value and glory.

\* \* \*

Sad indeed is it that debts put on us by the friendship of one are not always payable to that one!

\* \* \*

It is lucky that so many people are able to keep above their reputations.

\* \* \*

The friendship that is exacting or critical is bogus

\* \* \*

The motto of one of the most successful and helpful New Yorkers is: "I am as good as the greatest and no better than the least of men." At all times upon a level with his environment, he is able to convince the strong and to encourage the weak.

\* \* \*

A thought for "the rainy day"—More people die from indigestion than from starvation.



## ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

---

W. S. SNYDER.

---

**A** TOAD crept out his summer bed  
With ease that showed his subtlety,  
And, dusting then his powdered head,  
Croaked softly low and said to me:  
"Good evening, sir; I did not know  
That I your revery should surprise;  
The weather's fine; the afterglow  
Is just my time for catching flies!"

"Why must you go? Pray, with me stay  
A moment more. I know your name;  
Have known it long; but, to this day,  
Have never known from whence you came,"  
I said to him. He settled back,  
And seemed no more about to spring;  
When lo! a fly; an ominous smack;  
A wink—soon after swallowing!

I had his pardon craved before  
The disappearance of the fly;  
Now he begged mine and looked for more,  
But none that moment happened by.  
Then with both eyes that seemed to be  
Far brighter than my lady's ring,  
He looked, as though amused, at me,  
Before my query answering.

"You mean my origin? 'Tis well,"  
He said, and paused quite thoughtfully;  
Then spoke again: "You'd have me tell  
A bit of family history?"

I did not come from far on high,  
As some aver, with drops of rain;  
Nor did I, when the shower went by,  
My freckles from the sun obtain.

"To frogs relation may incline,  
And tadpoles may my cousins be;  
But Johnny Crapaud, with his wine,  
Don't altogether fancy me;  
'Tis true our food is much the same,  
And we alike advance retreat;  
But I, who have another name,  
Am, thank the stars, some other meat!

"In sooth—and 'tis the family tale  
My mother told me at her knee—  
I am descended from the snail,  
As Homer told her, truthfully;  
And while my cousins, as is said,  
Sit on a log, I, as a rule—  
Though not because I'm better bred—  
Prefer to sit upon a stool!"

What more this classic little toad  
May then and there have had to tell,  
Was left unsaid; for, just then, showed  
A fly himself—which wasn't well—  
And walked, with dainty step and slow,  
Before the more than watchful eyes  
Of him who'd said the afterglow  
Was just his time for catching flies!



## JONAS WILKINS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

LURANA W. SHELDON.



ERTAINLY, Jonas must have a Christmas present! Now the question is, What shall it be?" said black-eyed May Gardner, in a determined manner. "Just think! He is nearly thirty-five years old

and has never had one, except when he was a little boy, almost too young to remember!" she added, sympathetically.

"Did he say that?" asked Jennie Deering, with a curious blush.

"Yes, he told Uncle John so," said May quickly, "and, when Uncle repeated it to me, I just decided that he should have a present this very Christmas."

"Let's send him a pretty scarf pin," said Sallie Green, but May promptly vetoed the suggestion.

"He would never accept jewelry, and, besides that, he does not need it," she added, economically.

"That's right!" said Jennie promptly. "Let's send him something that is useful! An old bachelor needs so many things that he would never think of buying for himself. We could

send him a clock," she began, but again May frowned upon the sensible suggestion.

No, indeed! That won't do. Jonas has no ends of clocks now, that he has inherited from a lot of dead-and-gone ancestors. Why, that big house of his is just full of clocks! I propose that we give him something that he would never dream of getting for himself." "Oh, girls!" broke in Sallie Green, with a ringing laugh. "I've thought of the very thing! Let's give Jonas a wife for his Christmas present! He has everything else that he needs, and you know he is altogether too timid to ever secure a wife without some assistance!"

"Won't he resent it?" asked the girls, timidly, but May checked them imperiously:

"Certainly not, if she is the right one! What man would! The only thing is to see that she is in every way worthy of him, for Jonas is really a splendid fellow, even if he is bashful. Jonas shall have a wife for Christmas, that much is settled! Now who shall she be, and how will we present her?" The three girls sat for a moment in silence, then suddenly May was struck with a bright idea. The other girls stared at her in breathless amazement when she told them what it was.

"Why, May Gardner, you must be crazy!" they cried simultaneously.

"Not a bit of it!" said May stoutly. "Now, see here, girls, be sensible. Here we are, getting older and older every day, and not a man in the village that is marriageable except Jonas. Now, we all like him, you know we

do; but, if we wait for him to propose, we'll all die old maids, and that would be awful! All Jonas needs is a little encouragement, and no one will ever know that we used our influence for each other!"

And, finally, her reasoning prevailed, possibly by the aid of a tender sentiment existing toward Jonas in the hearts of both the blushing maidens.

The compact was signed and sealed with kisses, and the three girls parted in exuberant spirits.

"I say, Jonas, you'd oughter be thinkin' of marryin'," said "Uncle John" Gardner, shortly after the important agreement between the three young ladies.

"I s'pose so," said Jonas absently, with a little blush.

"'Pears to me you'd better be lookin' around," continued the old farmer, as indifferently as possible. "Christmas is comin', and Christmas without a wife must be sort o' desolate."

"That's so!" said Jonas, a little mournfully. "There ain't much fun a-settin' alone on Christmas evenin', but I'm used to it," he added, despondently.

"Pshaw! There ain't no sech thing as git-  
tin' used tew it! It ain't nat'ral!" said Uncle John, stoutly.

"What'll I do?" asked Jonas, sheepishly.

"Ask one of these pretty girls around here to marry you—sort of a Christmas present to

yourself, don't you know." The old man chuckled as he glanced slyly at Jonas.

"They wouldn't have me," said Jonas, with a decided shake of his head.

"There's three of 'em that would"—began the old farmer, but checked himself abruptly. He had come very near betraying his pretty niece's secret. "Just you ask 'em," he finished abruptly, but with an encouraging smile.

"Which one'll I ask?" queried Jonas, a trifle sarcastically, but with a tinge of interest that he could not conceal. "You're so sure they'd have me, perhaps you'll tell me which to ask."

"Ask 'em all!" said the old farmer, with a roar of laughter. He had evidently thought of something that was exceedingly funny.

"John Gardner, be you out of your head?" said Jonas, half angrily.

But the farmer's words burned in his brain long after he had parted with his friend and neighbor.

And that evening he put on his best suit and went over to call on Jennie Deering.

An hour before midnight they were sitting alone in the kitchen, for the old folks had gone to bed, in a most accommodating manner.

"It's mighty near Christmas, ain't it, Jennie?" said Jonas, suddenly. He was sitting as near her as he dared when he asked the question.

Suddenly, Jennie giggled in a most unaccountable way.

"Do you want a Christmas present, Jonas?"



she asked, with a fit of laughter that bordered on hysterics.

Jonas looked at her with some surprise, but when he answered her he was in desperate earnest.

"I want a wife!" he said, boldly, and then blushed as red as a poppy.

"That's what I mean!" said Jennie, still hovering on hysterics. "Do you want a wife for a Christmas present?"

Jonas caught his breath and looked at her sharply. Had she turned mind-reader, or was it only a chance question?

But Jennie was desperately in earnest, as well as Jonas. She had to fulfil her part toward securing the combination wife and present.

"May Gardner or Sallie Green would marry you, I am sure. They are both nice girls, and you're bound to like them!" She blurted out the words in the most astonishing way, and then finished by bursting into a fit of crying.

"But I don't want Sallie Green or May Gardner! I want you, or nobody, for my wife!" Jonas said bravely.

The sight of her tears had made him bold, and he was holding her hands now in the tenderest fashion.

And before twelve o'clock she was his promised wife, and when he left her there was only one cloud upon her happiness. "The girls will be awfully mad," she said over and over, "but anyhow, I have kept my promise—I am going to give Jonas a wife for Christmas."



**DRAWN WITH A SINGLE LINE, BY T. HARVEY PEAKE, NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.**

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

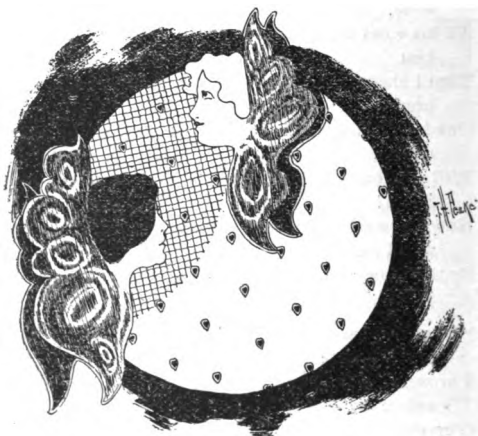
MINNA IRVING.

**D**EAD and dumb, as if forever, lies the frozen earth  
to-night,  
Wing of bird nor foot of rabbit breaks the pearl of  
field or height.  
All the trees are fringed with crystal, stately oak and  
slender birch,  
And a smoother white than marble folds the graves  
about the church.  
Looking through the sheen of silver on the frosty cot-  
tage pane  
All her soul is sick for moments that will never come  
again,  
Pale forget-me-nots of pleasure, violets that once were  
dear,  
Crushed within the icy fingers of the gray and ghostly  
year.  
"Will the threshes ever carol? Will the roses ever  
blow?"  
And she shivers at the silence of the starlight and the  
snow,  
For she feels anew the anguish of that dewy morn in  
May  
When her dark and handsome lover to the tropics  
sailed away.  
Swoons the taper in its socket, on the hearth the fire is  
dead,  
And a chilly moonbeam flickers on the table by the  
bed,  
Where it gleams in ghostly glory on the dagger quaint  
and queer,  
Ruby-hilted, that he gave her in the morning of the  
year.

"Mid the summer isles," she murmurs, "in the purple  
Southern sea  
He has found a fairer woman, and to her he bends the  
knee,  
All his vows to me forgotten in her glances—so 'twere  
best  
That I sheathe the dainty dagger, lying yonder, in my  
breast.  
One last look upon his picture—let me kiss the smiling  
mouth.  
Will you love him half so fondly, O, you woman of the  
South!  
Now the steel must seek my bosom. Stay; is that a  
step I hear,  
Or the snowy branches sighing at the passing of the  
year?"

"There's a hand upon the knocker. Pray, who is it  
comes so late  
Through the deep unbroken snowdrifts that are piled  
before my gate?"  
O'er the brazen bells that clamor on the windy hill  
above  
Sounds a voice of mellow music, "Open in the name of  
love!"  
And his arms are close around her—"Did you think  
me false, my sweet?"  
And the jeweled dagger glistens in the moonlight at  
their feet,  
And the spring with all its blossoms and its birds is  
very near,  
For her heart is beating "Welcome!" to the new and  
happy year.





## THE STORY OF AN HOUR.

HILDA NEWMAN.



AND this is the end of it all!

The sharp queries and sullen answers, the sobs, tears, and bickerings are over, and in their stead reigns the cold silence of resolution.

How did it all begin? Neither could tell. Yet the torture of an unworthy suspicion, and a pride that scorns to answer the doubts of an exacting love, have apparently sufficed to obliterate the memory

of the happiness of three unclouded years of kindness and love.

They are going to separate. There is nothing else to do, she says, and he tacitly agrees, for he knows it is impossible to go on living in this atmosphere of discontent. And they calmly arrange their affairs, as though it were merely a question of a few weeks' absence, instead of the breaking up of their home. He will travel, and she will stay on at their house a little longer, till her mother goes abroad, when she will join her, dismissing all the servants, excepting the old nurse who looks after their child. Ah! it is the thought of their child that makes the separation so hard, and he feels that the last link between them is broken, when he yields that little life into the hands of the wife who does not trust him, thinking bitterly in his heart that he may be taught to hate him.

She sits in the drawing-room, idly looking out of the window, surprised at the dead calm that seems to have come over the house. An organ is playing in the street, and the notes jar on her strained nerves till she could scream; but she sits still with her hands in her lap, trying to believe that she is utterly indifferent to present, past, or future, yet unconsciously listening to the hurried, heavy footsteps overhead, where her husband is packing his portmanteau. She is quite anxious for a moment as she remembers she has put away his fur-lined coat that might be useful if he goes traveling in chilly regions, but she

recollects herself with a start, and does not stir from her seat. She lets the bitter thoughts come uppermost in her heart now, for she is convinced, of course, that this parting is the best thing that could take place. Upstairs, he, quite helpless as to the locality of many necessities that have hitherto been prepared for him by thoughtful hands, and not feeling able to confront his servant's inquiring eyes, is savagely thrusting linen into an unwilling receptacle, whence ties and collars stick out provokingly at odd corners, and trying to subdue a queer feeling that oppresses him when he thinks of her stony indifference.

So the packing goes on, and the organ grinds merrily, and is inwardly but emphatically cursed by at least two ungrateful people.

At last he is ready, and comes slowly down the stairs, giving some very audible and off-hand orders in the hall respecting his particular belongings. A close observer might notice that he speaks and laughs a little too readily. The little, pale woman, sitting motionless in the room, hears him, and in her heart of hearts hears what he strives to hide.

After all, it is a great wrench for a man to leave his—well, then, whose fault is it? And the old arguments and suspicions rise again in her mind and deaden all other feelings.

He comes into the drawing-room, hat in hand, very firm and very calm. She does not move.

“Good-bye,” he says, holding out his hand.

"Good-bye," she answers, taking it mechanically.

He pauses at the door, and their eyes meet. "It is much better so," she says, faintly. And he is gone.

Then there is a rushing and singing in her ears. The notes of the organ rise louder and louder, till they swell into a rich anthem—the garish daylight changes to the dim light of a church—she walks up the aisle in a glistening white dress, on which pearl-drops shake and tremble. She hears a dim murmur of voices and rustling of garments, and the scent of white flowers is heavy in the air. There rises a clear voice, whose fervor moves her inmost heart, exhorting her to love, honor and obey—and out of the fulness of her soul she promises. Oh! God, oh! God, she meant to keep that promise.

Then comes a confused din of voices and rolling of carriages, but she is only conscious of the strong arm to which she clings, and the dear face that bends so tenderly over hers.

With a little sobbing gasp she opens her eyes. Has she been asleep? No, but the organ has stopped and is rumbling down the street, followed by a crowd of small boys and girls, whose ears are not sensitive to the quality of music.

She rises. Her knees are shaking as she drags herself painfully across the room, catching a glimpse of a white, wild-looking face in the tall pier-glass, as she clutches the handle of the door, and then the sight of the empty hat-



rack in the hall, the absence of coat and stick, or fragrant whiff of cigar, bring the irrevocableness of the parting home to her more vividly than anything—more than the few words of farewell, the cold handshake, and the slam of the hall door half an hour ago. “Was it only half an hour?” she murmurs, staring stupidly at the clock; “it seems an eternity! And now he is going farther and farther from me, never to return—never to tease, and praise and love me, for (she sobs) he did love me once, in spite of everything—never to laugh at me and call me ‘little woman’—never to hold my hand or ask my help again! He is thinking of his wasted life and love; yes, he will believe he has wasted it on me. He is thinking of our little child—he did not bid him good-bye—how could he bear to?” Ah! there is still something left for her to love; but what is left for him? And with bitter tears she remembers how quietly he gave the child up to her, and how she accepted the sacrifice as a matter of course, though she knew what it cost him.

With beating heart she goes upstairs. The cosy, pretty nursery is empty. The nurse has taken the child to Kensington Gardens as usual. She passes on into their bedroom. It is still in disorder, and she has not the heart to put it straight, though she feels that a little occupation would do her good. The sun shines warmly into the room, but she shivers. There is nothing but loneliness in the house,

and that she cannot bear, for it brings thoughts, and she dares not think.

Hardly knowing what she does, she finds and puts on her hat and gloves, and turns to go, but, at the very threshold, she stumbles over something—why, it is the little silver match-box he always uses—and loses. She must take it to him—then she remembers, and, oh! strange woman, covers it with tears and kisses. She hurries down the stairs, and out of the house, and a long way down the street before she knows that she is hurrying, because she cannot bear to be alone. An awful feeling of restlessness, of reproach, will not let her be still, and yet she was so calm a little while ago.

On—on—regardless of curious looks, for her cheeks are tear-stained, and now and then there is a little catch in her breath, that she cannot repress.

On—past the quaint old red brick palace, whose history they read together, past the pond with its toy navy and anxious captains, past nursemaids, children, and mooning philosophers she hurries, feverishly longing to reach the chosen nook where a joyous welcome awaits her.

Now she is near—but the seat is empty, and the nurse is gossiping in the distance. She runs on angrily—and stops! For, under a sheltering tree, he stands bidding their little child good-bye. She can hear his gentle words, and the soft, cooing answers, and she dumbly stretches out her arms, as a great

wave of love surges in her heart and downs the bitter thoughts forever. In a little while he will go, and then this tide of love and repentance will have come too late.

She calls him faintly—and he turns. Her hat is awry, her hair coming down, and she has torn her pretty dress on some projecting branch, yet he thinks she never looked more beautiful, as he answers the mute appeal of those tearful eyes, and takes her in his arms. Deep silence reigns. Then, from the depths of a penitent heart, she sobs out loving, passionate words: "Forgive me—my husband!"



UN bright, in the night,  
There was never a stall  
so blest,  
As when the Glory of song  
and story  
Lay in a manger at rest.  
—K. R. C.

## DESOLATE.

P. J. COLEMAN.

**W**ITH sobbing lip and streaming eye  
Love pleaded hard that day.

"Oh, whither, whither, dost thou fly?

Stay with me, darling, stay."

"I take the highway of the years

To follow fame," I cried,

Nor heeded Love's appealing tears,

But put Love's kiss aside.

Oh, tender Love! might I recall

The words I spoke that day!

In vain, in vain! my hot tears fall

On Love's unheeding clay.

I've won the prize for which I strove—

Fame's guerdon and her gold;

But, oh, for one sweet hour of Love

And one sweet kiss of old!

My neighbor envies me my lot

Nor knows mine empty life;

I envy him his humble cot,

His wealth of babe and wife.

Ah! did he know, his lot he'd bless,

Nor grudge my golden gain;

For all my heart is hollowness,

And all my pleasure pain.

On Love's green grave the grass is tall,

I kneel with bitter tears;

In vain, in vain, on her I call;

She neither stirs nor hears.

Love cometh once to all below,

And happy whoso take.

God pity all who let Love go;

God ease their hearts of ache!

## THE FLIRT.

D. M. CORY.

THEY had both been refused by her. The first one ran home, and, rushing to his room, took a pistol from his dressing case, and stood before the mirror. How pale his face, and what a drawn look about the mouth—it startled him. As he placed the pistol against his temple, his eyes fell upon her picture. He paused. "Don't!" he cried, "don't look at me, dear!" He turned her face to the wall, and again pressing the pistol to his head, pulled the trigger.

The second walked home slowly. He was more dazed than he at first fully realized. He had hoped for so much—and—now—he reached his room. Her face smiled tantalizingly at him from the bureau. He took his pistol out and held it in his hand a moment. Then he reached for the mocking picture. He looked at it, and then down the barrel of the weapon.

"No, confound it, I won't!" he cried. "I may be a fool; but I'm not a coward!"

"Come here!" he said, roughly taking the photograph in his left hand. With deliberation he placed the muzzle against the face and fired.



## THE WEEPING ANGEL OF AMIENS.

MARY SEBASTIAN LAWSON.

**S**O little older than ourselves  
And life and flesh, how spent!—  
No lips, no tongue, no eyes, no breath,  
And yet how eloquent!

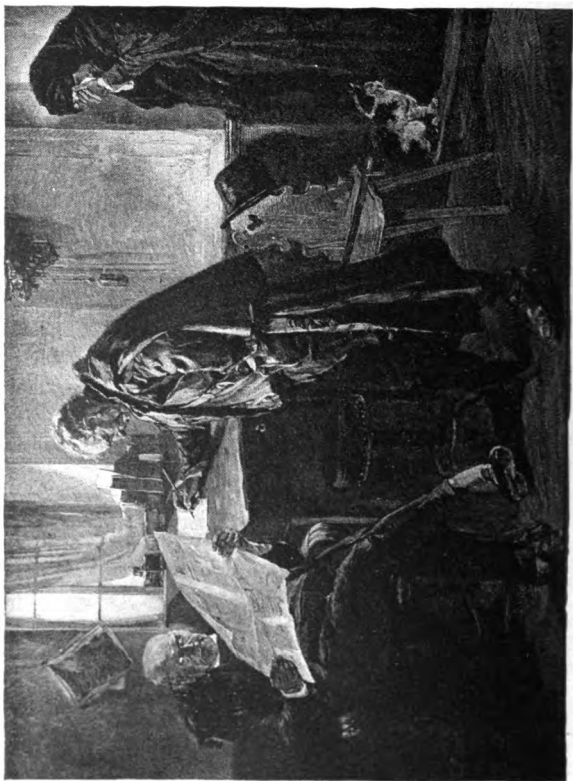


**JEALOUSY.**



THE DUET.





**SIGNING AWAY THE HOMESTEAD.**



CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.



**THE PRIME OF LIFE**



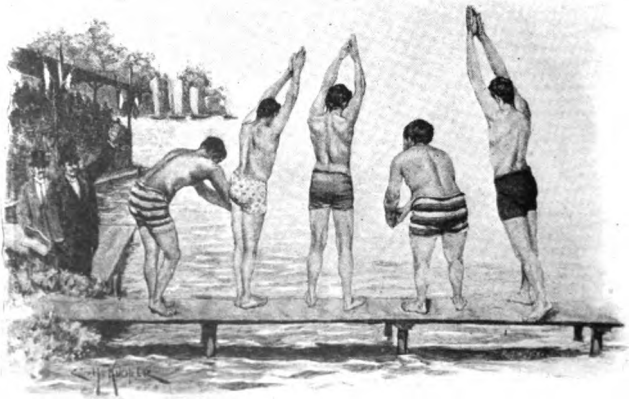
CHRISTMAS MORNING.

## A KISS.

W. S. S.

**I**F thou lov'st me, send to me  
Something that shall live for aye;  
Something that shall rapture be,  
And confess thy constancy,  
Whether thou be far or nigh;  
Something that the heart shall thrill,  
Make it pause, and start, and leap,  
Trust and doubt, and warm and chill,  
Faith inspire and hope instil,  
Share and yet its sweetness keep;  
Bring thee nearer in my dreams,  
When thy love enraptures me,  
Than yon radiant pleiad seems  
To the starlit mystery;  
Send me something, dear, like this.  
Nay, thou canst not—'tis a kiss!

---



AT CONEY ISLAND,  
Sent by Carrier Pigeon, "Hustler"—Time, six months.

## FORGOTTEN HISTORICAL ODDITIES.

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JOHN JACOB ASTOR HOODWINKED THOMAS  
JEFFERSON.

**T**HE part that one Wah Lee, an humble Celestial, played in founding the great Astor fortunes is told in a story concerning the original John Jacob, which is little known on Manhattan Island to-day. It shows the old German trader in the new and brighter light of a diplomat with a "pull," and relates to the ruinous times of the Embargo.

The worthy merchants of New York, who were watching their fine fleets slowly rot at the docks during the year of 1808, rose on the morning of August 13, to see a notice in the daily paper to the following effect: "Yesterday the ship Beaver, Capt. Galloway, sailed for China." Everybody knew, of course, that the Beaver belonged to John Jacob Astor, and they also knew that her being allowed to leave port when no other ship could, meant an enormous profit for her owner when she returned laden with a rich East India cargo. From indignant surprise the doughty old New York merchants speedily passed to open anger and interrogation. The matter was investigated, and it was found that Mr. Astor had obtained from President Jefferson a special permission for his ship Beaver, with a crew of thirty men, to proceed to Canton for the purpose of returning to his native home in China a mighty Mandarin of that country who had been so-

journing here. The scheme was perfect, but a rival house wrote to Secretary of State Madison that the Chinaman in question was not only not a Mandarin, but nothing more than an outcast whom Mr. Astor had found and picked up for the purpose along the docks. The rather large scandal which resulted blew over in time, however, and a profit of \$200,000 went to the credit side of Mr. Astor's ledger when the Beaver returned the following year.

#### ONE INSTANCE OF ENGLAND'S BULLYISM.

When a properly charged Grand Jury goes off, it is a well known fact that many things, least expected, get hit. In the long list of unlooked-for bull's eyes shown in the record of the century's target practice, perhaps the strangest indictment ever found in America was on April 28, 1806, against Capt. Henry Whitbay, of H. M. S. Leander, a 50-gun frigate, for the murder of one John Pierce, of No. 55 Mulberry street, New York. The story of the event is interesting as showing the change ninety years have wrought in England's attitude in this country. On April 25, 1806, three British warships, headed by the Leander, appeared off Sandy Hook and began holding up and boarding every American vessel that came in sight. Among these was the little Jersey coaster, Richard. Her skipper, John Pierce, was at the helm, and at the first challenge he brought his little craft to. The Englishman, however, in pure wantonness, fired a second time, and the round shot ricochetting across the water, crashed through the frail bul-

wark of the little boat, and, striking Pierce, killed him instantly. As soon as the English captain heard what he had done he allowed the *Richard* to proceed. The people of New York were wild with rage over the affair, but beyond the indictment, before mentioned, and the capture of a few boatloads of provisions intended for the *Leander*, nothing followed, and the incident was forgotten as being but one of the many outrages which preceded the war of 1812.

#### WASHINGTON FORESAW MANHATTAN'S GREATNESS.

The decadence of old customs in the domain of Father Knickerbocker has been often and with increasing frequency the subject of general regretful comment. Like the old Dutch burghers themselves, have vanished entirely many of the simple and homely customs of a century ago. Lingering longest, but failing with every recurrent season, is the jollity and social intercourse that once marked the New Year's Day. Few are the calls that are made to-day in celebration of that season, and yet the greatest American who ever lived regretted while he still could clearly foresee this condition of affairs. The prophetic remark of this distinguished American, no less a man than George Washington, was made on New Year's Day, 1790. The President was at that time living in the grand old house which stood at No. 1 Cherry street. He knew and liked the old Dutch custom of New Year's calls, and added the influence of his name and example to the observance of the day, with the result



that every one of any prominence in the city called during the day, and in the evening there was a great levee at which the President was present.

It was on this occasion that General Washington in conversation with his friend, that well-known New Yorker, John Pintard, said: "I am delighted. I have experienced the most intense gratification in observing this good old Dutch custom. And yet I am apprehensive. Immense numbers of people will in time come to New York on account of its favorable location, but they will have no sympathy with the pleasant Dutch ceremony and it will be rooted out and laid aside."

Thus did Washington, over a century ago, predict the great cosmopolis which was to be New York in the future.

#### MR. SCHULTZ'S TWO ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

If a New York merchant of one hundred years ago were to come to life again long enough to pay a brief visit to the New York Custom House, the chances are that one of his first questions would be, "Where's old Schultz?" The corpulent old gentleman thus referred to, has, of course, long ago passed to the region where all good Dutchmen go, but his fame as the first auditor of the New York Custom House still survives. Mr. Schultz was appointed by President Washington, and as an accountant, he was only less remarkable than as a user of tobacco. In both of these accomplishments he excelled, and it was said that the day had not passed over "Old Schultz's" head

in twenty years that had not seen him finish a six inch twist of that peculiarly over-powering brand known to the old time tobacconist as "nigger head."

As an auditor, Mr. Schultz was equally precise and methodical. He made up his accounts and he made them up right, and that ended it. Official inquiries had no alarm for the placid soul of Schultz, and confusion only attended those who attacked him. It is related of him that on one occasion the Treasury Department sent him word that an error of one cent had been discovered in his accounts. Instead of going over his figures again, Schultz quietly bit off another piece of tobacco and wrote to the Treasury Department to send him their figures. It was done, and the error found to exist there and not in the New York books. Nevertheless the Department having made out its accounts, was loth to change them, and wrote asking Mr. Schultz to place the error in his books. This the sturdy Dutchman refused to do, and it is said he took great pleasure in after years in figuring out exactly and with mathematical niceness the cost to the Government in clerk hire to change their books, after their futile attempt to tack a petty error upon him.

ABRAHAM VAN DYCK, "AD" ARTIST.

Every art has its old masters. Even if the master himself is forgotten his work may still live and extend its influence on into the present. Such a master and such a work were old Abraham Van Dyck, and his advertisement of

the first leopard that ever came within the confines of Manhattan Island. Since that day the efflorescent genius of Mr. Tody Hamilton has sung the praises of the Barnum & Bailey menagerie in every key, but even his work pales before the luster of the master. Old Abraham Van Dyck kept a ball alley and yard at the corner of Broadway and John street, and whenever he would lay his hands on anything curious or interesting he exhibited it to the general public as the dime museum proprietor does to-day. It was in calling the public attention to his exhibition of a leopard, which all were invited to inspect at one shilling per head, that Van Dyck first scintillated into the descriptive effulgence that has characterized the literary style of the showman ever since. After calling attention to the arrival of the beast the notice recites as follows:

"This leopard is adorned all over with very neat and different spots, black and white; has large sparkling eyes and long whiskers on both sides of his jaws, and is greedy in catching his prey by leaping upon it. This leopard is further in shape, nature and color much like a panther."

After this, becoming apprehensive lest the timorous would fear to come too near such a greedy carnivora, Abraham Van Dyck reassures them in such simple and yet effective style as this: "Gentlemen and ladies may have a full view of the leopard, as he is well secured by a chain. The price of admission, one shilling." If those last century Gothamites did not go to view the leopard it certainly was not because his spots failed of vivid and alluring painting.

## AN ODD AFFINITY.

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CHARLES PURDY CONWAY.

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**S**HE was a fair-haired child of five, and he was five and twenty. She had tired of the landscape and he of his paper, and she smiled when their eyes met. Then he walked down and took the vacant seat behind her—asking if she was alone. She answered, "Yes," and he expressed surprise that such a little girl should be traveling alone. She said, "Well, papa is sick, and mamma is to meet me at Philadelphia." They seemed very well acquainted now, for she was leaning over the back of the seat and he was bending forward with his face quite close to her's. "I know a man, dear," he said, "who had a little child like you, a little boy about your age, with just such bright, trustful eyes—only children have such eyes, dear—and he came to him breathing love in every word, and he was never still, though his tender face and fragile look seemed made for repose. One day, not long ago, he threw off the little baby disguise and went back to the Angel Land from which he came." She wiped a tear from under his glasses with a gentle touch, and he continued: "I guess God thought the father too young, dear—not fit to tend so young a flower. Yet he watched with tender, hopeful care until it was gone. But he was only loaned, dear, and never really be-

longed to this little world of ours. It was so hard to give him back, and I wondered why he had come for such a little while, just long enough to weave a thousand wishes in our hearts—and leave them there. He brought too much happiness, dear—such joy as rarely comes to us until we are beyond the reach of disappointment. Good bye, dear; this is Trenton, and I must be off. Tell your mamma the story.”

## THE SOUL HUNTER.

LEON MEAD.

**W**HAT matters it that clear, cold pallor lies

Upon your brow in virgin loveliness,  
If no chaste kiss—the seal of Paradise—  
Has left there its impress?

And your dark eyes wherein I read a tale  
Of passion such as Cleopatra thrilled,  
Ah, have they wept for none whose gasping wail  
Your very blood has chilled?

Oh, woman, empress-faced, with flawless charms,  
Your eyes have burned, your heart o'erbrimmed its  
store

Of nectared words to make me lift my arms  
And your rare self adore.

But look I for a soul that e'er is free  
Beneath all beauty that doth kill, to give  
New life—an ardent soul that still may be  
In Heaven fit to live.

## DRESSING FOR GIRLS.

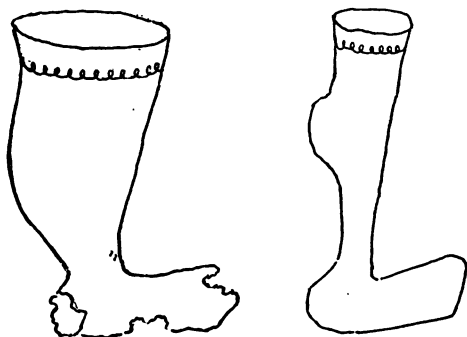
VIRGIL E. EATON.



CONTRARY to the beliefs of the frivolous, the latest cult which looks to refinement and aestheticism in dress has become firmly rooted in Maine, taking in all grades of society, from the wife of the wayback wood-chopper, who stays in the house from necessity until

her one red dotted calico dress is dry enough to do up, to the daughter of the rich mail route contract, who has a new shirt waist for every day in the week. One of the most recent and fetching styles that has been promulgated by the queens of fashion at Paris (Oxford county) is a new headdress for young misses of the chewing gum and grammar school age.

Eliminated from the space rates adjectives and flamboyant descriptive phrases which hold the idea in a matrix of involved phraseology too technical for everyday use, this new head covering consists of mamma's old stocking (Figure 1, A B), deftly folded and replicated upon itself until the apparently malformed and shapeless stocking, which mamma has cast off, becomes a beautiful toque or turban, such as the wives of the Sultan of Turkey should be proud to wear.



A      Figure 1.      B

Of course the ingredients for molding one of these head ornaments are limited by the physical qualities of the mamma who is available for use. Should she be a slimmish lady with a large quantity of bone in her make-up—one of those high-bred attenuated females who run mostly to voice and sharp angles—the size and style of the headdress must be kept within such bounds as the anatomy of the original occupant of the stocking may seem to warrant. If she sails chiefly by longitude, paying no heed to latitudinal charts, the covering will have to be condensed to a simple toque, such as is shown in Figure 2.

If nature was kind to the original mamma, however, given her sufficient embonpoint and pinquescence to warrant the strain on the stocking, the headdress may be expanded so as to include a good portion of the girl's body from the waist up. In that case, no folding or



Figure 2.

plaiting will be found necessary. Cut a longitudinal slit in the back side of mamma's stocking in that part called the "calf pen," because it was made to hold the calf, then put it on hind side before and pull it down as far as the fabric will allow. If the wearer takes good aim and exercises due discretion in the process, the result will be something like what is shown in Figure 3.



Figure 3.



Those who have closely followed the description have no doubt already discovered that the inventor, while employing every available inch of the stocking proper, has wholly neglected the foot, thus inviting adverse criticism from allowing so much choice material to go to waste. But the modiste was endowed with rare wisdom as well as good taste. Knowing how fond the misses are of bonbons and sweetmeats, the inventor has purposely reserved the space in the foot of mamma's stocking, which is constructed like a reticule, and kept it back to hold candy enough to last the wearer for several hours. This is a very convenient way of transporting large quantities of candy and much wiser than the old way of carrying in the hand, where it attracts attention and is apt to muss the clothing. One dear little girl who filled her stocking hood with molasses candy and went out to walk on a warm day, wore her hood all the time for a week and then she was sorry to take it off.

Sedate and practical girls who abhor candy from a deep-seated conviction, that candy eating is a vain and sinful practice, can still find the stocking foot very convenient for carrying the noonday lunch to school, for holding knitting or crochet work, or as a receptacle for school books and skates. As the capacity of the stocking is regulated by heredity, its cubial contents being wholly gauged by the construction of the last mamma who was inserted, no definite rules can be laid down to

fit every case, though if the stocking be made of good material and well knitted, it will hold a great deal more than appears in the early returns.



**THE MUSICIAN, THE MANAGER AND  
THE PUBLIC.**

—53—

*(From Philadelphia Press, Sunday, Dec. 6th, 1897.)*

## **SPECULATION WITHOUT RISK.**

---

### **Points for Investors.**

The era of blind and foolish speculation is over, and investors are becoming educated to the methods of intelligent action on the stock market. It is now recognized by financiers that while the markets fluctuate and the value of stocks in particular cannot be predicted at all times with any degree of precision, yet there are certain principles to be followed by those who study operations in this line, and certain measures to observe in order to make money through buying and selling on Exchange. The inexperienced man will lose his capital nine times out of ten, but like everything else, experienced men with direct inside information have reduced the field of stock speculation to something like order, and they now act on a line of method that carries with it assurance of success in a large measure.

Perhaps one of the leaders in the new movement is the house of Effingham, Bliss & Co., of No. 47 Broadway. Their work is to encourage systematic operations on the stock market along safe lines. Effingham, Bliss & Co. have every facility for keeping in touch with the markets. Through own private wire connections they receive communications direct from the Exchange, thus being able to act promptly and accurately for their patrons. Besides general facilities they have special means of obtaining inside information, and by alert action for their clients on the strength of such points as they obtain, are able to realize thousands of dollars for all interested.

Owing to the absolute reliability of their information, which comes direct from the heavy manipulators of the market, the element of risk is eliminated. As a result the followers of the advices furnished by this firm are sure to make a profit, and frequently 15 to 20 points.

The matter is simply one of knowledge, and Effingham, Bliss & Co. have the means of getting the necessary knowledge, and their clients make money on their investments, because they are operating from a definite standpoint. But people who know nothing about the fluctuations of the market, who have no connection with the sources of speculation, are working in the dark with the chances of losing always with them. The interests of investors placed with such a firm would be well protected and advanced.

This house is in a position to handle accounts for small investors who are not in a position to act expeditiously for themselves, and from all such they will open accounts in amounts of \$50 and upward. In addition to their regular business they furnish inside advices by letter or telegraph to out-of-town investors.

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**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM,**  
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Purifies as well as Beautifies  
the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada,

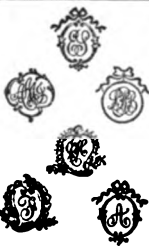
and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



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To introduce our famous DR. WASHBURN'S HEADACHE CURE—a harmless and positive cure in 15 minutes for any kind of Headache or Neuralgia—we will send a sample

box for 10c., and will give with it FREE, one celebrated electric GOLD Venezuelan DIAMOND RING. The stones are superb crystals, wonderfully brilliant and almost defy Diamond Experts. For size of finger cut hole in card. We also send you FREE a packet of WASHBURN'S HELIOTROPE SACHET POWDER, the most exquisite, strongest and lasting perfume known, triple strength. All the above sent for 10c. silver or 12c. in stamps. Most wonderful offer ever made. H. T. Washburn Remedy Co., 150 Nassau St., New York City.



A MONOGRAM engraved as specimens herewith, twice the size, and two boxes of assorted tints, or all white note paper of the latest styles, Illuminated in Gold and Colors, for \$2.50. 4 boxes, \$3.50, envelopes to match. INITIAL BOXES, one quire and pack of envelopes to match, Illuminated in styles as shown, 50 cents, mailing 6 cents.

Monograms, Flags, &c., for Decorating Fans, &c.

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ENGRAVERS,

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**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED INSTANTLY**

Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Self Adjusting. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Klixer Co., 355 N. Y. for free book. Office Trial Free

# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.

I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:



## A Reliable Depilatory.

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

## You Will be Delighted.

You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that, while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

*Helen Markoe:*

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

5 Maple Street,

MRS. A. J. JENKINS

I will be pleased to send important information privately to any lady reader of *Penny Magazine* who writes to me for it. Address

MRS. HELEN MARKOE, Box 3032MM, NEW YORK, N. Y.

EASY TO TAKE

# FRASER'S

## .....EMULSION

Cures Consumption, Asthma,  
Bronchitis, Catarrh.

**Builds Up System.      Doctors Order it.**

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The "Money-Maker" (by mail 4c.) tells how  
Fortunes are made by investing \$1.00 a month.  
**A. H. WILCOX & CO., Brokers,**  
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**An Old Nurse for Children.**

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** for children teething should  
always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child,  
softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best  
remedy for diarrhoea.

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*Prep'd by J. C. Fletcher*

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As an effective  
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They quickly  
remove attacks  
of indigestion.



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Send 6 cents for Large Illustrated Catalogue full of Information for Poultry Raisers. Many Improvements. Don't purchase before you have investigated.

**GEO. W. MURPHY & CO., Quincy, Ill.**

## FREE !! FREE !! READ AND SEE !

We mail a lot of Rolled Gold and Gold Plated Jewelry to sell among friends. When sold, you send money and we mail a stem winding Gold Plated. Watch and Chain, or you keep half the money instead of a watch. By sending you agree to pay for or return jewelry on demand. No goods sent minors. Write your name, Mr., Miss or Mrs., or we cannot send Address, Dept. 21, N. Y. T. CO., 636 East 116 Street, New York.



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*Dr. H. H. P. H. H.*

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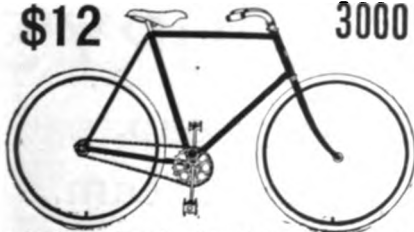
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**TO EQUAL IT**

**FEHR'S TALCUM POWDER.**  
 Is the only original. Don't accept any substitute.  
 Beware of any Talcum Powder put up in tin boxes,  
 as there is danger of lead poisoning. See that you  
 get the best. Manufactured only by  
**JULIUS FEHR, M.D., Hoboken, N. J.**

**\$12**

**3000 BICYCLES**



*Must be closed out at once.*

Standard '97 models, guaranteed, \$14 to \$30. '96 models \$12 to \$20. 2d hand wheels \$5 to \$15. Shipped to anyone on approval with-

out advance deposit. Great factory clearing sale. Earn a Bicycle by helping advertise us. We will give one agent in each town FREE USE of a sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

**THE MEAD CYCLE CO.,** 139 Avenue C, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies' or Gent's size



## A GIFT AT THE PRICE!

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade.

Among the stock are 5,780 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, in 14K SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of \$8.95 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine American Style Movement watch, in solid gold-filled cases, and guaranteed for 20 YEARS, for \$8.95. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. All are elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every respect. Cut this out and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express. If found perfectly satisfactory, and con-

solidly as represented, pay \$8.95 and it is yours, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make you a finer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gent's size watch. Price \$48.00 per dozen. 144ron.

**SAFE WATCH CO., 7 Warren Street, New York.**

**GET MARRIED** or correspond with pretty girls and handsome men, many very rich. Big list, with addresses and photos FREE. Mason, 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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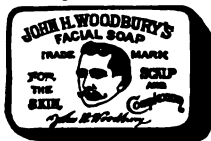
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Manufactured by Dermatologist John H. Woodbury, who has had 26 years' practical experience treating the skin, scalp and complexion. The daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Cream will clear the skin of tan and freckles and relieve the pain of sunburn. For 20c we will send you a sample of each of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, and Dental Cream (sufficient for 2 weeks' use), and a book illustrated on how to protect a good complexion and improve a bad one.



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## **A CIRCULATION OF 200,000**

**.... Before the New Year.**

The Penny Magazine intends to be well along towards the quarter-million mark in circulation before the curtain for 1898 is raised. We, therefore, have arranged the following offer, unprecedented in generosity. We want readers of the Penny Magazine to introduce it to their friends. We are bound that they shall be fully rewarded for their work in our behalf. We do not believe there is a person who reads this Magazine who cannot get one hundred subscribers for us in his spare time within one week. **TWENTY CENTS!** What is it? **NOTHING, ALMOST** when one considers that for that small sum a person gets month after month for one year or twelve issues, delivered in his home any where in America, this Magazine, with its ideas, its art, its stories, and its crystalized facts. We are going on to make the Magazine better month by month, and when we reach the quarter of a million mark in circulation, we shall be able to produce a Magazine brighter and better than the world has ever looked upon. We shall never sell literature by the pound, but weight is not worth in books nor in men.

## **AS TO WHAT WE WANT**

## **AND WHAT WE HAVE TO GIVE.**

We want 100,000 new subscribers, and we expect to get them in batches of from 10 to 1000 at a time. Some of the rewards offered herewith are for individual friends, others are for clubs. The premium especially adapted for clubs are the **EDITION DE LUX OF WARNER'S LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE**. With this great work, our readers are more or less familiar. The Penny Magazine has purchased three of the Editions de Lux (45 volumes) for \$150.00 each, or \$4.00 a volume. We offer each of these magnificent editions of this unparalleled work for 900 subscribers at 20 cents each, or \$180.00, exactly the price we paid for the edition. What a splendid library this wor



## PENNY MAGAZINE PREMIUMS.

will make for any Society or Club. One hundred members, each obtaining nine subscribers, and any one can do that in an hour any day, can secure for their Library Room this magnificent and immortal work. Another club premium is a complete set of the Century Dictionary, which we shall give for 350 subscribers at 20 cents each.

A Ladies' Solid Silver Chatelaine Watch, stem winder and setter, with nickel jeweled movement, and fully warranted, will be sent post-paid, to any address in America, for twenty subscriptions to the Penny Magazine. As with Warner's Library, and other of our premiums, this beautiful Chatelaine

Watch costs us every cent that we receive for the twenty subscriptions. We can afford to give away for premiums all the money we receive, however, because with a quarter of a million circulation, wide awake advertisers will pay high prices for space in the Penny Magazine, and, besides, one friend pleased is an advertisement that never stops circulating.



Solid Gold, Genuine Diamond Ring, for either Lady or Gentleman, will be given for thirty subscriptions to the Penny Magazine at 20 cents each. Even when purchased by the dozen groes, this BEAUTIFUL RING costs us all we get for it. It is fully warranted by the makers, genuine in every respect,

solid gold ring, a real diamond, in substantial and artistic setting, constituting an ornament of permanent beauty, and only thirty subscriptions secure it. When ordering this Genuine Diamond Ring, please enclose slip of paper that fits your finger.

**PREMIUM**  
**No. 2.**

## PENNY MAGAZINE PREMIUMS.

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Gentlemen's Solid 14 Karat Gold Filled Open-Face Watch for forty subscriptions at 20 cents each. Lack of space prevents our printing fac simile illustrations of all our premiums, we regret to say. This Gentlemen's Watch is a perfect time piece, and is fully warranted by the makers, whose certificate accompanies each and every Watch. The person who obtains this fine time piece will forever keep the Penny Magazine in kindly remembrance. A Ladies' Gold Watch of equal merit will be given for thirty-five subscriptions.

### **PREMIUM No. 4.**

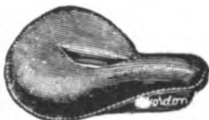
Boys' Solid Silver Hunting Case Watch will be given for twenty-five subscriptions at 20 cents each. This Boys' Watch is of superior workmanship, with imported jeweled movement and cylinder escapement. It is both stem-wind and stem-set. Who will be the first proud boy to carry this valuable time piece? Only twenty-five subscriptions needed.

### **PREMIUM No. 5.**

Our premium offer of a Camera and Complete Outfit for sixteen subscriptions at 20 cents each, made some months ago, has added 3,000 subscribers to our list. This offer is still in effect. A Camera for ten subscribers, a Complete Outfit for six subscribers; or both for sixteen subscribers. Should a more costly Camera be desired, we can send you the celebrated "Kay, Jr." Camera, made by Mutschler, Robertson & Co., of Rochester, N. Y. for fifteen subscribers, and its Complete Outfit for ten subscribers; or both for twenty-five subscribers.

### **PREMIUM No. 6.**

Bicycle riders will be interested to know that they can get the famous Gordon Saddle from us for ten subscriptions. It is the most satisfactory saddle now manufactured, stylish, easy, durable. Ten subscriptions can be secured by anybody in one hour. Try it some evening when you are in your lodge rooms, or about town.



We have spoken before of our two greatest premiums, the Edition de Lux of Warner's Library, and the Century Dictionary. Warner's Library, is the great work of this generation. The EDITION DE LUX of which we have purchased three sets is limited to 1,000 numbered copies. One of these superb editions of this unexampled work can be obtained for nine

hundred subscriptions to the Penny Magazine. The Century Dictionary we give for three hundred and fifty subscriptions.

**PREMIUMS**  
**No. 7 and 8.**

## THE PENNY COMPANY,

150 NASSAU STREET,

NEW YORK.

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### Terms of Subscriptions to the Penny Magazine.

Twenty cents per year, in advance. Six months ten cents. Postage prepaid to all parts of the United States, Canada or Mexico. To other foreign countries, twenty cents extra per year.

When a change of address is desired, both the old and new addresses should be given.

The trade is supplied by the American News Company and its branches.

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Subscribers who do not receive the Penny Magazine every month will confer a favor by writing us. Mistakes will happen but we take every precaution in our circulation department to prevent them, and we do not wish that mistakes in delivery after the magazine leaves our circulation department should pass unnoticed. **Write us, if the Magazine does not come regularly.**

---

The Penny Magazine should be on every news stand in America every month. Friends will aid us by informing us where the Magazine is not found.

---

To insure insertion, advertisement should reach us before the 29th of the preceding month. Advertising rates: \$40 a page a month; \$20, half page; \$10, quarter page; \$5, eight page, 60 cents an agate line, 70 agate lines in a page.

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The names of the successful competitors in the solution of Educational Problem, No. 2, published in the November number, and which will close Dec. 10, as announced, will be published in the next number of the Penny Magazine.

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Unsolicited manuscripts when not available are returned as promptly as possible, if postage has been inclosed for the purpose otherwise they are immediately destroyed.

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## TO MAKE A POT OF MONEY.

There are schemes and schemes, mining propositions and mining propositions, investment companies and investment companies; some are frauds, in the hands of fakirs; some are straight, strong, good, reliable, successful; some ought never to exist; some ought never to be permitted to prey upon an unsuspecting community; some are beneficial, permitting those who have saved up a little money by years of toil to invest it profitably as well as safely.

The desire to make money is almost universal. It is natural and right—how to do it is the question. The earning method, pure and simple, is rather slow for these modern times; the money making method is the chosen one, but how to choose is the hardest question.

The Consolidated Investments Corporation, organized months ago to buy and sell, or to buy and develop, and pay profits upon real mines, real investments of whatever honest kind, has just advanced the price of its first offering of stock from fifty cents to one dollar a share. Many were fortunate enough to buy at the lower figure, but those who are buying now may take advantage none the less of the conservative and yet aggressive management of the company, the brilliant yet reasonable prospects of its still greater success, the backing of character, public and private, as well as brains, which undoubtedly the organization possesses. If the shares are one dollar now, they are just as likely to be two dollars six months from now as they were to advance from fifty cents to one dollar in the last three months.

A list of the officers of the company follows. Should you feel like entrusting your money to them? Should you think that they would be honest enough and skillful enough to double your money for you in a year? Should you think that they would venture their own money, their own time and their own reputa-

tions, if any doubt of their brilliant success could possibly be entertained?

How is the pot of gold to be made? Evidently by combining with others who have the capital and the knowledge, the determination and the honesty to find profitable propositions and develop them one by one.

The officers of the company furnish full particulars by mail to all inquirers and cordially invite all intending purchasers of stock to visit their general offices at No. 160 Broadway, New York city. The Consolidated Investments Corporation is in the field for business—it has made money for its stockholders, and it proposes to make more.

The following is a list of the directors and officers of the company:

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Ex-Treasurer of the United States.

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Member Appropriations Committee,  
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**Mr. John P. Laffie**, of Chicago, Vice-President,  
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**Mr. Allen Roswell Sheffer**, of New York, Secretary,  
Lately Secretary The Consolidated Trust.

**Mr. Joshua O. Lee**, of New York, Treasurer,  
Underwriter.

**Hon. Jos. H. Brigham**, of Ohio,  
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

**Hon. W. W. Armstrong**, of Ohio,  
Lately Treasurer of the City of Cleveland.

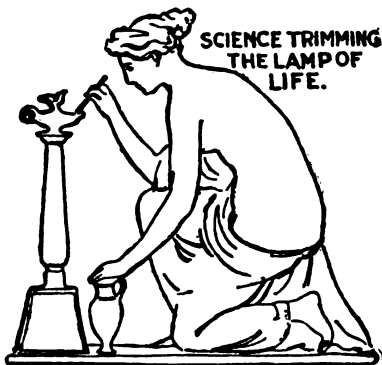
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In all the world to-day—in all the history of the world—no doctor nor institution has treated and restored so many men as has the famed **ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY**, of Buffalo, N. Y.



This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.

So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now makes a startling offer.

They will send their magically effective appliance and a month's course of restorative remedies positively on trial, without expense, to any reliable man.

*Not a dollar need be paid until results are known to and acknowledged by the patient*

The Erie Medical Company's **Appliances and Remedies** have been talked of and written about till every man has heard of them.

The highest medical authorities in the world have lately commended them.

They possess marvellous power to vitalize, develop, restore, and sustain. They create vigor, healthy tissue, new life.

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They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Failure impossible, age no barrier.

This "Trial Without Expense" offer is limited to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, nor deception; no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**, and refer to their offer in this paper.



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We originated the GLUTEN SUPPOSITORY as a remedy in rectal and colonic torpor, which has largely supplanted cathartics in the practice of thousands of physicians, and is warmly commended by all, among them Prof. William Todd Helmuth and Prof. J. Montfort Schley.

BOGUS GLUTEN SUPPOSITORIES, not bearing our firm name, are in the market, and should be avoided. Samples of the genuine sent free to physicians on application. Address all letters to

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61 Fifth Ave., New York.

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**St. Raphaël Wine**  
(Of France) positively gives strength and health. It is strictly pure, reliable and effective. 25 years of success in Europe to back this statement. TRY IT.  
U. S. AGENCY, 64 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

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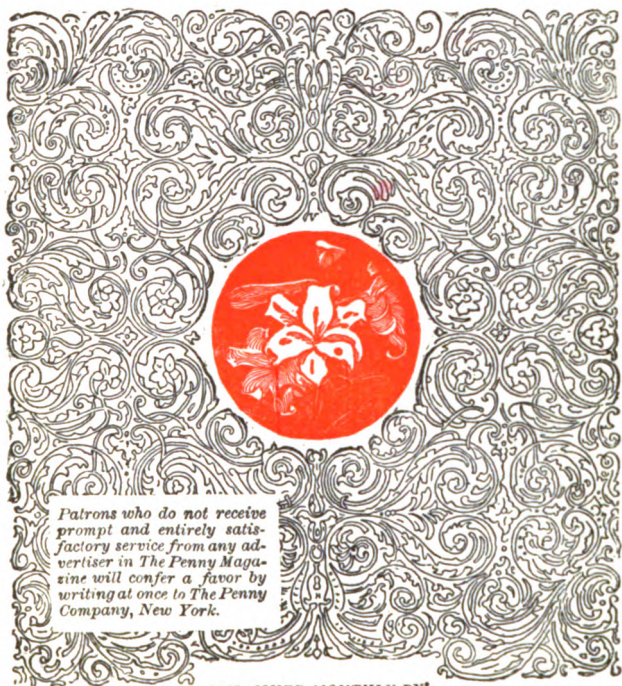
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NUMBER 4

MARCH, 1898

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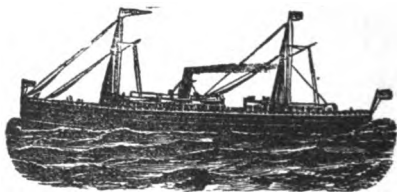


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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

Published Every Month in America and Europe.

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PUBLISHED BY

**THE PENNY COMPANY, NEW YORK.**

**THOMAS C. QUINN, Editor and Manager.**

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# 5

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The picture above represents four old advertisers in THE PENNY MAGAZINE, whose advertisements also appear in the present issue. To all those readers who find three of these names a prize worth not less than \$1.00 will be awarded. To the one who finds the entire four a Gold Eagle will be given. In order to help a little in the solution we will say that the first picture represents a singer—the Singer Manufacturing Company, which makes the best sewing machine, and from the very first has shown its confidence in THE PENNY MAGAZINE. Who are the others? To enter this competition you must send a subscription to THE PENNY MAGAZINE—only 20 cents. Who can name three of our advertisers whose names fit these pictures? Who can name four, and win the Gold Eagle?

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**USE**  
**POND'S**  
**EXTRACT**  
**It will Cure.**

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IV.

NUMBER 4

---

MARCH, 1898.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*



## **: \*AN ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.**

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

**I** LIKE his temper well—the soldier bold,  
Who faced his chief amid the battle's shock—  
The field was lost—that truth must needs be told—  
“But Sire,” he said, “it is but three o'clock!  
Full time is ours to win another, Sire”—  
And vanished 'mid the belching smoke and fire.

Be such our temper on the field of Life,  
Disaster may our earliest portion be—  
The brave but nerve them then, for sterner strife,  
While cowards wait to weep, or turn to flee;  
Time being lent us, Hope may well abide,  
Success oft tarries for the eventide.

*(\*Told of one of Napoleon's Generals.)*

## **THE CRUCIBLE**

A false friend is one who will pat you on  
the back before your face and give you a slap  
in the face behind your back.

\* \* \*

The wisdom of a man may be measured by  
his ability and willingness sometimes to make  
a fool of himself.

\* \* \*

Some people are almost too good to be  
true.

\* \* \*

If you want to make a happy married man  
look silly, ask him how he proposed. If you

want to make a happy married woman look radiant, ask her how she was proposed to.

\* \* \*

Some sad hearts have to kill time as best they may, or time would kill them.

\* \* \*

Experience teaches, they say, yet who learns by it! Death takes a dear one, but are we kinder to those still living, who yet may have to go before we meet again?

\* \* \*

Women are indeed queer creatures. I know at least two whom I would not marry for love nor money.

\* \* \*

The telephone was an invention to enable men to lie to each other without blushing.

\* \* \*

That which is to an acquaintance courtesy, to a friend may be rank discourtesy.

\* \* \*

The heart of art is artless heart.

\* \* \*

Selfishness is very literally suicide by starvation.

\* \* \*

The glory of virginity is earthly, hollow, worthless; the glory of maternity is rich and divine. Because of this, sexual passion, so far from being ignoble, is holy, and spirit-love's own twin.

\* \* \*

It does not require a great disaster to prove that humanity has a heart. If your hat

elopes with a March zephyr one of these days, watch how many people will join you in the race for its recovery. Even the rheumatic will put his best foot forward for you—and on the hat, very likely.

\* \* \*

Christian-like Uncle Sam seems to be growing a little dizzy from “turning the other cheek” to Don Alfonse.

\* \* \*

I heard a man say the other day of an enterprising, but apparently rash friend, “I do not know what the man can be thinking of,” and suddenly it occurred for me, how fortunate it was for the other fellow that he did not.

\* \* \*

There is nothing like a good fight to raise the standard of personal responsibility.

\* \* \*

Patriots are of two kinds: Those who are ready to fight and die for their country, and those who are ready to work for and live on it. The United States fortunately has both kinds.

\* \* \*

Lent is a season when people try to take their pleasure without showing it, and their sorrow without feeling it.

\* \* \*

Be decent. The meanest reason why a man should be decent is that it costs nothing. When Lord Chesterfield kept Doctor Johnson cooling his heels in the noble lord's

anteroom, he little thought that he was entertaining an angel unawares, and that the incident would reverberate along the corridors of Time as long as English literature would last. It would have enhanced his reputation had he been more courteous to the good doctor, and as he was destined to live in history, attached as it were to the coat-tails of the gruff old lexicographer, had he been decent to him we would not feel quite so much inclined to kick his lordly shade as it passes by.

\* \* \*

In business life we are so hurried and worried that we are often curt and gruff, because we are thinking of many things at once, and time is so precious. But it would be just as easy to cultivate the habit of not being curt and gruff, and as a philosophical axiom, it takes no more time for a civil reply than for a rude one. The shabby man who comes in to see you may be your master in every sense, except in the matter of clothes. Many a great enterprise has been aided, if not wholly built, by ideas that come from the head of a seedy-looking, poverty-stricken individual. You can't put lavender inexpressibles on brains. Horace Greeley was no dresser.

\* \* \*

It is generally conceded now that Henry W. Grady was a great man. In one speech that came straight from his warm, Southern heart he electrified the people of the great North, and did more to cement the brother-



hood of States and wipe out sectional lines than any man since the war. Yet Grady first came to New York in fear and trembling. He thought he would like to do newspaper work. So little did he know of the working methods of a great daily paper that he sat in the office of a New York paper from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, waiting for the editor. He saw the editor, and was encouraged to write some masterly letters on Southern affairs. Even then he did not know enough to apply for his money, which he needed badly, so he went South again in a state of dejection. For want of a little encouragement of the right kind the world of journalism nearly lost the services of this patriotic and gifted man.

\* \* \*

Bores? Certainly there are bores. Oceans of them. But it is just as easy to be polite to a bore as to be rude to him. In fact, I know of no better way of getting rid of a bore than in being polite to him. In any case, we have no right to pre-suppose that a man is a bore.

\* \* \*

The elasticity of humanity is wonderful. I have seen many a man given up as a hopeless case who has afterwards risen to the topmost height of honor and success. Intelligent men don't crave lectures when they are down. They want practical help. If you can't give them that it is only decent to let them alone. A man feels better if he has tried

to be decent. He sleeps better and he has more self-respect. He is a better man every way and more likely to be successful in his undertakings.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success.  
But we'll do more, Sempronius—  
We'll deserve it!"

And the way to deserve it is by trying to be decent.



## SUNSET.

---

P. J. COLEMAN.

---

**W**HERE day and night wed in the west, behold  
What city sparkles 'mid a sea of gold,  
Where no wind wafteth sails of any ships,  
And no keel comes, nor any sea-bird dips!

Thus often we, with prescient eyes of faith,  
Have golden glimpses past the bourne of death,  
Where on the shore of time's remotest sea  
Sparkle the turrets of eternity.

# THE MAID OF THE MIST



*McGinn*



## **The Maid of the Mist.**

**KATE ROHRER CAIN.**

**It rains and the wind is moaning ;  
The night has long begun ;  
The skies did frown when Day went down  
For Day is the bride of the Sun.**

**The air seems turned to water :  
My life is cold and gray,  
A wind blown cloud shall be my shroud  
While I weep myself away.**

**Away to the rushing river,  
To follow in its quest ;  
In heaven so far would a lost dear star  
But wear me on its breast.**



## A WOMAN'S STANDARD.

---

ETHELYN RAY.

---

"I HADN'T any right to ask her to marry me," Wareham said slowly, "I don't know why I did it; I knew it was presumptuous."

He spoke in a low tone, but it broke a silence that had been oppressive. It was almost midnight and we were waiting for the late proofs. I had almost forgotten the question he had asked me half an hour before about remembering the girl.

"I hadn't any right to expect any good woman to love me," he went on, without looking up.

There was utter hopelessness and dejection in the droop of his head and the tone of his voice. He drummed nervously on the table with a square white envelope he held in his hand.

"I've made a failure of life, a dismal failure, and it was unwarrantable presumption to ask any girl to share that failure. But I did it. I saw other good women marrying worse men than I. They didn't seem to care. And it didn't seem to shock or surprise other people. Even Dorothy didn't seem to wonder at it. I can see now that she even encouraged me in my folly. The Lord only knows why. But I didn't see it then. I couldn't have seen any

fault in her. Then, too, I believed it was possible for me to turn around and do differently. I thought it was possible for that girl to make something of me. I was supremely selfish about it, you see; I didn't consider her in the matter at all. And yet I wasn't taking any unfair advantage of her. She knew what I was. But she wouldn't have me."

He drew a long, deep breath and stopped as though that last sentence was the end of all things. When he resumed again after a long pause, in the same low monotonous voice, it was as though he had given himself time to carefully review the whole thing and reason it out.

"She was right," he said. "She was young and pretty and lovable, with every chance of happiness and success and with every reason to suppose she would marry well. Why should she tie herself down to a man who had thrown away the best years of his life?"

"I suppose she refused me for purely ethical reasons; that if I had been a good man she might have loved me and married me. And since then I have believed in women; in their purity, in the honesty and strength of their convictions, and in their power, if they chose to exert it, to make the world over. I have thought that if there were more women in the world like Dorothy, men would be better and purer.

"She wasn't unkind. She couldn't have been that, but she put the matter very plainly. She

was used to handling all sorts of news and had learned not to mince matters."

He stopped, and again there was silence. We were too far up town to be disturbed by the midnight revels of the bad lands, and the world that surrounded our office, the respectable, law abiding world that would read the "Daily News" over eight o'clock breakfast, was asleep. Wareham and I seemed to be the only people in the world. Even the printers in the composing room close by worked quietly, noiselessly, except for the faint click, click of the type in their sticks. Why had he chosen this dreary January midnight to recall the pain and bitterness of that girl's refusal?

She had been gone more than two years and in all that time he had never spoken of her except in the most casual way, never in a way that would lead one to suppose he was breaking his heart over her. He missed her in the office and spoke of it, but it was always in connection with the work she did; her ability to make a good story out of a trivial incident; to see the interesting, the pathetic, or the ludicrous, in a seemingly common-place affair; the "way" she had with strangers that invariably succeeded in drawing out an item. He might have spoken in the same way of a man who had been a faithful and efficient reporter.

"It was all right," he said, speaking again drearily, "I thought more of her because she wouldn't marry such a man as I."

"I haven't been a saint since; a man can't change the habits and customs of his life in two years, or five years, or ten, but I have

been a better man than I was before I knew her. I couldn't live up to her standard of morality. I had lived down to my own too long. But I lived nearer to it than I would have supposed possible just because it was her standard. Her standard! And look at this!"

He pushed the square envelope toward me and I opened it and read:

"Mr. and Mrs. William Harry Moreland  
announce the marriage of their daughter  
Dorothy  
to  
Mr. Allan Sewell Grey."

I suppose the dates and addresses followed, but I did not read them. I looked up and met Wareham's eyes.

"Allan Grey!" I said slowly, with that falling inflection indicative of surprise too great to be effusive.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my unspoken comment, "Allan Grey."

"Do you suppose she knows," I asked, "what sort of a man he is?"

Wareham nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "she knows perfectly well."

---

### **The Correct Business Principle.**



MAKE ENEMIES, AND THEY  
WILL MAKE FRIENDS  
FOR YOU.



## HER FAITH.

PARKER L. WALTER.

**S**HE had been almost happy all that afternoon. Even the memory of that little sunny head—kissed hurriedly one night and then left forever—was less bitter than usual.

She had put a red rose in her brown hair and had smiled to see that her prettiness was as vivid as ever—surely it would have power to hold him to her now that there was and never would be any one else left to mingle respect with love.

And now there were tears in her brown eyes—but her face was resolute. Her bosom quivered, but she gave no hint of weakness. He had burst into the room and had told her his mad tale of shame and disgrace. They were worse than penniless, there were but a few more hours of freedom for him and then for her—what?

He had begged her to plead for forgiveness and leave him to whatever might come and she had replied with kisses and a shake of the head as she clung to him.

Then he had spoken of death as a release from it all.

“Together?” she whispered.

He seemed at first unable to speak, but lookingly fixedly at the clock he had answered “yes.”

"Let it be so, then," she had said calmly, and he had gone to the closet for two glasses into which he poured something white from a phial.

"Let me put my arm around you, dear," she said, and then she laid her head upon his shoulder as if praying.

A long, long kiss and they raised the glasses.

She drank first and hid her face in his neck.

He poured his portion over his shoulder upon the back of his coat so it made no noise.

It worked quickly.

In her struggling she drew him down with her upon the floor.

"O God—how it hurts—darling."

His face was thrust into her bosom so he could not see her face. And so she died.

Then he dragged himself to the door, while his heart throbbed and his head whirled.

But he could not delay. He had an appointment upon which his immediate and unincumbered future depended.

*From Short Stories.*



## MIRABEL.

---

W. S. SNYDER.

---

**I** HAVE lost my Mirabel!  
Silent, pensive, eager, waiting,  
Held as by a wondrous spell,  
Sits she, musing, contemplating  
Life's unravelling mystery!  
Far beyond, apart from me,  
Wandering, pausing, waking, dreaming,  
In the shadow, or the beaming,  
I have lost my Mirabel!

Youth has brought my Mirabel  
Much that coming years will soften;  
Womanhood its truth must tell,  
Tell to her, and tell it often;  
When, awakened, she shall see  
Love expanding rapturously,  
To the star from Judah's manger;  
Then my love, though now a stranger,  
Will bring back my Mirabel!

I'll not murmur, Mirabel!  
Once I knew, in contemplation,  
All the yearning hopes that dwell  
In each heart-spiced undulation;  
When, in aimless infancy,  
You had e'er a smile for me,  
You were mine; and I, your mother,  
Had but you, nor asked for other  
Love than yours, dear Mirabel!

And I know, dear Mirabel,  
There is light and hope in waiting;  
Once my breath beneath its spell,  
Like your own was undulating!  
You have but forgotten me,  
Wrapt in thoughts of infancy;  
And when motherhood has blest you,  
You will know how on my breast you  
Laid and loved me, Mirabel!

## THE IMPOSSIBLE ACHIEVED.

---

PAUL FAVEL.

---

**SIX** years old; breeches broken at the knees; hair blond, curly; so rich and thick it would have coiffed the heads of two pretty ladies; two great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they had cried so much; a jacket well cut but falling to rags; a girl's shoe on one foot, a boy's boot on the other, both shoe and boot too wide and too long, turned at the toes and lacking in heels behind—this was Jean.

Little Jean, so cold and hungry this winter evening, who had eaten nothing since noon of the day before, and who had finally decided to write to Heaven. And how, say you, did Jean, who no more knew how to write than he knew how to read, arrange this letter?

Listen, for it is that which I am going to tell you.

Below there, in the quarter of the Gros-Caillou, at the corner of the avenue, not far from the Esplanada, there was a shop, in the days I tell of, of a public writer, for in those days also there were so many claims and petitions to be made to the government and so many people, like Jean, that did not know how to write.

And the writer that kept this shop was an old soldier far on in years, a brave man but

a little testy, who was anything but rich and had the additional misfortune of not being sufficiently chopped to pieces to secure admission to the Hotel des Invalides.

Jean, without prying at all, had many times seen him through the dingy glasses of his little cubby-hole, smoking his pipe and awaiting customers, and so to-day he entered fearlessly with a civil—

“Good-day, monsieur. I have come, if you please, for you to write me a letter.”

“Ten sous, little one,” Père Bonin responded, gazing over his spectacles at the midget before him.

Jean had no cap, and was therefore unable to lift it, but he said very politely:

“Then excuse me!” and he turned to reopen the door.

But, pleased with his manners, Père Bonin stopped him.

“Stay!” said he; “tell me first, little one, if you are the son of a soldier.”

“Oh, no!” said Jean, “only mamma’s son, and she’s all alone.”

“I see,” said the writer, “and you have not the ten sous?”

“No, no sous at all,” said Jean.

“Nor thy mother either, ’tis plain to be seen! And thy letter, little one—is it to make the soup come?”

“Yes,” said Jean, “exactly.”

“Advance, then. Ten lines on a half sheet; one is never too poor for that!”

And Père Bonin spread out his paper,

dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote at the top of the page in the beautiful hand of the quartermaster that once he had been:

PARIS, January 17th, 188—

Then in line lower:

To Monsieur——

"Well, go on," said he, "how do you call him, baby?"

"Who?" demanded Jean.

"Parbleu! the gentleman."

"What gentleman, monsieur?"

"The one to make the soup come."

Jean this time comprehended.

"But it isn't a gentleman," said he.

"Ah! bah! a lady, then?"

"Yes—no—that is——"

"Names of names! midget," Père Bonin cried, "don't you know whom you are going to write a letter to?"

"Oh, yes!" said the child.

"Out with it, then, quick! I can't wait all day!"

But little Jean stood all red and confused. The fact is, it is not as easy as it looks to address one's self to public writers for correspondences of this kind, but Jean was brave and presently answered softly:

"It is to the Holy Virgin that I wish to send a letter."

Father Bonin did not laugh, not at all; he simply wiped and laid aside his pen, and took his pipe from his mouth.

"See you, midget," said he severely, "I don't want to believe that you mock an old

man; besides, you are too small for me to trounce. Face about; march! Out you go!"

Little Jean obeyed and wonderingly turned heel, or foot rather, since heel he had none; and seeing him so submissive, Père Bonin a second time reconsidered and regarded him more closely.

"Name of names, of names!" grumbled he, "but there is misery in this Paris! What do you call yourself, baby?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing—just Jean."

Père Bonin felt his eyes sting, but he only said:

"And what do you wish to say to the Holy Virgin?"

"To tell her that mamma's been asleep since four o'clock yesterday, and that I can't wake her up."

The heart of the old soldier suddenly stood still. He feared to comprehend. He demanded again:

"But that soup you spoke of a while ago?"

"Yes," said the child, "I know, I had to speak of it, you see, because mamma before going to sleep yesterday gave me the last piece of bread."

"And what did she eat, pray?"

"Nothing for more than two days—she always said she wasn't hungry."

"And you tried to wake her, say you—how?"

"As I always do—kissing her."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and that smile made him beautiful.

"I don't know," said he. "Don't we always breathe?"

Père Bonin had to hastily turn his head, for two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his reply to the child was another question:

"And when you kissed her," said he, "you noticed nothing strange?"

"Yes, I did," said Jean, "how cold she was; but then it's always so cold in our house."

"She shivered, then, your mamma—shivered with the cold?"

"No, she was just cold, but so pretty, her hands crossed so; her head back and her eyes looking at the sky."

"And I wanted riches!" Père Bonin murmured, "I, who have enough to eat and drink, when here is one that died of hunger!"

And drawing the child to him, he took him on his knee and softly began to talk to him.

"Thy letter, my baby," said he, "is written, sent and received. Now take me to thy mother."

"Oh, yes. I will, but—but why do you cry?" demanded Jean, astonished.

"But I am not crying, Jean—no, men never cry! 'Tis you, my precious, who will soon do that!"

Then straining him in his arms and covering him with kisses: "I, too, know you, little Jean, once had a mother, whom I see even now in her bed, so pale and white, and saying to me, 'Bonin, my son, be an honest man al-



ways, and always a Christian!" An honest man I have been, but a Christian—ah, dame!"

He sprang to his feet, the child still hugged to his breast, and speaking as if to one invisible:

"But now, old mother, now, I say, rest thou in peace, for thou art going to have thy way. Friends may laugh and jeer if they will, but where thou art I wish to go, and there will I be led by this precious angel here, who shall never leave me again. His letter which was never even written, has made a double shot—it has given him a father and me a heart!"

That is all; this story without end is done. I know no more save that somewhere in Paris to-day there is a man still young, a writer also, but not as Père Bonin.

This man is a writer of eloquent things.

"His friends still call him "Jean," as he called himself, and though I know not, either, the name of the postman that carries letters like these, they always reach their destination.





## HOPE

SINE SPE NIHIL EST

Hope told me of a brighter sky  
Of glad times coming by and bye  
Of happier days that were in store —  
Hope told me a most cruel lie.  
False knave! He cheated me before  
‘Be gone! I’ll never trust thee more’  
I drove him forth, and then —  
What then?  
I prayed him to come back again



*Primmer*

## THE TRINITY OF LOSS.

JENNIE MELVENE DAVIS.

**I** WAS alone and sad, for I was growing old.

Suddenly, on the level gray path that had wearied my eyes, a form drew near and, as it laid its hand in mine, it seemed that the face of Nature changed, even as this heart of mine.

And the stranger looked long at me and in



his eyes I saw a vision of the world as it might be and even the dusty weariness of the desert was glorified.

We journeyed on for hours as it seemed, although I knew by the sunrise and the sunset that it was many days. And I needed not to

ask the stranger's name for I knew by the great calm of content that surrounded me that it was Realized Love.

One night as the moon rose over the desert, that seemed such to me no longer, it bright-

ened over the head of Love as it lay upon my breast.

Suddenly I was aware of three muffled figures, that cast long shadows before them, as they drew near; and the shadows fell upon the head of Love and upon my heart.

Then I knew without sound of words, that to one of the Three must I give my Love and my heart was heavy within me.

Then the First, whose shadow was so sharp and distinct, that I knew what manner of man he was, stretched forth his hand over Love's head and I looked under the shadow of the hand and, behold, my Love seemed changed and was no longer fair. The stranger took one hand of Love while he placed the other in mine. And again I looked at Love and I was saddened for the glory was gone from the face and I looked through a mist of tears at him who wrought the change and knew that he was Disillusion.

Then afar from the land from which I had journeyed, hurried one whose form was scarcely separate from the shadows and I knew that this was Memory. Memory stood beside me and I drew Love's hand from the hand of Disillusion and my lips whispered "Not to him." Then Memory likewise turned her face from Disillusion.

Then the Second drew near and the air grew heavy and sweet. He touched Love's hand as it lay across my throat and straightway Love's head became heavy on my breast and an intolerable weariness seemed to fill me.

Whichever way I looked Love's eyes seemed to meet mine—but they were no longer deep and tender; Love's lips clung to mine and the clinging pressure seemed heavy. Then I looked at the desert and the low moon seemed like last night and like the night to come and the head lay heavy on my heart. Then I drew Love's hand from that of Satiety and shuddering said, "Not to thee—rather, even to thy darker companion."

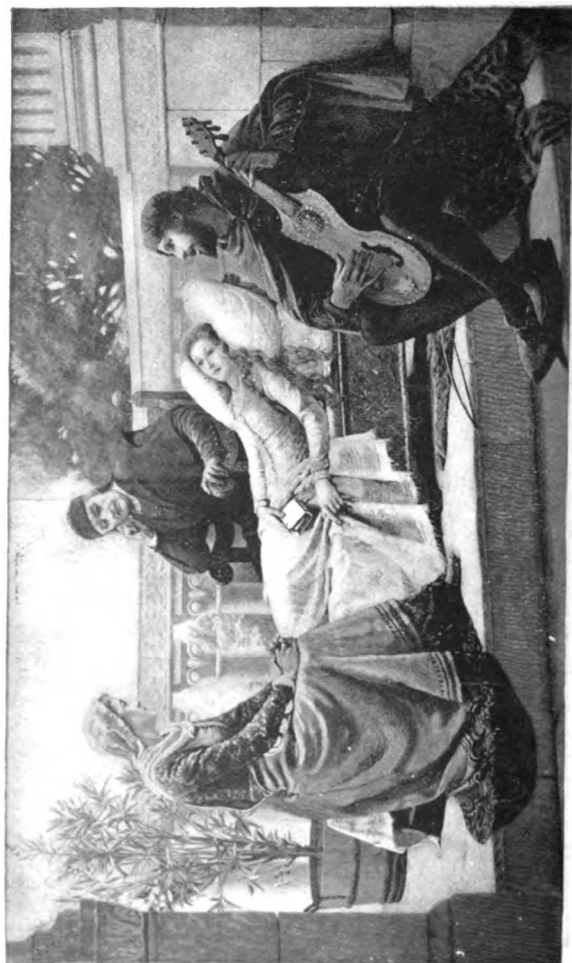
And the Third of the Trinity of Loss drew near and the moonbeams paled and a fine, small wind paused as though its breath were gone from it. Then a great chill fell upon me and the silence hurt me like a blow. Love lay so still and yet was he dearer than in that first hour of his coming.

Then the moonbeams waned and the darkness lay heavy, and Memory whispered to me.

And suddenly I knew that it was Death that stretched out his hand and as he touched the head of Love a beauty and a joy beyond what any day had brought surrounded the form of Love. Then I drew Love's clinging hand from my throat and gave it gladly to the hand of Death and together the twain passed away over the desert toward a country of which no man knows the boundary.

Then I gazed long after them and Love turned and waved his hand and the smile from his eyes stayed ever in my heart. From that night I walked forward with Memory and the desert is no more desolate. And in that country to which we go, Death is called Life and I go on steadily towards Life and Love.



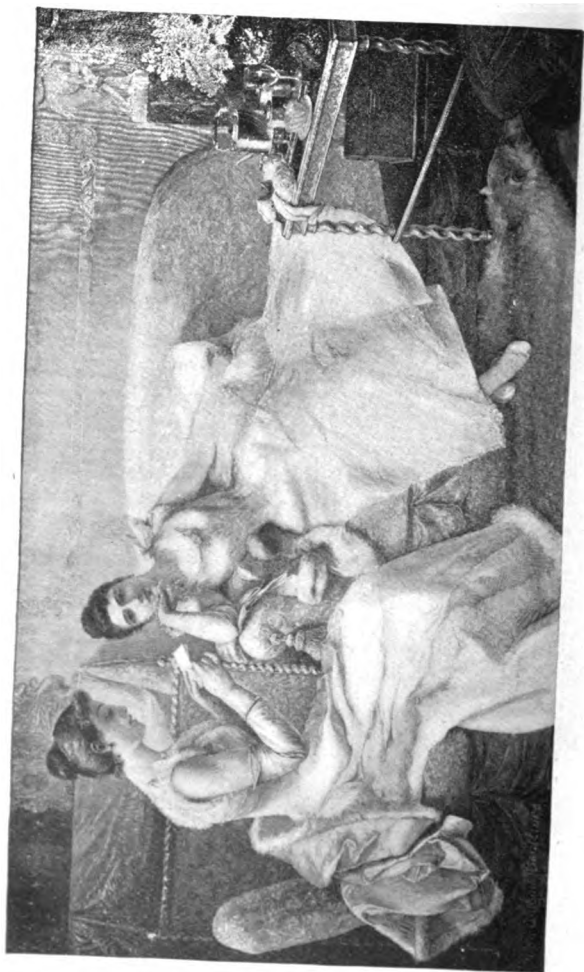


GRANTING A LAST REQUEST.



**A WIFE'S EXAMPLE.**





**WANTED—AN HONEST OPINION.**



SPRING.





## A DREADFUL CRIME.

CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

**T**HEY two had been excellent friends—comrades, as they called each other, for some years. Secretly he was beloved by her but, having for her only friendship and not on the lookout for the greater feeling, his eyes were blind. Besides, he was not a conceited man, with the idea that for women to see him was to adore him.

To-night as she entered the room he thought she had never appeared more beautiful. She was gowned in a rich robe of blue, his favorite color, and she seemed very womanly and very queenly as she gave him her hand. But to him, a painter, ever dreaming of the beautiful and good, the charms of her outward beauty and grace would have

touched him little had he not known that they were simply the reflex of a beautiful soul within.

He was poor, she a "butterfly of fashion," so-called. He knew her better than most men, or women either, for that matter. Once, at the time when he knew her but slightly, he was in a low quarter of the city hunting a model who had broken an engagement. Entering the open door of an attic to which he had been directed, he found this "butterfly" on her knees before a tiny stove, while his model, sick and wretched, blessed her with tears, and he had dared to stoop down beside her and whisper, "Will you be my friend?" Years had ripened their friendship, and he was well-satisfied.

To-night, after much light talk and laughter, their mood changed and he read to her a beautiful poem on death. From that they drifted to some love-poems in the same volume, and so to talk about love.

"They say any man can write poetry when he is in love," she remarked. "I wonder if it is true."

He blushed. A month before he had written some sonnets in verse on love, which he meant to show to *the* woman as soon as the courage came.

"I believe it," he said boldly. "I wonder if the psychologists have covered that field yet! But how about women?"

She folded her hands in her lap and looked at them.

"I think—they write and then burn it. Woman hates to talk or even write for herself about her love, if she can help it. It seems too—too public. But sometimes she cannot help it."

She rose and took a book from the shelves, turning her back the while. As she sat down and turned the leaves she said, with her eyes on the volume, "Do you remember that night my brother left unexpectedly and I asked you to escort me to the concert?"

"Yes," he replied, quickly, and then was silent. They had talked intimately on the social rights and privileges of women.

She went on, still turning the leaves. "And—do you hold the same generous opinions now?"

"Certainly," he answered, and seemed about to say more. But something in her manner, a certain irresoluteness or absentmindedness, quite foreign to her, surprised and had the effect of checking him. He looked at her closely.

She closed the book. For a few moments her bosom rose and fell rapidly. Suddenly she rose, came close to his right side, put one hand back of his head, the other across his breast, and bent down and kissed him on the lips. She lingered there an instant, then turned swiftly away and stood still.

He rose to his feet, a great wonder in his eyes. From the previous allusions and her manner now, there could be but one inference; this was self-evident. He turned and put his

arm through hers and led her to a sofa. As soon as he could he spoke and said, without looking at her and very softly, "My poor girl."

An instant, and the breath came from her nostrils audibly. He gently pressed her head to his shoulder, and she lay there, trembling and breathing heavily.

A great pity filled his heart. He wondered if he were blameworthy. He recalled saying on that night of the concert, "Women should be as much free to declare their love as men, and only a confounded cad of a man would esteem them less if they did so." Now he deeply regretted having spoken his thought; if he had not, perhaps—

"My poor little woman," he whispered.

After a while she raised her head and put up her handkerchief, drawing away from him the while. He longed to wipe her tears, but was far too considerate to attempt it. She covered her eyes with her hands.

"What *do* you think of me!" she gasped.

"Brave and generous, sweet and noble now as ever past," he said. "How greatly have you honored me! My dear, dear friend, forgive me if I—"

"No, no," she cried; "you have been friendly and no more. O, it was my mistake—and my misfortune. For one thing, I thought—I thought—you have so little, you know, and I am so rich! What good will it do me now, without you! But I was wrong, that is all: you won't worry about that? You will be my friend still, I hope? Perhaps that—will help

me. You—you don't wholly despise me?" She ventured to look at him.

He smiled very gravely and sweetly.

"*Friends*, now and ever, I hope. As to the other, dear, would you despise me? The gift of--affection is royal, and for your sake I thank heaven I'm enough of a man to like you more than ever."

She flashed him a sudden look of hope. His eyes filled as he slowly shook his head. He could put himself in her place.

And now he thought of leaving her at once, but swiftly decided it would be easier for her if he remained awhile and brought the conversation into other and lighter channels. An hour later he said good-night. At the door of the parlor he saw from her eyes that it would be a true kindness to touch her lips. He did so, and then left quickly.







ST. HUBERT.

*See page 49.*

## SHADOWS.

MARY A. WINSTON.

**T**HE early winter twilight was fast falling, its dimness making the dull down-town office seem duller. In the midst of the grayness sat the little office typewriter tarrying at her machine to finish some important documents. She was alone in the room. It was long past the closing hour and only the blithe whistle of the office boy came faintly from the distant shipping room. Somehow the lonely figure of the typewriter harmonized with her dull surroundings, for she wore gray and the gathering gloom had shrouded the gold of her hair.

At length she finished her task and leaned back wearily in her chair. Her window looked upon a small dingy court, lined on the other side likewise with business offices. The outlook was not inspiring. A damp clinging mist enveloped everything below, and dusty

### ST. HUBERT.

The painting reproduced upon the page opposite represents a legend in Christian history—the conversion of St. Hubert—who is the patron of hunters. While enjoying himself in his favorite sport of hunting, one Good Friday night in the eighth century, he was convinced of the error of his ways, it is said, by the miraculous appearance of a stag bearing between his horns a flaring cross or crucifix. He thereupon gave up the maiming of animals for the nourishing of souls.

curtains had been drawn down over the opposite windows.

Grayness everywhere and over all—when suddenly a gleam leaped out of the shadows. Some one had lighted the gas over the way. The two windows, close together, made brilliant squares in the midst of the blank dullness. With unconscious relief the small typewriter clasped her hands behind her head and looked out expectantly.

In a moment, silhouetted against one of the curtains, there appeared the figure of a man with powerful shoulders. He was talking eagerly and his arms were stretched imploringly. Upon the companion curtain another shadow sprang into life. It was a woman, her pretty head with its looped-up braids drooping and her hands pressed close to her bosom. An instant they stood so, then the scene shifted. The man had crossed the space between himself and his vis-a-vis and they were shadowed forth upon the same curtain, his strong arms about her, her face hidden against his mighty shoulder. So together they walked away beyond shadow land, leaving the tell-tale curtain blank.

The little gray typewriter smiled. After all, it was rather a grotesque pantomime. Certainly the figures were painfully enlarged and they bobbed up and down in a droll fashion. And yet—

"I believe they are lovers," said the little gray typewriter wistfully, as she closed her machine and reached for her hat.

## IN APRIL.

---

GRACE S. BROWN.

---

**M**Y! My! Whoever could have believed it!

Only a wee moment ago the sun was shining warm and bright upon the fragrant budding, blossoming fields and gardens, and playing hide and seek in the glossy tresses of a dainty little somebody who went tripping along the narrow foot-path beside a laughing brooklet. All in her Sunday clothes was she—pretty and sweet and winsome. All in a holiday mood, thinking of birds and sunshine, of frills and laces, and of her charming spring bonnet. But now, the big, pearly rain-drops are falling, the big, wet rain-drops, the big, spoiling rain-drops, falling right down upon her bonnet. Dear! Dear! Why *did* that shower come? But it's April, you know, and one, really, must expect such things in April.

My! My! Whoever could have predicted it! Only a wee moment ago somebody and somebody else were treading life's foot-paths in opposite directions, each fancy free, each knowing naught of the other. But now somebody and somebody else, each hastily seeking shelter from the sudden shower, have met in the pretty porch of the quaint village church—the pretty, cosy porch, the pretty, vine-covered porch—have met and are talking of—the weather. So! So! They're glad that shower

came. But it's April, you know, and one, really, must expect such things in April.

My! My! Whoever could have wished it! Only a wee moment ago that shower began. Oh, surely, it was no longer? But now there is the sun again shining warm and bright upon fragrant buds and blossoms, and peeping through the vines of the dear little porch to kiss the rosy cheeks of somebody—the rosy, dimpled cheeks, the rosy, blushing cheeks—peeping through and smiling approvingly.

How sweet the air is! How gayly the birds sing! How every grass-blade glistens! How that little shower has made all the world seem new!

Somebody trips away from the vine-covered porch, all in her Sunday clothes, pretty and sweet and winsome; and somebody else watches her as she passes. Then somebody else goes on his way, down the foot-path and over the rustic bridge. How joyous life is! How gayly his heart sings! How every hope brightens; how that little shower has made all the world a-new! Love! Love! All in that shower came. But it's April, you know, and one, really, must expect such things in April.



## DO YOU MAKE THESE MISTAKES?

---

**T**HE word pains, when used to mean exertion or trouble, treat as a singular noun. Say "Great pains was taken," and not "Great pains were taken."

It is vulgar to say or write "Hadn't ought." "Ought not to" is the proper phase.

Do not say "He called upon me," but "He called on me."

Avoid the use of balance when you mean remainder.

Say "I went over all the town" instead of "I went all over the town."

Prefer "I fear" to "I am afraid it will not be fine to-morrow."

The phrase, "I never remember to have seen him," though commonly heard, is objectionable. Say "I do not remember ever to have seen him."

Do not say "This road takes you to Cleveland;" say "This roads leads (or leads one) to Cleveland."

Prefer "Where did you go?" to "Where did you go to?"

Use fewer in lieu of less in the following sentences: "No man ever had less friends or more enemies."

Prefer "In the writings of even great men" to "In the writings even of great men."

"Universal panacea" is tautological.

The best way to treat the much abused word

quite is never to use it except in the sense of wholly. There is little authority for its use as a synonym for rather.

Do not use partially for partly. Partially means with unjust or unreasonable bias.

Do not use party for simple man, woman or person.

When you mean this week why not say it, rather than the past week.

The true musician plays the piano; Miss Arabella Shoddy performs on the piano.

Proposition is often used when the shorter word proposal would be better.

Replace means properly "to restore to its place." Wrongly used for displace, succeed, supersede, take the place of, and supply the place of.

Section is often misused for region. Section, being derived from the Latin word meaning "to cut off," implies a definite division. In that section of the country should be in that part of the country, or in that region.

Do not use since for ago when you mean ago.

Social is needless in such phrases as a social dance.

Splendid literally means shining. Its use to express very great excellence is coarse.

Standpoint is rejected by all the best authorities. Use point of view.

Discriminate between state and say. State means to make known specifically, to explain particularly.

Never be so stilted and vulgar as to say subsequent to for simple after.

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## The Popular Test of Astrology

**CONDUCTED BY THE PENNY MAGAZINE.**

In another part of this magazine is explained an interesting experiment in the ever-interesting subject of Astrology, undertaken by the Penny Company. This enterprise was first announced in the daily papers of the country a fortnight ago, and already it is well under way. The following letter, received from a well-known business man of Boston, whose name is withheld for the present because there has been no time to get his permission to publish his name, will serve to show the accuracy which Azrael attempts in his readings. If Azrael indicates the location of a mole on the body, either it is there or it is not there. This is the letter just as it was received :

Boston, Feb. 19th, 1898.

"AZRAEL,"

Dear Sir:—My horoscope cast by you, in connection with my subscription to The Penny Magazine, has been received. I cannot help complimenting you on its accuracy. How can a person doubt that Astrology is an exact science, when a perfect stranger tells him correctly the time of his engagement and marriage, and, stranger yet, the exact location of a mole upon his body. You have done this and more. I would like a writing for 1898. Can you see a trip to Europe for me in the latter part of April? Is there anything which should prevent it? Will my business suffer by my going? Very truly,  
N. W. Z.

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The names of the twenty-four fishes that they found are:

1, Sardine; 2, Trout; 3, Whale; 4, Eel; 5, Perch; 6, Salmon; 7, Sucker; 8, Shark; 9, Mackerel; 10, Pike; 11, Lobster; 12, Crab; 13, Bloater; 14, Catfish; 15, Swordfish; 16, Sunfish; 17, Bluefish; 18, Codfish; 19, Devilfish; 20, Goldfish; 21, Silverfish; 22, Starfish; 23, Cuttlefish; 24, Rayfish.

Furthermore, of the thousand and odd other contestants, the following named, nearly one hundred in number, named twenty-two fishes correctly, and are therefore given, free, two years' subscription to THE PENNY MAGAZINE. They are at liberty to transfer these subscriptions to any person or persons they see fit if they do not want the subscriptions for themselves:

Miss M. E. Wheeler, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; Bessie Blyamm, Harrisburgh, Pa.; Ogden Ward, Boston, Mass.; Romeo H. Stephens, Montreal, Can.; Eugene Fellows, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Matilda Zietlow, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. Cressy, Milwaukee, Wis.; Althea Hose, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Olivia H. Hatfield, Bridgewater, Mass.; C. Antoinette Shepard, New Britain, Conn.; Miss M. A. Parish, Providence, R. I.; W. A. Rumsey, Mainesburg, Pa.; Grace Robertson, Folcroft, Pa.; F. L. O'Grady, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Geo. Mackenzie, 156 Prospect Ave., New York City; Mamie Groff, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Chas. Barth, Bloomfield, N. J.; Lewis F. Zieger, Philadelphia, Pa.; Selden A. Benjamin, Bay Shore, N. Y.; John P. Walter, Baltimore, Md.; Chas. J. Abbott, New York City; C. S. Hills, New York City; E. Rowe, New York City; Miss Helen Mae Wilcox, Aurora, Ill.; Ray Saxton Moore, Canoe Creek, Pa.; Miss E. G. Wilde, Bayonne, N. J.; Miss Lizzie J. Franklin, New York City; Mrs. L. M. Bowman, Vineland, N. J.; E. M. Kendig, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. E. Hennion, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hattie C. Curran, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Emily Cook, Arnot, Pa.; H. H. Brown, Topeka, Kan.; Emily L. Eldridge, Maynard, Mass.; A. Rosenthal, New York City; Mary E. Boyd, Syracuse, N. Y.; Evelyn L. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Forrester H. Scott, Philadelphia, Pa.; May Mann, South Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. A. Heath, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Rose, Passaic, N. J.; Chas. D. Jones, Westfield Center, Canada; Geo. E. Westran, Dover, N. H.; F. W. Talley, New York City; Mrs. L. M. Pierce, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Stuhlman, Vernon, N. Y.; E. Ments, New York City; Lydia H. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Louise S. Weston, Providence, R. I.; Miss Mathilda Otto, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; John D. Curtis, New York City; W. T. Morrison, Washington, D. C.; Florence Tod, Malden, Mass.; Mrs. W. B. Kirkman, Far Rockaway, N. Y.; F. E. Wilman, Milwaukee, Wis.; Worthwell Butterfield, Jamestown, N. Y.;

F. L. Hardenbrook, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Chas. McLaughlin, Newburgh, N. Y.; E. H. Johnson, Canso, N. S.; F. B. Robinson, Leroy, N. Y.; C. S. Mason, Toledo, O.; A. J. O'Farrell, Washington, D. C.; Miss K. C. Cunningham, Mohawk, N. Y.; Miss Jennie Chandler, Massaponax, Va.; Charles Calhoun, New York City; George E. Frye, Boston, Mass.; Marguerite Pearson, East Boston, Mass.; John W. Klintworth, Marietta, O.; Mamie Kelly, Santa Rosa, Cal.; Mrs. R. M. Lavender, Provincetown, Mass.; Mrs. M. M. Shuey, Sheridan, Cal.; Mrs. Thomas Paynter, Astoria, N. Y.; Alex. Tingle, Louisville, Ky.; Isaac H. Tappan, Woodbridge, N. J.; Henry J. Schehr, New York City; Mrs. D. Harris, Spottsylvania, C. H., Va.; F. A. Brenner, W. Philadelphia, Pa.; F. C. Bowker, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss J. A. Bowen, Providence, R. I.; W. P. Stanton, New York City; F. S. Davis, W. Roxbury, Mass.; A. Rutgers Livingston, Galatia, Kan.; Mrs. C. M. Cochrane, Monticello, Fla.; S. C. Cooper, Germantown, Pa.; Mrs. G. H. Heyn, Sparkill, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma A. Kennedy, Thurlow, Pa.; E. Brady, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. A. Bohn, Leadville, Col.; C. V. Mitchell, Zanesville, O.; Miss Sadie Collins, Foxboro, Mass.; E. Quimby, Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. Wm. I. Halsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; F. F. Meyer, Jr., Newark, N. J.; D. E. Reifsnider, Springfield, O.; R. L. Y. Jones, Three Rivers, Can.; Miss Morton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur S. Ward, Boston, Mass.; Chas. Bingham, New York City; N. M. Schilling, Brooklyn, N. Y.

And yet there are others who deserve recognition because of the neatness of their answers as well as the accuracy of their interpretations of the problem. Their names are:

Edward Laverty, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma Morris, New York City; Miss R. P. Weaver, Covington, La.; Julia Toepel, St. Louis, Mo.; C. S. Rathbun, New York City; Bertha Requa, Sparkill, N. Y.; Wm. P. Bainbridge, Hampton, Va.; Harry Richardson, Haverhill, Mass.; A. E. Busby, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. S. E. Chase, N. Platte, Neb.; W. S. Morgenroth, New York City; Jessie B. Seale, Middlefield, Conn.; Mrs. J. D. Schreiber, Allentown, Pa.; Nellie McConville, New York City; Mrs. E. D. McConnell, Madison, N. J.; Archy Wright, Holland, Mich.; Carl Hapke, Denver, Col.; Florence M. Reed, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. E. A. Ober, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Sherman Culp, Norwalk, O.; Mary C. Chapin, San Francisco, Cal.; V. A. North, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. B. Coley, Tarrytown, N. Y.; E. C. Bursley, Marlboro, Mass.; Miss Hattie Muntz, Garrison, Neb.; Miss L. M. Hyatt, Jersey City, N. J.; Evelyn Maxwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Emmons K. Ellsworth, Fredonia, N. Y.; Miss Mary O'Connell, New Haven, Conn.; May J. Lamphear, Peace Dale, R. I.; Emily Rogers, New York City; H. Noble Ferris, Wellsville, N. Y.; Gertrude Taylor, Jersey City, N. J.; Vincent Glide, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss R. M. Weeks, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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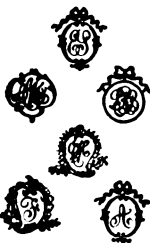
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# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

**Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.**



I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

## **A Reliable Depilatory.**

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

## **You Will be Delighted.**

You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that, while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

*Helen Marcoc:*

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

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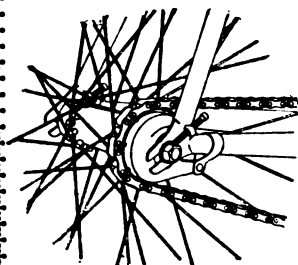
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# Whither Goest Thou?

Never was the interest in the occult and the mysterious so great as it is now. It may be belief, it may be merely curiosity, but certainly a greater number of people are studying and experimenting with the sciences and the theories that concern the future here and hereafter than ever before.

## THE PENNY MAGAZINE

of May, 1897, published an article entitled "Reading the Stars," by one of the best famed of American astrologers, which created widespread enthusiasm. To gratify the popular interest evidenced by this article, the publishers of the PENNY MAGAZINE have worked and planned during the months that have elapsed since last May. The purpose was to give everybody who so desired an opportunity of testing by personal experience the claims of Astrology, and, stripping the great science of all the arts of the charlatan and the fakir, to allow it a fair and a great trial before the world. First, it was necessary to secure the services of an Astrologer of acknowledged eminence, of conscience, character and unquestioned belief in and devotion to his work. Second, the most difficult, so to adapt the plan as to make his services available for all and within the reach of all. The man of conscience, character and eminence was found in

## AZRAEL,

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## Popular Test of Astrology

is as follows: Azrael will read the character and the future of every person who complies with the conditions, and will cover in his predictions the following eleven subjects, decided upon after much study as those of paramount importance to the individual and to society.

(Continued on next page.)

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1. Your Personal Appearance.
2. Your Disposition and Character.
3. Your Intellectual Ability and Tastes.
4. Your Fortune: Whether by inheritance, by marriage or by personal industry, if at all.
5. Your Health, Probable length of Life, and Possible Accidents.
6. Your Love Affairs and Marriage; Children.
7. Your Friends and Enemies.
8. Travel; Speculation.
9. Your Business or Vocation.
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(Continued on next page.)



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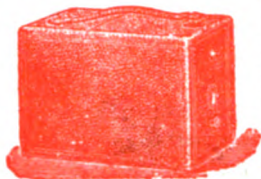
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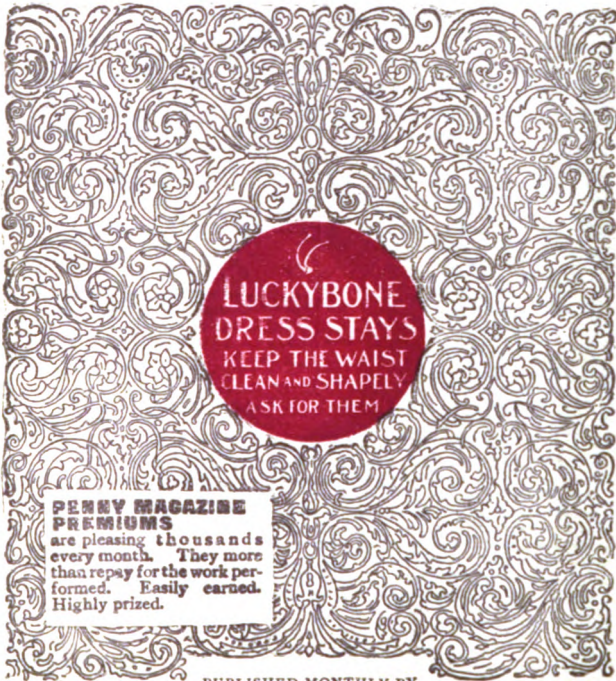
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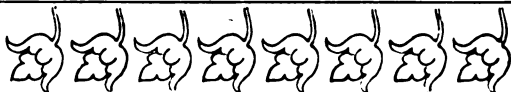
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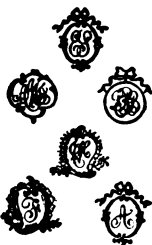
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## THREE GREAT PREMIUMS.

The Penny Magazine is striving not more to **MAKE** friends than to **KEEP** friends. Consequently it gives premiums that are worth having. Of the many fine premiums it has distributed this year, three have been pre-eminently satisfactory and, therefore, successful. These three premiums have been: 1st.—**The Ladies' Silver Chatelaine Watch**, given for twenty subscriptions; second, **The Gordon Bicycle Saddle**, given for ten subscriptions, and third, **The Ray, Jr., Camera**, given with complete outfit for twenty-five subscriptions. Here they are:

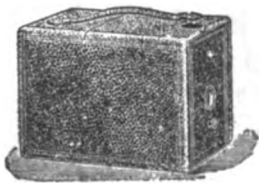
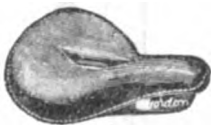


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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

**VOLUME V**

**NUMBER 3**

---

**AUGUST, 1898**



## THE CURSE OF WEINSON.

---

CLEMENT M. HAMMOND.

---

WEINSON was regarded as an odd stick by all of those few who knew him. He came to Alehurst about a year before I met him and had lived a very retired life. He had taken the top floor of Miss Stein's house and always had his meals served in his rooms. He never went out except on stormy days and dark nights. This everybody knew, for Alehurst is not a big place. Inquiry discovered nothing further. He was supposed to be engaged in either scientific research or in writing a book of some sort. He had many books and a great quantity of apparatus. Mrs. Stein knew this much, but she knew no more except that he was very quiet, made her no trouble, and paid liberally and regularly.

That he was about forty, people judged; that he was tall, thin and dark, people could see for themselves.

I was a student at Cornell at this time, and spent my vacations at home in Alehurst. My father kept the book store of the town, and I spent much of my time there during my home weeks.

It was in my father's store that I first met Weinson. He came in one rainy evening and asked for a work on ancient magic which had just been published. We did not have it in

stock, but I told him that we would gladly get it for him and that I should be pleased to bring it to him as soon as it came up from New York. He thanked me, seeming much pleased.

I noticed that he appeared extremely nervous and avoided the direct rays from the lights. He chatted pleasantly, however, and ran over with me a catalogue of new books on scientific subjects. In every way except his anxiety to avoid the strong light, he appeared easy and frank. There was nothing peculiar about his dress, and his face was certainly not an evil one.

Three or four days later the book which he had ordered arrived, and after the store was closed in the evening I took it, with much curiosity in my mind, to Weinson's rooms. Much to Mrs. Stein's surprise I was invited to come up. I was most cordially greeted by Weinson himself.

"I should have been around for the book myself," he said, "except that the weather has been so infernally bad."

I glanced at him blankly. The man must surely be crazy. For three days there had not been a cloud in the sky, and the moon had been glorious.

"However," continued he, "it gives me the pleasure of your company for the evening, if you will be so good as to stay."

The man fascinated me. Even if insane, he was certainly sane in most ways.

It was midnight before I left, and no even-



ing in my life had ever been so filled with interest. Weinson's information was along all lines, and he imparted it in the most charming manner. I was received in his library, and there we remained. I saw none of the apparatus about which we had heard from Mrs. Stein. Nothing about this room struck me as being peculiar except the mode of lighting. The lamps were placed behind a shield which ran around the room about a foot from the ceiling, producing a diffused glow throughout the room. There were no shadows.

During the next month on every rainy evening Weinson called at the store and spent an hour or so with me. He always sat in one spot, that which he had selected on his first visit. I frequently spent the evening with him at his rooms, always in the library. Except in relation to the weather, he seemed perfectly sane, and my respect and admiration for him grew constantly.

My vacation was about at an end when, one extremely stormy evening, Weinson came to the store and asked me if I would be good enough to take a walk with him.

"I enjoy walking very much," said he, "but I have no companion with whom I care to go. You don't mind the rain, do you?"

I told him that I had my rubber coat and that the rain made no difference to me. I closed the store early and we started out. Weinson led. He took the darkest streets, kept well away from the few straggling lights which we passed, and made for the open

country. He was cheerful and talkative, as usual, until, when we were about two miles out of town, the rain suddenly stopped. The change which came over Weinson was as immediate as the stopping of the rain. He looked at the sky, stopped his flow of conversation and turned sharply about, heading for the town. His nervousness seemed intense. I could scarcely keep up with his long strides. He rushed through the night as though pursued by some evil thing. Not a word passed his lips. From time to time he would scan the sky in all directions, and then push on with, if possible, even greater energy. We were near the first regular row of houses of the town when, suddenly, the moon broke through the clouds. If it had been a demand at the point of a pistol to halt and deliver Weinson could not have stopped more suddenly. I could see a tremor run through every line of his body. His face was ghostly, his finger nails cut into his palms. And then the awful cause of this convulsion, the awful mystery of this man flashed itself upon my sight.

There, spread out on the path from his feet, was his shadow—blood red!

---

"As I promised you last evening when we parted, I will now tell you the history of my terrible misfortune."

Weinson and I were together in his room on the evening after the exposure of the curse which was upon him. He had regained

his composure and spoke calmly and at times even with a touch of humor.

"For five years I had been professor of applied sciences at Eaudevie College. I had worked hard, and two years ago I began to physically feel the long strain. My physician advised bicycle riding, and after consulting with all my friends as to the best make, I finally bought a wheel—that one commonly called by beginners the Merry-go-round. May darkness forever rest upon the memory of that day! May it be blotted from the history of the world! May it be transferred in the calendar of Hades! Better that I should have gone down to a slow and horrible death, a driveling idiot or a raving maniac!

"And still I was without fault. I did simply what thousands of other human beings have done. To ride my wheel and thus save my health I must first learn to ride. My necessarily retired life had made me shy. Outside my daily routine of college work, I lacked confidence to the point of painful embarrassment.

"I questioned a number of riders and it seemed such a simple thing that I believed I could learn without a teacher. I was told that little children learned to ride in an hour or two without help, and one of my fellow-professors, a man of eighty, had mastered the art, so he told me, in one evening in his back yard alone. I had no back yard, but the street in front of the house in which I roomed was a broad one, heavily shaded by elms and

never lighted on nights when the moon was supposed to shine.

"The night of the day on which I bought my wheel was dark. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick clouds obscured it, and the only light for two hundred feet in each direction was the slight glow shed from the lights in the houses on either side the street. It was the opportunity I desired. I could learn to ride without the embarrassment of an audience. I put on an old suit and then led, with some difficulty, my wheel to the head of my street.

"I mounted—and dismounted. I had no idea that there were so many ways in which one could dismount. I never before, with all my scientific studies, understood what latent energy meant. I had used the spring from a Waterbury watch for an example many times, but hereafter I resolved I would use a beginner on a bicycle.

"I had learned to dismount in about 375 different ways; I had been able to keep on the saddle for two minutes at a time, and began to feel the dawn of confidence in myself and my wheel. A slight glimmer of what I felt was to be the coming oneness was felt by my senses when an awful thing happened. Where all had been darkness there was light, as though the whole universe were one vast mass of shooting stars; where all had been stillness there was the roar and hum of a thousand sounds. I felt that the final cataclysm had come; that the world and some

stray star had come together in one grand final crush.

"When I opened my eyes a blazing light shone in them. My bewildered senses thought it the fiery radiance of the spirit world. But it was not, it was the flash from a bicycle lantern, and it was the voice from the spare, bent, prematurely aged form which held it that pronounced my doom.

" 'Unattached Jackass,' the voice began, 'look upon the ruin you have wrought! My Aurorian wheel is fit only for exhibit X in a curled hair factory. Idiot from the moon, or suburban trolley motorman, where was your lamp! Where was your bell! Why were you scorching on the wrong side of the street at this hour and in this blackness without light or bell?'

" 'But I wasn't scorching,' I protested, 'I was just trying to——'

" 'Be still,' said the being with the light, 'I have examined your remains and I find you are not a member of the L. A. W. I am its Grand High Division Muck-a-Muck and Chief Scorcher of the State. The law allows me to have you taken before the nearest tribunal, and, without defense, to have sentence pronounced, confiscating your wheel, subjecting you to torture for ten days, and finally burning at the stake. But beyond this I have power for greater punishment and I now lay upon you, in the name of the L. A. W. and my high office, this curse: Never more shall you go abroad in the light of the

sun or moon or lamp without a mark which shall be unlike the mark set upon any other man who ever lived, a mark that shall cause all to shun you. And more than this, if ever again you ride a wheel, some member of the L. A. W. shall run into you, destroy your wheel and bruise you from your heel to your scalp. This is my curse upon you, and I seal it with the great seal of the order;’ wherewith he gave me a great kick and departed.

“Never since that day have I ridden a wheel. Never since the succeeding day, when I discovered the curse which was upon me, have I walked forth in the sunlight or moonlight. I gave up my professorship and moved to this town, where I was unknown. I had a small income from my father’s estate, and together with a few hundred dollars a year which I earned by my pen, this satisfied my bodily needs. But, in the whole world, do you think there is another such unhappy man?”

The whole thing was so absurd that I could not help laughing in his face, and I laughed immoderately. The idea of conferring curses, and in such terms and for such a cause, in this latter end of our nineteenth century, seemed to me the most ridiculous thing ever conceived. But I had seen the shadow—the blood-red silhouette of Weinson—and I had seen the look of horror on his face, and seen his body tremble in every fiber. Was it a joke that had been played upon him? But how could it be? Had he really been in a

bicycle accident, and received some injury to his brain which had caused him to conceive this most absurd story and cause him to imagine the mark of the blood-red shadow? But I had myself seen it! By thought transference? Possibly. That certainly was the only solution which seemed reasonable, and that required such a stretching of known laws that it seemed almost as ridiculous as the story of the curse. But the mystery was there.

The blood-red shadow was an hallucination, of course, on the part of myself caused by the same hallucination on the part of Weinson. This came to me when my fit of laughter subsided, and I explained it to Weinson.

"Then you believe," said he, "that I unconsciously hypnotized you?"

"Precisely," I replied.

"Then come with me," said he, "into my workshop, where for the past year I have tried to rid myself of this weird incubus."

He stepped into the next room and I followed him. At one end of the rather long room was a powerful searchlight, which threw our shadows in sharp outline upon the white wall opposite. Mine was black—Weinson's was blood-red.

He moved, he turned about, he waved his hands—every bit of surface of the moving shadow was red. We talked. I turned my eyes to other objects and then back again, but the red of his shadow never waned.

"I don't pretend to understand it. Weinson," said I, "but your mind has transferred

its hallucination to mine in some purely natural way. I never heard of a curse like it, but the facts are plain. Now that we have a theory to work on, let's try to get rid of this abnormal mental state."

"But how?" inquired Weinson.

"By mental pressure. Our minds are otherwise strong and healthy; they must overcome this figment. Let's at it at once, and as you got it on a wheel, let's take to wheels, hoping for the exorcisement in that way."

"But I can't ride, you know, and I'm afraid——"

"And you couldn't ride when you got this infernal gorey shadow knocked into your vision, either," said I. "Perhaps when you become able to scorch like the fellow who ran into you, you may be able to outrun this red familiar of yours. I'm already something of a rider myself, although I aspire to no such place as chief scorcher."

Weinson finally agreed to my plan, although, as I could see, without much heart. It was settled that I should purchase for him a second-hand wheel, and the next evening give him a few lessons in the yard in the rear of our store.

I bought an Ironclad of 1897 for Weinson the next day, and after two evenings of practice we decided to make a road trial on the first dark night. The roving moon was shut out by thick clouds.

Early in the evening Weinson hired a boy to ride his wheel to the outskirt of the town



and hold it until his arrival. I met him at the appointed place at 9:30, and we began our first effort under my plan to drive off the red shadow demon.

Weinson was extremely nervous, and it was only after half a dozen false mounts and much biting of the dust that he finally made a start. Once started, however, a spirit of absolute recklessness seemed to take full possession of him. He rode like mad, and with as steady a poise as any expert. It required all my power to keep near him. We rushed along through the cool evening air mile after mile along the smooth country road, Weinson about thirty or forty yards ahead of me.

I had just shouted to him that we had better return, when there was a crash and I was just able to dismount before mingling myself with what was already a mass of wheels and humanity wriggling in the dust of the road. When I had extricated the remains of two wheels, it was at first difficult to distinguish Weinson from his fellow-unfortunate, but before I could give assistance to either both slowly rose.

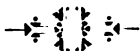
One was a woman.

As they stood there, close together, the clouds parted and the moon shone through.

Weinson's shadow was as black as mine.

Well, she's Mrs. Weinson now, and Weinson has gone back to Faudevie at his old work. They ride a tandem, and since that fateful night have never had an accident, I believe. I visit them often, and the professor

and I discuss the mystery of the red shadow,  
but the mystery is no nearer a solution than it  
was on that night when the untrustworthy  
moon first revealed it to me.



## WOMAN.

---

ALMONT BARNES.

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**M**ORE gracious than the morning full of light  
And dew and twitter of awakening birds;  
More tender than the evening, when the bright  
Lights shine in homes near which night's ghost-  
flock herds  
Until the answering lamps in heaven are set;  
More winsome than the low-voiced rivulet  
'Mid stones that, kissed, release it from its stay  
Reluctant, full of chiding and soft fret;  
Aye, dearer is she to our lives alway,  
Whether we dream by night or strive by day,  
If we remember or if we forget.  
For every loving kindness of her's girds  
Our souls in strength is better to us far  
Than other joys indrawn from all things are.

## AN INVOLUNTARY HERO.

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FRANK SAVAGE.

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**W**HAT I relate are facts which actually befell me. The greatest cavalry battle ever fought on the American continent took place at Brandy Station on June 9, 1863. At early dawn the Federal advance guard crossed the Rappanhannock and charged our outposts with such vigor that they entered our camp at their heels. Most of my regiment (Sixth Virginian) had turned their horses out the evening before, and not more than fifty of us were prepared to mount. The fifty men were quickly mounted, formed and ordered to charge. Not a moment was to be lost, as some of the enemy's advance was in our artillery camp.

I was the unfortunate possessor of an untamed Bucephalus that no rider on earth could control. I had experienced this on three former occasions. But what could I do, charge or not charge? That was the question. Although I knew full well that my wild charger would lead the van, of course I must charge. In our front was a heavily wooded forest of pine shrub and black jack, through which ran a narrow country road. No time was to be lost, therefore there was little ceremony. The usual commands—trot! march! gallop! charge!—were omitted, and the gallant

Shumate, who mustered the fifty, simply yelled, "Charge!" and away we flew down the winding road through the dark forest, all yelling like Indians.

My horse bowed his neck, and placing his mouth against his breast, away he fairly flew. What could I do? Pull off the road I could not; stop I could not. Away he went. I looked around, but there was no one in sight. We had left the others far behind. I knew that in a few seconds one solitary cavalryman would be rushing into the midst of the foe. One moment more, and I saw drawn up across my path a double line of Federal cavalry. It may be, I thought, they will see my predicament and let me through; it may be that they will not fire, but how could they know that my horse was running away?

They must have thought the devil was coming, for up went at least one hundred carbines, a crash, a cloud of smoke, and with one terrific plunge and groan my steed fell in the woods, pierced by several balls. How I escaped God only knows. In a few moments I heard our boys coming down the road. A volley from the Federal line, but onward they went, and I, mounting a horse belonging to a lieutenant of Company H, who was killed here, joined in. We broke this regiment—the Eighth New York—Lieut. Owing Alling killing its brave commander, Col. Davis. Then came the Eighth Illinois, and quicker than some of us came we went.

That night, after the battle was over—for it

lasted all day—the boys overwhelmed me with compliments. Never saw such a dash! such courage! Charles O'Malley! Murat! and so on. But what was the laughter and merriment when I innocently remarked: "Confound it, boys, my horse ran away with me."



## I AM A KING.

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MRS. CHARLES B. FOOTE.

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**I** AM a king.

My palace is a tent;  
Of scepters I have two,  
My rifle and this rod of light bamboo;  
My kingdom is the forest's wide extent.

My minstrel choir,  
A thousand tuneful larks,  
Who wake their sovereign with harmonious sounds;  
My clown, this crippled crow; my ministers,  
My steed and yonder brace of hounds.

I have no foes;  
My subjects dwell at ease,  
And furnish willing tribute to my court;  
My deer possess these mountain wuds in peace,  
On that blue lake my happy wild fowl sport.

We fear no plots,  
My loyal court and I;  
In safety we lie down.  
Quite easy rests the head that wears the crown.  
Where is the monarch envies not King I?

## KEENAN'S CHARGE.

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**W**ITH clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,  
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,  
And strong brown faces bravely pale  
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,  
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close  
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came  
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;  
Rode in and sabred and shot and fell;  
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.  
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall  
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,  
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung  
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line; ay, whole platoons,  
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,  
By the maddened horses were onward borne  
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;  
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side,  
So they rode until there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,  
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death salute  
From the cannons in place; for, heroes, you braved  
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

The above stanzas are selected from an almost forgotten poem descriptive of an incident in the battle of Chancellorsville. "Stonewall" Jackson's veterans surprised Hooker's right after sunset at Chancellorsville. This wing of the army rolled back upon itself with frightful loss and confusion. For a time the worst fears were entertained by those who were in immediate command of the Union forces. At this moment Major Keenan, with about 300 cavalry, was ordered to the charge "to hold the enemy back at all cost" until the guns, then "parked on the hill," were "placed" to save the army. The order was well understood by this brave officer, and immediately executed, three hundred against "twice ten thousand gallant foes." Keenan's command was annihilated, "nor came back one his wounds to tell."

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

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**S**HE was romantic. Her father was a millionaire, whose life had been devoted to sausage making. He was practical naturally, but all the poetry of the family was centered in her. She was beloved by another millionaire's son, but she had been reading romance and stuff, and when he proposed to her she declared he must do something poetical for her.

"Dearest, what can I do?"

"Become a poor artist."

"I couldn't be any other kind of an artist."

"I mean you must intend to become a poor artist. Pa does not know you. You must come and make love to me and I will fall in love with you. Pa will object and make a row. We will elope and get married, and when it is all over we'll tell him, and it will be delightful."

And so he became a poor artist and took a poor studio and daubed on canvas and pretended to paint pictures. And another millionaire's daughter began to come to his studio and sitting for her picture. In those delightful tête-à-têtes he forgot all about the romantic maiden, and when the romantic maiden came one night in peasant costume as a sweet surprise to run away with him she found he was married to the other girl and had gone off on his honeymoon. She thinks that romances are all lies now, and that nothing happens in real life as it happens in books.

## OUT OF THE QUESTION.

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BERNARD GALLOWAY.

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"THE kind of girl I shall marry?" questioned Harry Jackson of his friend. "Why, yes, I know just as well the kind of girl I shall marry as if I were engaged to her now." And he half closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair.

"She must be tall and graceful, a perfect hostess, one who is eminently fitted to sit at the head of my table and entertain my guests. She must be bright, accomplished, of ready wit, but not all intellect—deliver me from a woman who is all brain—she must be an accomplished linguist, and know about art and music; in fact, everything that makes a woman a social success.

"Of course I want her to have a good disposition. I shall not have to marry a woman for money, for I have plenty of that. I want some one to grace my home. Of course, a woman who has done anything toward her own support would be out of the question!" Harry daintily brushed the ashes from his cigar and waited for his friend to speak.

They were both young men of fashion, dressed in white flannel, sitting on the piazza of a great fashionable hotel.

"I can see the future Mrs. Jackson," his friend laughed, "though I can't for the life of me see why you object to a woman's earn-



ing her livelihood if she has to. You know there are too many changes of fortune. Why, one of the most charming girls I know——”

“Pshaw!” interrupted Harry. “I know to whom you refer, and you think she is sighing a little for me. Well, Eleanor Platts may be a stunner, but the very fact that she takes pupils kills her for me.”

The other young man blushed a little and his eyes burned with a brighter light as he replied:

“Miss Platts has shown herself a heroine. In the face of society she has risen to an emergency. Her father’s failure was an honorable one, and when he died she refused to be dependent upon that querulous, miserly aunt, and consequently was cut off from her will. By the way, she is here as Marion Ellis’ guest.”

There was a little pause. Harry laughed and soon the two strolled off toward Harry’s yacht.

The young girl just around the corner of the house from where they had been sitting clasped her hands tightly together, pressed her lips, and an angry flush spread over her face. Then the ridiculousness of the whole thing came over her, and she smiled in spite of the hurt that would make itself felt.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Robert Evelyn was surprised to see his friend Harry devoting himself to the very girl he had sneered at that afternoon.

Eleanor was dazzlingly beautiful that night.

She was dressed in pure white, her cheeks were flushed, her deep brown eyes shone with a happy light, and her lips were parted in a smile as she circled around the room with Harry for a partner.

"Ah, she has always loved him," thought Robert, bitterly. "And Harry loved her, I believe, before her father failed. Poor girl! How little she knows that he is trifling with her, the scoundrel!"

After the waltz Harry and Eleanor promenaded slowly up and down the hall.

"I have not seen you for two years," he said.

"No, not since papa died. You have been abroad. Did you enjoy sightseeing?" she replied.

"Immensely, though Paris suits me best to live in. You used to like Italy."

"Yes, and Italy has served me to good advantage. I have pupils in singing and Italian you know."

Harry winced a little. She was so beautiful and charming that he had almost forgotten. Besides, if he did amuse himself now he might be forgiven, for he used to know her so well. He had fancied himself quite in love. She had served for all his ideals, except for her absurdity in being independent of her relatives.

Robert watched them and sighed. He had long loved Eleanor, but his fortune was so small compared with Harry's, and Eleanor deserved so much that he had decided to withdraw from the list of suitors. If she could win

Harry back there was nothing for him to do but bear it.

The days went on. She was by far the most charming and the cleverest girl at the hotel. No amateur theatricals were successful without her, nor, in fact, was anything undertaken unless she would help.

As the season drew to a close Harry was her constant cavalier. She accepted his devotions with a smile, and he had almost come to the conclusion that it did not matter after all. If he should marry her, it would only be restoring her to her rightful position.

On the last night the guests had arranged for an impromptu entertainment. Eleanor was in demand on every hand.

Between a farce and a piano solo she stole out to the piazza to sit a moment in the cool night air. Some one stood before her—it was Harry.

"I have come to tell you, Eleanor, that I cannot let you go without asking you to be my wife—without telling you I love you."

There was no answer. He took courage from her silence and sat down beside her.

"Dearest, you are so beautiful! And you love me, do you not?"

"No," she said, in a low, distinct voice. "No!"

He started back in amazement.

"Why! I thought—I used to think—you know we used to be——"

"Yes; before my father died. I know we

were good friends. That is all. I never loved you."

"Then you have trifled with me," he interrupted, in an indignant tone.

"I supposed it was out of the question for you to marry any girl who had done anything toward her support. And it is utterly out of the question for me to think of marrying you," and she left him and went in, for it was her turn to sing.

Robert had seen Eleanor go out on the piazza and he saw Harry follow her. He felt that his fears were realized, and, noticing nothing, sat lost in thought.

Then he heard Eleanor singing. How beautiful was her deep contralto voice as it rose and fell in the Italian love song! She was so beautiful; so near, yet so far, from him.

The song ended. She was called back, then recalled. How fond every one was of her! Well, he must learn to bear his disappointment.

Hark, she was singing again. It was only "Auld Robin Gray," yet how she sang it.

And she was looking at him full in the face. He could not bear it; he was thankful it was the last on the programme; while people were crowding around her and congratulating her not only on her singing, but perhaps on her engagement, he would steal out into the darkness.

In a deserted corner of the piazza he found Harry sitting alone. In the darkness he could just see that his face was buried in his hands.

He turned back and met Eleanor in the hall, alone and radiantly beautiful. She slipped her hand in his arm, saying: "Do you mind walking a moment with me? It looks so refreshingly cool in the starlight."

Robert's heart beat violently. Could it be possible she had refused Harry? And how tender her manner seemed toward him.

"We go to-morrow," she said, after a little pause. "Our beautiful Summer is over."

"Are you sorry?" he murmured, his soul in his eyes.

She looked up. At her faint smile he caught her in his arms.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! I love you so! Can you—do you——"

For an answer a soft arm stole around his neck.

"How blind you have been," she whispered.

"I thought you loved Harry," he said.

"Oh, no," she replied. "That is absurdly out of the question."





A RACE AGAINST FATE.

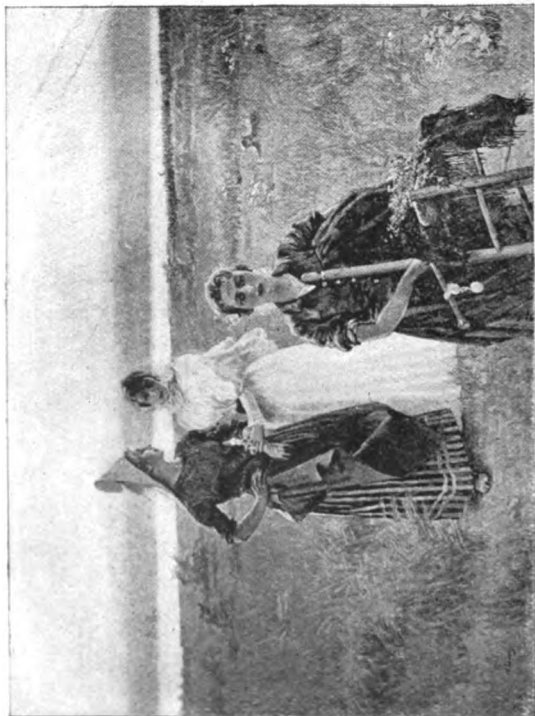


AN ARMISTICE IN LOVE.



WHAT WILL HE THINK ?





CONVALESCENCE.

## AS IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN.

E. A. REAMU.

**A**N afternoon tea was in progress, and I could not help hearing the following conversation—in fact, I did not try:

"To think that four people would do such a thing! And especially after such an affair!" said the girl who had not spent her whole life in the quiet town of J-----

"Perfectly shocking!" ejaculated Mrs. Proper.

"And what is this all about? Who was the girl with Miss Norris?" inquired Miss Broadmind.

"Why, Ethel Brown. One of the boys told me about it. He was passing and saw them; and, of course, he was disgusted, too. One of the fellows was his cousin!" said the girl.

"And to think that Miss Norris comes here to conduct a Y. M. C. A. entertainment and then after the last performance goes out for a— — What is it that Mr. Proper calls it?— Oh, a blow-out—with those young people! She is old enough to know better!"

"Yes, she is old," observed Miss Young, who had been an attentive listener.

"You know, of course, that they had a *champagne* supper?" said the first speaker, turning triumphantly to Miss Broadmind.

"And have you never been out to a champagne supper—in New York?" queried the latter, her eyes twinkling.

"Well—no—" the girl blushed. "At least—not champagne."

## JIM'S GRAVE.

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BELLE HUNT.

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**I**T was Decoration day in a great Eastern city. Spindles and looms were hushed, stores and offices closed, and the busy working world at rest and freedom. This was God's day—the day of His dead; America's day—the day of her heroes; the Union's day—the day of her defenders; yea, Dixie's day—and the day of her martyrs! For did they not all suffer and die alike, according to conviction? Was the young life of a rebel worth less to his land—and his mother—than that of his brother or cousin who lived north of Mason and Dixon's line and wore a blue uniform instead of a gray one? Were they not "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Summer and Winter?" And was it not high time, as well as a beautiful reassortment of humanity, that all such separateness of interests were forgotten, and the ugly scar of its former existence covered up with flowers?

It was late in the afternoon. The great city was almost deserted, for its responsive millions had flowed forth to the silent, pleading cemeteries, laden with blossoms for the sleepers; heart's-ease and forget-me-nots. The ceremonies were over, and the murmuring, surg-

ing tide turned homeward. In front, the Grand Army of the Republic bristled and towered, with ribbons and medals on uniformed breasts; the President of these United—yes, united—States, with cabinet officers in gubernatorial splendor; the Governor and his staff, scarcely less magnificent; scarred veterans, gray-haired and tremulous, buoyed up almost to second youth by fife and drum and marshalled pageantry; military companies, rank and file, knapsack, canteen, rifle and accoutred belt, with dusty feet and flushed, tired faces, surface signs of the inward significance of war, discipline, duty, muster and forced marches; mayor, council and aldermen, in staid municipal dignity; mounted police force; distinguished citizens; casual lookers on in public cab, chatting and laughing, forgetting that Decoration day means aught but flowers and holiday; and then the people—eager, pushing, crowding, jamming; the mob and rabble, striving, perspiring, toward street car and open highway.

Off from the line of march, upon the dusty roadside, was an old woman crying. Her dress was shabby, hands bare and toil-hardened, her teeth gone, her thin, gray hair disordered. Tears of to-day ran down the beaten track of many yesterdays. And so she sat and wept, while the great people marched, bands played, gayly caparisoned horses pranced and the rabble shrieked and pushed.

A child looked from a carriage window; a pink-cheeked, well-dressed girl of 9 or 10

years of age. There was none in the carriage except herself and a middle-aged nurse woman. Higher up the little face rose over the wheels, a flutter of yellow curls, blue ribbons and broad hat brim, and imperiously above the noise of men and wheels a shrill, sweet childish voice called, "Stop!" She must have been a spoiled child, for the solemn driver obeyed instantly. The nurse remonstrated, but the big hat bobbed up and down determinedly, and two eager little hands gesticulated toward the old woman. The carriage turned out of the road, the footman leapt down and opened the door, and a bundle of white skirts, black hose, blue ribbons and yellow curls fluttered over and around the old woman.

"What makes you cry?"

"They didn't put no posies on Jim's grave!" the cracked, pathetic voice answered.

"Who's Jim?"

"My Jim——"

"Was he a soldier?"

"Yes. I knowed it warnt fur no good—" (by this time a crowd had gathered around the speakers)—"when he 'listed, says I, 'Oh, Jeems, don't go! They'll only put you pore boys in front fur the rebels to shoot at. Thar's plenty more soldiers in York. You're all I got; don't go, Jimmie.' But he would go. He had got buttons an' stripes in his eye, an' off he put, almos' fore I could git his clothes fixed. An' I never seen him no more! He got killed in the fust battle he fit, an' now they

don't think enough of him to put no posies on his grave!" with renewed sobbing.

The child stood like an avenging goddess, her head thrown up, looking at the approaching column.

"Where's his grave?" she asked, tears on her cheeks which started in pity and rolled off in righteous indignation.

"It's off a bit to itself."

The child interrupted her: "That's the reason," she said, "they didn't see it."

She sprang to the main road, where the police had cleared passage for the procession. Up the open aisle she sped, like a bird skimming the ground, and was right in front of the Grand Marshal before any one could stop her, her hat, fallen off, suspended on her shoulders by its ribbons, the tears still dashed on her flushed cheeks.

"Stop!" she cried, and the Grand Marshal obeyed, else she would have been trampled to death under his horse's feet. Something in the child's air told him that what she had to say was worth hearing. The column behind had halted, and jerked; heads had been thrust out of carriage windows and orderlies galloped on ahead. The bands stopped playing, the people listened to hear what the matter was, and the Grand Marshal's horse pranced and fretted, while his rider asked:

"What do you want?"

"You forgot a grave!" a clear, small voice replied.

"Whose grave?"

"Jim's!"

"What do you mean?"

"Jim —, I don't know his other name, but his mother does. There she sits crying because you didn't put any flowers on his grave. Jim was a soldier. I told her you didn't mean to slight her. Jim has a right to flowers on his grave, and—" ready to cry, but still undaunted—"you'll have to go back and put some on it!"

Then there was a yell! Such a yell of applause!—the voice of the people, the keynote of our great democratic constitution!

The Grand Marshal called his orderly, and a whispered conversation took place. The orderly lifted the child to his pommel and galloped across to the old woman. Her tottering, ill-clad form was helped into the carriage with the child. Beside them rode the orderly, and behind them the Grand Marshal, reining in to suit to their slower gait his restive, prancing charger. The line of march reversed, the bands resumed their playing, and back it crept—the Grand Army of the Republic—to "put some posies on Jim's grave."



## GUILT HAS A TONGUE OF ITS OWN.

### A Study in the Subtleties of Love and Jealousy.

*(Adapted from the French.)*

THE light of the lamp had grown dim, but neither of them had noticed it. Arthur was gazing fixedly at a vivid, ardent flame in the fireplace; Helen contemplating a vacillating flame near by, now blue, now rose, that escaped like a capricious will-o'-the-wisp from a partially consumed log.

At length Arthur broke the silence.

"Did you have many visitors to-day?" he asked.

"Quite a number—there were Mrs. Schuyler, Henry Farrington, old Mr. Cheyne, Bessie Murray——"

"And who else?"

"No one particularly—the usual assortment of every Tuesday, but Bessie——"

"Well, what about Bessie?"

"She was peculiar—pale, seemingly ill and agitated, but in spite of all, prettier even than usual. While speaking on indifferent topics she feverishly tore bits off the lace on her dress; then, all of a sudden, she drew closer to me and took my hands in hers.

" 'Do you believe,' she asked, 'that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?' "

"What did you answer?"

"Nothing—astonishment kept me mute, and



even now I am still striving to find out just what Bessie meant."

"Her meaning is evident enough. Your friend is neglected by her husband and greatly courted in society. She is yet innocent, but has reached that point where a woman needs a confidant to hold her back from the edge of the abyss or to excuse her if she slips thereon."

"Poor Bessie—poor Bessie," and Helen returned to her contemplation of the red and blue flames on the hearth. Then, bestowing on her husband a look of ineffable tenderness, she went on: "How happy I am, my Arthur, for your love for me is still unchanged."

"Yes, my darling."

"They say, though, that happiness is a myth, yet it seems to me that God must have given it to all, only we do not know how to keep it—and, generally, in a family, it is the husband who is its guardian. Arthur, you have nothing to say?"

"Because I agree with you, my dear Helen. You talk like a good book."

"Then I bore you—so much the worse. I shall continue; if Bessie's husband had remained faithful to her, they would both still be happy. Why have his feelings changed for one so lovely and so good? Explain to me what it is that makes a husband cease to love his wife."

"What a child you are!"

"Truly? All I see and hear around me in society astonishes me more and more each

day; and, often, I regret having left my country home. There, Bessie would not have been neglected."

"Still harping on Bessie! Did you receive no other visitors as interesting? It is one of the pleasures of people of the world to view, as in a magic lantern, the eccentric types of humanity."

"I saw Marie, who told me something extraordinary, almost incredible, and yet it seems it is true."

"Tell me what was."

"It is a clairvoyant story. I laughed over it at first, as you are doing now, but I ended by trembling."

"We shall see if I am as impressionable."

"The clairvoyant of whom I speak—a woman—lives in an obscure quarter of the city, and, it appears, can read your thoughts accurately and even those of persons not present, if she is given a lock of their hair."

"Bosh!"

"She told Marie how to find some lace that had been stolen from her----"

"Mere chance!"

"And spoke to her of a secret known only to herself."

"A woman never possesses a secret known only to herself."

"She revealed to her those of her husband —"

"Often there are mysteries that are such for none save those most directly interested."

"In spite of what you say I quite long to

go and consult that woman. Suppose I take her a lock of your hair?"

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Please let me, dear Arthur. It would be such fun. I'll tell you everything she says."

"No; I don't desire any fun of that sort."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"'Because' is not an answer. It is what we apply to children whose curiosity we do not wish to satisfy."

"What you ask is improper."

"Improper! For what reason? I do not understand you."

"You understand nothing! It seems to me, though, that three years of city life ought to have somewhat sharpened your wits."

"Oh, Arthur! How can two persons who love each other have anything to fear from clairvoyants? You believe in them, then?"

"I believe in the credulity of women."

"Arthur, I beseech you, let me cut a lock of your hair."

"I forbid you."

Silence reigns in the drawing room. Helen is deeply distressed. Mechanically she looks toward the fire, but its flames are gone, it is almost out, and from the midst of its ashes rise images and voices that remind her of the past. As one in a dream she gazes and listens.

First it is the old home that appears to her and all her childhood is seen again. Then, grown older, her mother speaks to her of Arthur, their neighbor in the country—of Ar-

thur, who had already found favor in her sight and to whom she is soon married. She sees him then her devoted lover, with no thought save hers, adoring her youthful ignorances and her belief in goodness.

"It is you," he says, "who are right, and my past life seems to me now an evil dream; but you will make me better, and together we shall find happiness—a happiness that will last forever."

The months passed by. She is in their new city home, in the midst of the fashionable world. Several of its audacious frequenters pay court to her. Now before Helen passes the face of Bessie, and the words she spoke resound strangely in her tired brain:

"Do you believe that a woman who has been deeply loved can live without love?"

It seems to Helen many long days since yesterday, and even that her surroundings have undergone a change. To escape from her illusion and return to reality she whispers:

"Arthur—Arthur——"

"Well?"

But that voice that used to reassure her only augments her uneasiness, for she no longer recognizes it. Again she takes refuge in her thoughts. Why does he not wish her to consult the clairvoyant? Why? Why?

Her heart beats violently and a sharp pang assails it; doubt is entering therein. If Arthur were false? If he were like Bessie's husband?

Who can have stolen Arthur from her? She is trying to think. Can it be Ethel God-

dard, or is it that little Mrs. Warburton? She is suffocating, her throat tightens, her lips are dry and burning. The light of the lamp vacillates. The old tapestries are of a sudden clearly shown, then fall again into shadow. The chairs brighten here and there by gleams that fall on the gilding of their frames, seem to move queerly around Helen, whose brain is reeling. She is frightened at herself, for while thinking of a rival, she feels herself no longer a responsible being, capable even of a crime.

It is thus, then, that one becomes criminal through excessive suffering. But is she crazy? What proves that Arthur is false? She cannot live with such a doubt. She must know, and will know. Why not consult the clair-voyant?

She rises, supports herself by the furniture to keep from falling, and looks earnestly at Arthur, who, plunged in a brown study, does not see her. Of whom is he thinking? Of that other woman? She walks softly over the thick carpet and looks for her scissors in her workbox. Now she draws nearer to the young man, her gaze riveted on a lock of his hair. She could so quickly cut that lock, were it not for the loud beating of her heart. It makes more noise than the clock. Arthur will hear it and turn quickly around. No; he remains motionless—still thinking.

Suddenly he starts and utters a cry. Helen runs off, the lock of hair between her fingers. Her eyes look defiant, but she tries to laugh.

He does not laugh; his face has grown pale; fear and rage beset him.

"I order you immediately to return me that hair," says he.

"No; I will not obey."

"Then I will use force."

He strives to grasp Helen; she escapes him, running around chairs and tables. Then she takes a jewel casket, locks the hair within, and flinging the key far away, tries to fly to her bedroom.

But an iron hand falls upon her and a frightful face approaches hers. The wrists of the young wife are pressed as in a vise; the pain is intolerable there - just the place where Arthur had always put his lips.

Then the casket slips to the floor; the husband seizes it, breaks it open with a kick of his boot, takes out the stolen lock of hair and throws it into the fire.

Helen, half senseless, sees it burn.

"What does it matter now?" she sadly murmurs; "the clairvoyant has spoken."



## QUEER INDIAN NAMES.

---

**T**HE red man has gone, but he has left many remembrances behind him, notably among these being the names of numerous rivers and places. Most of those given in the list below are in New England, but all are familiar to readers throughout the United States:

Memphremagog—Lake of abundance.

Chicopee—Birch-bark place.

Skowhegan—Spearing.

Chautauqua—Foggy place.

Adirondacks—Iroquois name of the Algonquin, signifying "He eats bark."

Damariscotta—Alewife place.

Cocheco—Very rapid or violent; applied to falls or rapids on various streams.

Ammonoosuc—Fish story river.

Menan—Island.

Aroostook—Good river.

Nashua—Between (the rivers).

Winooski—Beautiful stone river.

Housatonic—Stream beyond the mountains.

Massachusetts—About the great hills.

Pawtuxet—At the little falls.

Saranac—River that flows under a rock.

Pemigewasse—Crooked place of pines.

Merrimac—Swift water.

Winnipisiogee—Land of the beautiful lake.

Shetucket—The land between the rivers.

Quinaboug—Long pond.

Cochituate—Land on or near falls or rapid streams.

Katandin—The highest place.

Nahant—At the point.

Ossippee—Strong river.

Wiscasset—Place of yellow pine.

Monadnock—The spirit's place.

Piscataqua—Great deer river.

Cohasset—Place of pines.

Kearsarge—Pine mountain.

Quinsigamond—Fishing place for pickerel.

Passamaquady—Great place for pollock.

Contoocook—Crow river.

Norwalk—The middle land (a tract between two rivers).

Kennebunk—Long water place.

Wachusett—The mountain.

Umbagog—Clear lake.

Coos—Place of pines.

Kennebec—Long lake.

Pawtucket—At the falls.

Norridgewock—Place of deer.

Casco—Crane.

Passumpsic—Much clear river.

Sagadahoc—Ending place, i. e., mouth of the Kennebec.



## SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

---

**S**HE went downstairs to put him out and when she reached the parlor, where he was sitting with her daughter, she put on her most withering look and said:



"Do you think you're already married to my daughter, young man?"

"I do not, madam," he cheerfully answered. "for if I did I should know that in addition to possessing a beautiful wife I should have a most charming and estimable mother-in-law."

Women are changeable creatures; she didn't put him out after all.

---

## TOOT YOUR HORN ANYWAY.

---

(Atlanta Constitution.)

**I**F you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a-goin'!  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a-goin'!  
'Taint no use to sit an' whine  
When the fish ain't on your line;  
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—  
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,  
Keep a-goin'!  
When you tumble from the top,  
Keep a-goin'!  
S'pose you're out o' every dime?  
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;  
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!  
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-goin'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-goin'!  
See the wild birds on the wing!  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!  
When you feel like singin'—sing!  
Keep a-goin'!

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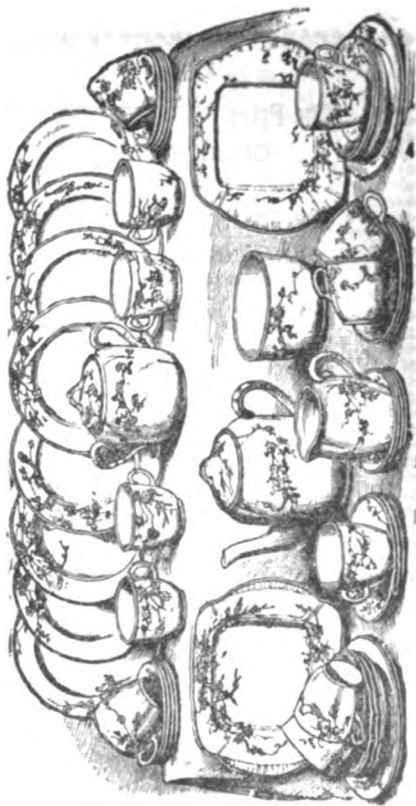
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# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.



**Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.**

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*Helen Markoe:*

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

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I will be pleased to send important information privately to any lady reader of *Penny Magazine* who writes to me for it. Address

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# Whither Goest Thou?

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- 6. Your Love Affairs and Marriage; Children.**
- 7. Your Friends and Enemies.**
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The Penny Magazine is striving not more to **MAKE** friends than to **KEEP** friends. Consequently it gives premiums that are worth having. Of the many fine premiums it has distributed this year, three have been pre-eminently satisfactory and, therefore, successful. These three premiums have been: 1st.—The Ladies' Silver Chatelaine Watch, given for twenty subscriptions; second, The Gordon Bicycle Saddle, given for ten subscriptions, and third, The Ray, Jr., Camera, given with complete outfit for twenty-five subscriptions. Here they are:



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**Box 3032 N.M.**

**NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**

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Published Every Month in America and Europe.

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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME V

NUMBER 1

---

JUNE, 1898.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*





Three butterflies from school are we.

Little silk cocoons, i.e.,

We learned to dress, the thing I guess:

At our Academy.

## FORGIVEN.

---

SARAH A. BARKLEY.

---

**“HARK!** What was that?”

She was lying on the sofa, where she had been quietly weeping, although supposed to be taking a nap, while her husband read the evening papers.

It was a fierce night out of doors, and any mortal would have to be brave indeed to face the elements, but above the howl of the wind and pelt of the rain she heard a faint cry, which brought back only too vividly thoughts of their own baby Mabel, whom they had laid to rest only one short week before.

“Hark! Did you hear that cry?” as the wail rose again above the noise of wind and rain.

He was very pale, but he opened the door, and upon the steps found a basket containing a baby, apparently some months younger than their own lost darling. A note pinned to its dress read:

“The child’s name is Marie. I shall watch until she is discovered, and if you will let her take the place of your baby, place a light in the window, and I shall feel that God has forgiven me.”

She had taken the baby into her arms while he read the note, and at the end of the reading she looked up with streaming eyes and said pleadingly, “Won’t you set the light in the window, Charles?”

And the light shone brightly all night.



## THE APE AND THE THINKER.

OWEN WISTER.

[*Reprinted.*]

**R**EVOLVING deeply as he went  
The controversy of Descent,  
A Thinker chanced upon an Ape,  
And after sundry meditations  
Engendered by the creature's shape,  
Exclaimed: "There's surely something in it!  
This is no theory of the minute,  
And you and I must be relations."

The monkey closed one weary lid,  
And "Nay," he muttered, "God forbid!"  
"What!" cried the man, "you with your tail,  
So humble in the social scale,  
Say this? My friend, have you reflected  
How good 'tis to be well connected?  
Or else, if this world you despise,  
And on the next one fix your eyes,  
In such case, what have you to hope for?  
For if the Scriptures are correct,  
Life here is all you can expect.  
Your good deeds by no angel hoarded,  
You die forever unrewarded.  
If Darwin's right, the soul I grope for  
Is in some measure shared by you,  
And thus we twain walk hand in hand,  
Joint tenants of the Promised Land."

"I firmly trust that is not true,"  
Rephed the melancholy beast;  
"I've come to know the world at least,  
And something also of your race;  
And where among I have discerned  
One human heart that sometimes burned  
In pity for a brother's woe,  
One man, confronted face to face

With troubles other than his own,  
 Who found the time to pause and spend  
 Some costly moments for a friend  
 Not deep, sad eyes devised for show,  
 Not easy sympathy, well told,  
 Nor chilly gift of naked gold;  
 But moments he might ne'er regain.  
 Yet squandered them in cheerfulness  
 To heal some heart, to ease some moan  
 For one, I say, to whom distress  
 Spoke and he turned, I have found ten  
 That marked the human cry of pain  
 And looked, but never looked again,  
 Cold selfishness comes not in heaven;  
 Sooner are hot sins there forgiven.  
 Therefore," the Ape said, "on the whole  
 I hope we monkeys have no soul.  
 For, mark me, we could never live  
 Happy with your alternative;  
 You with your souls may win salvation,  
 But soulless Apes have no damnation."



## THANKSGIVING IN JUNE.

MAUD SCOFIELD REESON.

**M**IDSUMMER'S sun, and not the wintry beam;  
 A sky that scorches, not the fitful gleam  
 Of sad November sere;  
 June-time in calendar and in my heart;  
 And yet, a paradox will I impart—  
 Thanksgiving-time is here!

O Love! could I subscribe to any creed,  
 That I might bow the knee and tell my bead,  
 And benediction sue,  
 And supplicate, in earnest, prostrate prayer  
 God's benison upon you everywhere,  
 And, last, thank God for you!

## THE FIRST DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

CLARA LIVINGSTONE.

**I**N these camera days, when objects are so easily ours by a sort of volt-face, the omission of a picture is sometimes a grace—a restraint some vacationist will appreciate, affording an amateur a snap-shot at first hand.

There is an epitaph in the churchyard at Concord, N. H., which is a lesson in history as well as a reminder that the seeds which sprang up and flourished as our nation's liberty tree were as universal as immortal, and that the thoughts which the few framed in our creed of freedom were alive in the breasts of humbler brethren.

Who can say but that the unknown composer of this witty epitaph helped in the Declaration of Independence? Some leisurely S. or D. A. R. may like to trace the connection. To have written these quaint lines would be an honor to crave for an ancestor, and it would seem an easy task to fix the authorship in a place like Concord, N. H.

The lines are:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves.  
I will as God wills; God's will be done."

"Here lies the body of  
John Jack,

A native of Africa, who died  
March, 1773, aged about 80 years.  
Though born in a land of slavery,  
He was born free;

Though he lived in a land of liberty,  
He lived a slave,  
Till, by his honest, though stolen, labor  
He acquired the source of slavery,  
Which gave him his freedom,  
Though not long before  
Death, the grand tyrant,  
Gave him his final emancipation.  
And put him on a footing with kings.  
Though a slave to vice  
He practised those virtues  
Without which kings are but slaves."



R. S. V. P.

OGDEN WARD.

**W**HY doesn't a woman CROSS the street  
when she starts to, instead of stopping in  
the middle of it, to the confusion of Christen-  
dom?

**W**HY does a man tear down the ferry-slip  
like mad, only to discover the boat is coming  
IN?

**W**HY is it that "new" women are invari-  
ably so old?

**W**HY does a man always go limping around  
the room on one foot when, as a matter of  
fact, he has only pounded his FINGER?

**W**HY is it people who can sing won't sing,  
while those who can't sing are bound to sing?

**W**HY does the pretty girl to whom you of-  
fer your seat in the car invariably offer it, in  
turn, to the homely one accompanying her?

**W**HY does the mite of a man with only  
half a seat in the car always get up and give  
it to some fat freak?

**W**HY do we buy things we don't want just  
because they are "cheap."

## LOVE'S YOUTH.

E. A. REAMU.

**H**ER love was young—but she did not realize it.  
The man was her ideal and she was good.  
The trees, the birds, the breezes, whispered "Love,  
Love! LOVE!!"—for love was young.  
The man went away, and the maid waited in sweet  
impatience for his return. He could not stay  
away long she thought, and blushed.  
Lies of love she heard again, and kisses were stolen  
in her dreams.  
So she sang and waited.  
One day somebody was kind enough to tell her that  
he had been in the neighborhood recently.  
"And he has not been near me," she sighed.  
Thus love received its first pang—a bitter one.  
When the man came back and she forgave him, the  
youth of love had passed forever.



## O SEND ME A DREAM.

ISABEL DARLING.

**O** SEND me a beautiful dream, dear one;  
For life is a wearisome care,  
And sorrows lie thick in the path we tread,  
O send me a joy to share!  
O send me a beautiful dream, dear one,  
A dream of my desolate years!  
For then, like the glory of Heaven, you came  
And shone through the mist of my tears.  
O send me a beautiful dream, dear one!  
The evening is hovering nigh,  
O send me a dream by the angel, Sleep,  
A dream of the by and by!

## SYMBOLS.

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ANNA E. GUMMER.

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**A** TRAVELER is passing along a country road. His thoughts are not pleasant. Somehow his life has not been a success.

By the roadside he pauses to examine a daisy.

"Beautiful!" he murmurs. "So white, innocent, even intelligent-looking. A symbol of purity!"

He raises his eyes and they are attracted by a black-eyed Susan. Quickly he moves a few steps forward to look at it more closely.

"Charming coquette, how brilliant you are!" Lingering a few moments, he is lost in admiration; then he glances back at the white daisy. It stands erect! He cannot see the heart—only some points of purity edging its dress of green. The dignified bearing repels his admiration.

This little blonde flower reminds him of a past. Then the smile from a coquette had made it impossible for him to go back.

As he is leaving their tiny world he glares angrily at Susan.

Again he pauses to look back at the flower of purity, but it is as unbending as ever. Between them is the brunette with alluring smile and abundant heart.

Another wave of disgust passes over him as

he continues his weary way.

He will not travel over this road again, but perhaps on his tiresome journey he may see another white daisy as perfect as the one he has passed. At any rate, he will try to find one!

So he whistles hopefully.



## MEMORY.

J. A. EDGERTON.

**M**Y soul is far away to-day  
In the land of Memory;  
Far away by the shore of the Nevermore,  
'Mid the scenes of the Used-to-be.

There is naught but sorrow and anguish here,  
But sorrow and anguish and dread.  
The sunshine is lost in the gulf of the Past,  
In the Past and the land of the dead.

So my soul is far away to-day  
In the regions of Long Ago,  
Where I catch a gleam from boyhood's dream  
And forget for a time my woe.

I feel the touch of a soft, warm hand,  
And the clasp of a fond embrace;  
And forget my pain for a moment again  
In the smile of a vanished face.

Far away in the land of the dead to-day,  
In the land where the North winds rave  
And where Northern forests wave,  
My soul has flown, and alone, alone,  
Looks down on a sunken grave.

## THE FAMILY HONOR.

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J. M. BARRIE.

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**M**UCH of the story of the Glendowie Monster, now on the tongues of all in the north who are not afraid to speak, has been born of ugly fancies since the night of September 4, 1890, when that happened which sent the country to bed with long candles for the rest of the month. I was at Glendowie Castle that night, and I heard the scream that made nigh two hundred people suddenly stand still in the dance; but of what is now being said I take no stock, thinking it damning to a noble house; and of what was said before that night I will repeat only the native gossip and the story of the children, which I take to be human, rather than the worst horror of all, as some would have it.

There are those in Glendowie who hold that this Thing has been in the castle, and there held down by chains, since the year 1200, when the wild Lady Mildred gave it birth and died of sight of it; and, in the daylight (but never before wine), they will speak the name of her lover, and so account for 1200 A.D. being known in the annals of that house, not as a year of our Lord, but as the year of the Devil. I am not sufficiently old-fashioned for such a story, and rather believe that the Thing was never in the castle until the coming



home from Africa of him who was known as the Left-Handed Earl, which happened a matter of seventy years ago. The secret manner of his coming and the oddness of his attendants, with a wild story of his clearing the house of all other servants for fifteen days, during which he was not idle, raised a crop of scandal that has not yet been cut level with the earth. To be plain, it is said by those who believe witchcraft to be done with, that the Left-Handed Earl brought the Thing from Africa, and in fifteen days had a home made for it in the castle—a home that none could find the way to save himself and a black servant, who frequently disappeared for many days at a time, yet was known always to be within whistle of his master. Men said furtively that this Thing was the heir, and again there was the Devil's shadow in the story, as if the Devil could be a woman.

Half a century ago the Left-Handed Earl died, and they will tell you of a three-days' search for a minister brave enough to pray by the open coffin, and that, in the middle of the prayer, the mourners rose to their feet and ran out of the room, because of something squatting on the corpse's chest. There are many such stories of the Thing, against which all who might have seen shut their eyes so quickly that no two drew the same likeness. But this is no great matter, for what they say they saw I will not tell, and I would that none had ever told me.

There have been four earls since then; but

if the tale of the Thing be true, not one of them lawful earls. Yet until the 4th of September, 1890, since the time of the Leit-Handed Earl, it has always been the same black servant who waited on the Thing, so that many marveled and called these two one, as they were not. Of the earls I have nothing to tell that could not be told by other men, save this, that they paced their halls by night, and have ever had an air of listening, not to what was being said to them, but as if for some sudden cry from beyond.

It is not a pretty story, except what is told of the monster's love for children; and though, until the 4th of September, 1890, I never believed what was told of the Thing and these children, I believe it now. What they say is, that it was so savage that not even the black servant could have gone within reach of it and lived; yet with children scarce strong enough to walk, save on all-fours, it would play for hours even as they played, but with a mother's care for them. There are men of all ages in these parts who hold that they were with it in their childhood and loved it, though now they shudder at a picture they recall. I think, but vaguely. And some of them, doubtless, are liars. It may be wondered why the lords of Glendowie dared let a child into the power of one that would have broken themselves across its knee; and two reasons are given: the first, that it knew when there were children in the castle, and would have broken down walls to reach them had they

not been brought to it; the other, that compassion induced the earls to give it the only pleasure it knew. Of these children, some were of the tenantry and others of guests in the castle, and I have not heard of one who dreaded the monster. If half of the stories be true, they would let it toss them sportively in the air, and they would sit with their arms around its neck while it made toys for them of splinters of wood or music by rattling its chains. I need not say that care was taken to keep these meetings from the parents of the children, in which conspiracy the children unconsciously joined, for the pleasant prattle of their new friend allayed suspicion rather than roused it. Nevertheless, queer rumors arose in recent times which, I dare say, few believed who came from a distance; yet were they sufficiently disquieting to make guests leave their children at home, and, as I understand, on the 4th of September, 1890, several years had passed since a child had slept in the castle. On that night there were many guests and one child, who had been in bed for some hours when the Thing broke loose.

. . . . .  
The occasion was the coming of age of the heir, and seldom, I suppose, has there been such a company in a house renowned for hospitality. There were many persons from distant parts, which means London, and all the great folk of our county, with others not so great, in that gathering, though capable of making a show at most. After the dancing

begins, no man is ever a prominent figure in a room to those who are there merely to look on, as I was; and I now remember, as the two which my eyes followed with greatest pleasure, our hostess, a woman of winning manners, yet cold when need be, and the lady who was shortly to become her daughter, a languid girl, pretty to look at when her lover, the heir, was by her side. I know that nearly all present that night speak now of a haggard look on the earl's face, and of quick glances between him and his wife; I know they say that the heir danced much to keep himself from thinking, and that his arm chattered on the waists of his partners; I know the story that he had learned of the existence of the Thing that night. But I was present, and I am persuaded that at the time all thought, as I did, that never was a gayer scene even at Glendowie, never a host and hostess more cordial, never a merry-eyed heir more anxious to be courteous to all and more than courteous to one. Dance succeeded dance. The hour was late, but another waltz was begun. Then suddenly—

And at once the music stopped and the dancers were as still as stone figures. It had been a horrible, inhuman scream, so loud and shrill as to tear away through all the walls of the castle; a scream not of pain, but of triumph. I think it must have lasted half a minute, and then came silence, but still no one moved; we waited as if after lightning for the thunder.

The first person I saw was the earl. His face was not white, but gray. His teeth were fixed and he was staring at the door, waiting for it to open. Some men hastened to the door, and he cast out his arms and drove them back. But he never looked at them. The heir I saw with his hands over his face. Many of the men stepped in front of the women. There was no whispering, I think. We all turned our eyes to the door.

Some ladies screamed (one, I have heard, swooned; but we gave her not a glance) when the door opened. It was only the African servant who had entered, a man most of us had heard of but few had seen. He made a sign to the earl, who drew back from him and then stepped forward. The heir hurried to the door, and some of us heard this conversation:

"Not you, father; me."

"Stay here, my son; I entreat, I command."

"Both," said the servant authoritatively; and then they went out with him and the door closed.

The dancing was resumed almost immediately. This is a strange thing to tell. Only a woman could have forced us to seem once more as we were before that horrid cry; and the woman was our hostess. As the door closed, my eyes met hers, and I saw that she had been speaking to the musicians. She was smiling graciously, as if what had occurred had been but an amusing interlude. I saw her take her place beside her partner and begin

the waltz again with the music. All looked at her with amazement, dread, pity, suspicion, but they had to dance. "Does she know nothing?" I asked myself, overhearing her laughing merrily as she was whirled past me. Or was this the woman's part in the tragedy while the men were doing theirs? What were they doing? It was whispered in the ball-room that they were in the open, looking for something that had escaped from the castle.

An hour, I dare say, passed, and neither the earl nor his son had returned. The dancing went on, but it had become an uncanny scene: everyone trying to read the other's face, the men uncomfortable, as if feeling that they should be elsewhere, many of the women craven, only the countess in high spirits. By this time it was known to all of us that the door of the ball-room was locked on the outside. Guests bade our hostess good-night, but could retire no further. One man dared request her to bid the servants unlock the door, and she smiled and asked him for the next waltz.

About two o'clock in the morning, many of us heard a child's scream, that came, as we thought, from the hall of the castle.

A moment afterward we again heard it—this time from the shrubbery. I saw the countess shake with fear at last, but it was only for a moment. Already she was beckoning to the musicians to continue playing. One

of the guests stopped them by raising his hand; he was the child's father.

"You must bid your servants unbar that door," he said to the countess, sternly, "or I will force it open."

"You cannot leave this room, sir," she answered, quite composedly; and then he broke out passionately, fear for his child mastering him. Something about devil's work, he said.

"There is someone on the other side of that door who would not hesitate to kill you," she replied; and we knew that she spoke of the native servant.

"Order him to open the door."

"I will not."

In another moment the door would have been broken open had she not put her back against it. Her eyes were now flashing. The men looked at each other in doubt, and each of them, I know, were for tearing her from the door. It was then that we heard the report of a gun.

It is my belief that the countess saved the life of her guest by preventing his leaving the ball-room. For close on another hour she stood at the door, and the servants gathered around her like men ready to support their mistress.

We were now in groups, whispering and listening, and I shall tell what I heard, believing it to be all that was heard by any of us, though some of those present that night now tell stranger tales. I heard a child laughing,

and I doubt not that we were meant to hear it, to appease the parents' fear; I heard the tramp of men in the hall and on the stairs, and afterwards an unpleasant dirge from above. A carriage drove up the walk and stopped at the door. Then came heavy noises on the stair, as of some weight being slowly moved down it. By and by the carriage drove off. The earl returned to the ball-room, but no one was allowed to leave it until daybreak. I lost sight of the countess when the earl came in, but many say that he whispered something to her, to which she replied, "Thank God!" and then fainted. No explanation of this odd affair was given to the company; but it is believed that the Thing, whatever it was, was shot that night and taken away by the heir and the servant to Africa. there to be buried.



## THE DARK CITY IS.

JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.

**B**ETWEEN the lands of Should Be and Perhaps  
Lies the dark city Is, and strange it seems  
That men should dwell therein and live their lives  
So near to Should Be and Perhaps  
Yet never enter there.

Sometimes, they say, a man wins in  
To Should Be, yet, once there, his eyes  
Lose something of their power, and he sees  
Not the fair fields of Should Be, but the walls,  
Frowning and dark, of Is.



## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

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ROBERT JERMAIN COLE.

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**W**HEN summer turned away from us, I followed her toward the South. With my knapsack and stick I left the little valley and started for the city where my duty lay. This walk of thirty miles was one of the greatest pleasures of my summer holiday. In the country through which I passed there was no tedious monotone of form or color to weary my eyes. On one hand green forests shut me off from the fields. Across the highway I could look past the edge of the world, whose only inhabitants, so far as I was concerned, were the quiet cattle and the birds. Sometimes the woods hemmed in the road on both sides. It was no oppression to be their prisoner, since there was always the sky to look up to, and the sky is over all.

As I trudged along happily, whistling with the birds, some one approached from behind, and, having overtaken me, fitted his gait to mine. The newcomer said nothing for a moment, and I had an opportunity to scrutinize him keenly. At first glance I thought him a beggar; at the second I saw that he was no ordinary beggar; and finally I decided that he was no beggar at all. His shabby coat fitted him well. His gait was free from awkwardness or shambling, and the unobtru-

sive suavity of his countenance harmonized well with his manner. After giving me time to get some idea of his exterior, my companion spoke:

"Could you tell me how far it is to Five Corners?" he asked.

"I go that way myself," said I. "We can walk together if you like."

The man thanked me, and we soon fell into pleasant chat.

When you offer to show a man his way it has the effect of making you his host for the time being. You feel bound to entertain him. The stranger seemed to take it for granted that I would do this. He had a way of suggesting things and waiting for me to elaborate them. He would assent to what I said in a tentative fashion as though urging me to continue. We spoke of our experience as travelers. He told some incidents of the sort that one always has an instinctive desire to match. I yielded readily to my vanity, and being not at all reserved, soon found myself talking freely of my life and affairs. The stranger listened with so much apparent interest and comprehension that I almost forgot I was not addressing an old friend.

It was early in the afternoon when we met and I had not yet eaten any lunch. I unstrapped my knapsack and sitting down beneath a tree invited my companion to share with me. He assured me that he was not hungry, and making himself comfortable on the grass, chatted while I ate. The talk fell

on luck, and he asked me if my fortune had ever been told. When I shook my head, he modestly owned to some skill in palmistry and offered to put it to the test. Thereupon I laid my hand in his.

When the stranger began to speak again he had dropped that gentle, unassertive manner which at first characterized him. His face hardened and took on an inscrutable expression. His voice assumed a tone of authority. He began by telling some of the minor events of my future life, and then proceeded to the felicities of a higher sort written in the lines of my open palm. He spoke of these without any enthusiasm, but rather with a touch of irony, as if seeing always their complement of evil. At last he came to a line which seemed to cross and cut apart all those from which he had been reading. He traced it slowly with his finger and then looked at me with a dark prophecy in his glance which needed no words to interpret its meaning.

As soon as he had dropped my hand the man's expression changed. He laughed over his own gravity as if it were a jest. We took up our journey once more and gradually fell into our former friendly chat. We proceeded together for some miles till we reached a place where five roads met. Here the stranger left me.

I hastened my steps, for the twilight would come before I could reach the little village where I intended to put up for the night.

The sun had set when I came in sight of the old Pine Tavern. This was a wayside inn, long since deserted. Just beyond it was a deep ravine which sloped steeply down from the road's edge. A dense pine wood covered the slope to the side of the highway. The somnolent, heavy odor of the pines weighed upon my sense. My steps became slower. I drew near the edge of the wood whence the spirit of reverie came forth and possessed me. I remembered the tales rehearsed by the old farmers, of armed robbers who once climbed that shaded slope and rushed forth upon passing coaches. The stage coach has long ceased to rumble over our highways, but the spirit of evil and violence still lurks along the path of Time. How many a change of fashion has thou worn through, O Mephistopheles! My grandfather beheld thee in buckles and powdered wig. Did he know thee? Methinks I see thy shadow among those dark pines. Or is it—

Suddenly my musings were blotted out. A swift blow had well-nigh felled me to the ground. I turned at the instant and confronted my awakener. It was the fortune-teller, who had gone about by another way and concealed himself in the pine woods till I passed. Now he dropped his club and sprang upon me.

For what seemed a long while we struggled together. He was the more skillful, while I had the greater strength. At last he slipped in a sandy place, and with a sudden effort I

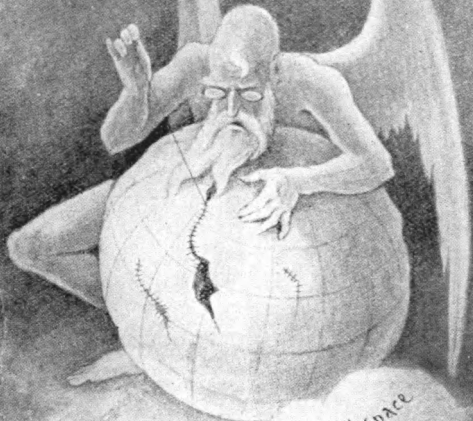
bore him to the ground. He was exhausted and soon ceased to struggle.

As I sat upon the stranger's chest I was struck by the grim humor of the situation. I would tell his fortune. I described to him the prison where he would soon lie, where Fortune should leave him.

"Hath the blind goddess employed thee as her emissary?" I cried. "It was a most discourteous message that she sent. And I was to pay the messenger! Well, so I will. Thus I trample on thee, O Destiny." Saying which I bound his hands and drove him before me into the town.



# Time and the World



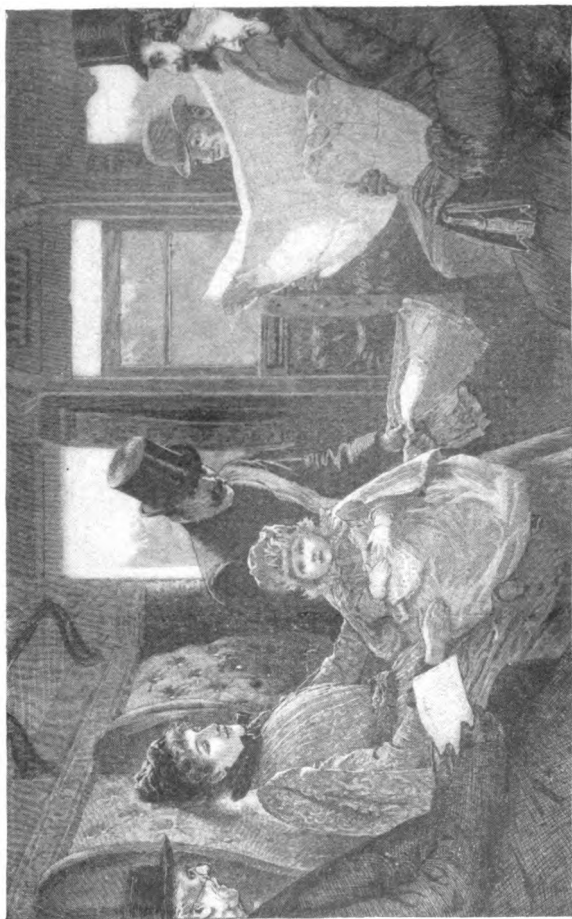
I saw Time sit in the realms of space  
The World upon his knee  
Which he gravely stitched with a rueful face  
And thus sang he —

"O the World's much in need of repair  
I'm like to give up in despair  
But yet ere I end it, I'll struggle to mend it  
Tho' it looks very bad I declare

*Quintus*



JUNE.



A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELER.





**WAR.**

*Auguste Rodin.*



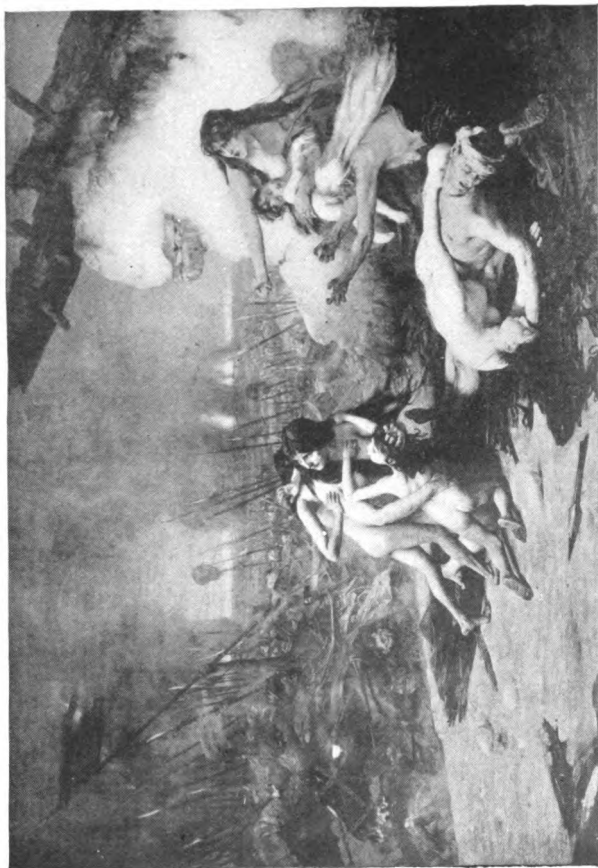
**WIDOW AND ORPHAN.**

*Jules Printemps.*



THE BATTLE OF THE AMAZONS.

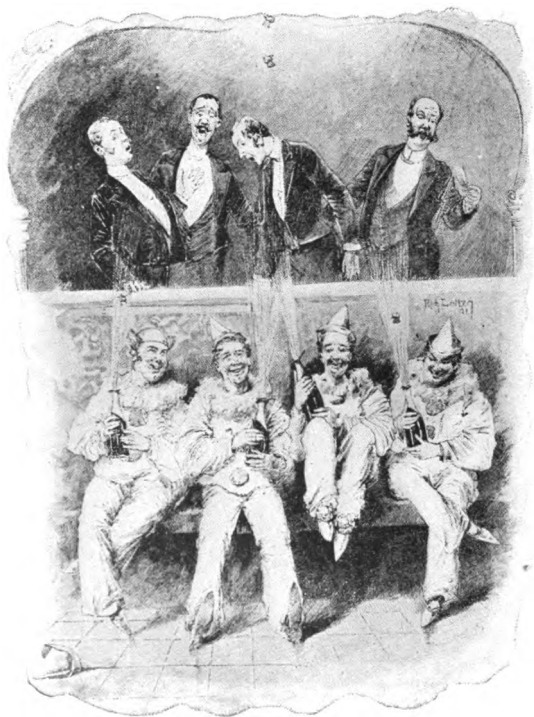
Michelena.



WAR—ACCURSED OF MOTHERS.

Gabriel Ferrier.

WAR "SCARE-HEAD" ILLUSTRATED.



MASKED BATTERY OPENED FIRE-  
WATER.

## HOW PETE SAVED THE LEVEE.

PATIENCE O'NIEL.

**F**OR days the river had been rising. The levees above were gone for miles and miles, and the mad waters had swept over the banks, carrying fortunes and even lives before them.

On one of the big plantations opposite Shreveport, every effort was being made to withstand the flood. Hands were collected from every cabin, and recruited from all the adjoining places, to strengthen the water-soaked levees, which shook on the pressure of a man's foot.

It was almost dusk, but the men, who had not rested for days, worked up with the strength of fresh vigor, as the voice of Tom Aiken, the planter, directed them, and cheered them on to the task which seemed so hopeless as the water crept steadily and steadily higher. But for the fact that everyone was busy with his work, a little negro boy, who suddenly dropped his spade and stole away betwixt the wheels of the big sand wagon, might have been seen, as he scurried away around the curve on the embankment.

He ran quickly along for a full quarter of a mile, without looking back, down the narrow, slippery road that was left between the cotton rows and the levee. The boy slack-

*From the Philadelphia Times.*

ened his pace when he became convinced that no one was in pursuit of him, and, as he did so, he heard the loud, cheery voice of Tom Aiken, back at the break: "All work together, boys!"

"Huh! All work togedder," the boy said, "Yes, sir; but you bet dis here nigger done tired 'er workin' togedder. Ise gwine to sleep, I is; I an' shet my eyes for two whole days an' nights, an' I gwine round the p'int to Aun' Viny's an' go to sleep."

In his eagerness to reach the coveted goal, the little negro quickened his pace again. It was now almost dark, but his eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom. He could see the curving line of the levee, which seemed to tremble with a premonition of its own inadequacy; he could see all the water-pools in the road. His little legs had measured perhaps a mile or more, when the ominous roar of the river made him stop and peer over the levee at the rushing waters.

As he scrambled up the slippery bank a clod of loosened earth fell heavily into the road below, and through the orifice which it left a little stream of muddy water trickled. The boy caught his breath quickly when the water ran over his head.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed. "Dere's gwine to be a break right here. Lordy! Lordy! what I gwine to do!"

He stopped to consider. There was still another mile before he could reach the point; and he knew there were only a few old women

in the cabins there, and he could get no help from that source. It was more than a mile back to where the men were working, and he was afraid to show himself there after having run away. Besides, there was not a moment to lose. What was to be done? The boy knew that a great responsibility rested upon him. If the little opening were not stopped immediately it was only a question of a few moments before the levee would be swept away.

He stood up and looked about him. There was no one in sight. He thought he might find a bag of sand dropped by a passing wagon, but there was none. With a sudden purpose he turned and sat down over the little crevice through which the water came; the soft earth yielded to his weight, and with his hands and feet he pressed it about him, patting it to make it firm.

The difficulty had been solved without his volition, almost. It was only after it was done that he thought of the consequence. He calculated, in his unreasoning way, that it was eight o'clock. How long would he have to remain there? For aught he knew, till morning. He began to suffer, by and by, from his cramped position, but he dared not move, even the least bit, lest the crevice would open again.

He began to get drowsy; his limbs were almost numb. He wondered what would become of him if he should go to sleep. If the waters should rise up over the levee and



drown him, and ruin the cotton, would it make any difference then that he had tried to save it? He was inadequate to the problem, the like of which has puzzled graver heads than his. The hooting of the owl grew less and less frequent, the swishing of the waters fainter and fainter, and the pain in his back easier.

He must have slept some time. Suddenly he was awakened by the gallop of a horse on the road below. He was too weak to move. His voice was almost gone, but as the horse and rider approached he cried out with all the strength he could summon: "Marse Tom!"

Mr. Aiken drew rein quickly and turned his big lantern in the direction of the voice.

"Who is it and where are you?" he asked, dismounting.

"It's me, boss," answered the boy.

"What the mischief are you doing here, Pete?" inquired Aiken, peering into the boy's begrimed face. "Why, you are almost buried alive!"

"I runned away from back yonder," the boy answered. "I seed the levee er breakin' here, so I stopped."

"Why, bless the boy," said Aiken; "you must be nearly dead. What is to be done? Can you stand it till I ride back and get help to fill the break? It will open as soon as you move."

"Yessir; but hurry, boss," answered the boy.

As Aiken turned to remount he heard the sound of the boat-wheels around the curve, and the whistle sounded out hoarsely.

"By George!" exclaimed Aiken, "there's a boat, and three more inches of water will top the levee here, and then all is lost."

In a few moments the boat rounded the curve, and the big lights shone out across the water.

"The 'Marsden,'" Aiken said, as he saw the two smokestacks, "with Morton at the wheel; I shall have to fight for it."

So saying, he picked up his gun from where he had dropped it when he dismounted, and strode on up stream to meet the boat.

"Steer for the other side!" he called out when the boat was in hailing distance.

"I'm running this machine," responded the coarse voice of Morton, "and I guess the river is free."

Aiken could see the little tongues of water as they overlapped the banks above. If the boat did not turn, she would send the water over the levee, lower down where the boy was, and he and the whole embankment would be sucked in. There was no time to be lost.

Swinging the lantern above his head, so that Morton might see him, he flung his rifle to his shoulder, and called back: "Come another foot nearer to this shore and you are a dead man."

Morton knew what manner of man he had to deal with. The wheel reversed, the boat tacked and grazed the opposite shore, which was already submerged.

"All right now, Pete," said Aiken, gently

patting the boy's muddy pate. "I'll go on and be back in a few moments."

When they came, by and by, and put sand bags in the hole Pete had been covering, the little fellow was too weak to speak or to stand, and Mr. Aiken took him up in his arms and himself carried him to the house.

And now Pete does nothing but ride on the back seat of the carriage to open the gate for the driver, or to carry parcels when Tom Aiken's pretty wife goes to Shreveport shopping; for his "boss" is grateful to the little hero who saved the plantation.



## **"BEGORRA, I SAVED THE STARS!"**

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**"I** WAS present not long ago," said the colonel, "at a banquet where an old army officer of English antecedents was on the program to speak to the sentiment, 'The Irish in the Union army—courageous and loyal Americans, they were as true as the truest, as brave as the bravest.' This puzzled me greatly. Why should an American of English descent be called upon to compliment the Irish-Americans? I did not understand the situation until my friend, one of the hard fighters of the war, arose to speak. His speech was simply a little story, and yet it stirred me as few speeches ever did.

"My friend of English antecedents sat near the center of a long table. Almost opposite him sat a stoutly-built man who would have been handsome but for the fact that his eyes were sightless. This blind man received little attention except from the men who sat on either side of him, both of whom were Irishmen and strangers to the majority of the guests. When the toast was read, speaking in such enthusiastic terms of the Irish soldiers of the war, their faces flushed and they sat erect, looking straight across at the man who was to respond.

"My first surprise was in the manner of the speaker. I knew him to be one of the coolest and most unexcitable of men, but as he rose

to his feet I saw that he was controlled by strong emotion. He stood for a minute looking down the line at the table, as if studying the thoughts of every man present. Then he began in a quiet tone, saying that when this toast was assigned to him he was puzzled to know why he should be selected above all others to speak of Irish courage in the Union army.

"He had said as much to his wife, but as he said it there came to his mind an incident of his army life that made the whole matter clear to him. Then he proceeded to relate the story of his experience at the turning point of one of the fiercest battles of the war. In the midst of a hand-to-hand contest, when everything depended on every man doing his best, he received a blow that sent him headlong to the ground. When he regained consciousness he realized that a terrific struggle was being fought to the death above him.

"The first objects to catch his eyes were two sturdy legs in blue—the legs of someone standing astride of him. The owner of the legs seemed to be bending this way and that to shield the prostrate officer from blows that were falling on his own devoted head. The fight was over the flag, which was torn in fragments as the men struck and cut at each other in the fury of their excitement, but, happen what might, the one man standing astride the captain never moved his feet. The captain did not know who this stout defender was until in answer to a demand to surrender

there came in Irish brogue, 'To hill wid you!'

"He realized then that Pat McBride was fighting against odds for the flag and his captain. He realized, too, as blood came dropping down in his face, that Pat was sorely wounded. He knew this when in a few minutes he was dragged out from the heap of wounded and saw Pat fall down from loss of blood. They found wadded into Pat's blouse that part of the flag containing the stars, and Pat's only remark as they strove to revive him was, 'Begorra, I saved the stars'—stars, alas! that he could never see again.

"This was in brief the story, but it was told by a man who felt every word, and was told so dramatically that at its close nearly every man at the table was standing on his feet. As the speaker went on to pay his tribute to the man who had saved his life, and pictured him as the ideal of soldierly courage and loyalty, the blind man opposite stood like one entranced, and as the speaker closed he plunged across the table, reckless of glass and china, and with a howl of exultation threw his arms about his old captain.

"The scene that followed was simply indescribable. The story called out all the demonstrativeness of the Irish nature. The speaker was overwhelmed with congratulations and thanks. Listening to what was said, to other stories that this one story called out, I understood why the officer of English antecedents had been selected to speak of the courage and spirit of the men of Irish descent in the Union army."

## LOOK AT YOUR WATCH.

**"MARK** down the figures on the face of a watch," said a jeweler to THE PENNY MAGAZINE man.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—began the P. M. man, as he put pencil to paper.

"No, I mean Roman numerals."

Then this was produced:

I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII.

"You are wrong."

"I guess not."

"Try again."

"Perhaps I don't know how to count in Roman figures?" said the P. M. man.

"You know that well enough, but watchmakers use different ones. Look at your watch."

"Haven't got one."

"Well, look at mine. See the figure which stands for 4 o'clock."

The P. M. man looked and was surprised. It was IIII. and not IV.

"Are all the clocks and watches made that way?" he asked.

"Every one which has Roman figures on its dial."

"Why?"

"Well, I'll tell you the story. It is nothing but a tradition among watchmakers, but the custom has always been preserved. You may or you may not know that the first clock that

in any way resembled those now in use was made by Henry Vick in 1370. He made it for Charles V. of France, who has been called 'The Wise.'

"Now Charles was wise in a good many ways. He was wise enough to recover from England most of the land which Edward III. had conquered, and he did a good many other things which benefitted France. But his early education had been somewhat neglected, and he probably would have had trouble in passing a civil service examination in these enlightened ages. Still, he had a reputation for wisdom, and thought that it was necessary, in order to keep it up, that he should also be supposed to possess book learning. The latter was a subject he was extremely touchy about.

"So the story runs in this fashion, although I will not vouch for the language, but put it in that of the present day:

" 'Yes, the clock works well,' said Charles, 'but,' being anxious to find some fault with a thing he did not understand, 'you have got the figures on the dial wrong.'

" 'Wherein, your Majesty?' asked Vick.

" 'That four should be four ones,' said the king.

" 'You are wrong, your Majesty,' said Vick.

" 'I am never wrong,' thundered the king. 'Take it away and correct the mistake!' and corrected it was, and from that day to this 4 o'clock on a watch or clock dial has been IIII. instead of IV. The tradition has been faithfully followed."



# ON THE WEDDING TRIP.

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2. A Little Brook.



**3. A Little Step.**



**4. A Little Help.**



5. A Little Bite.



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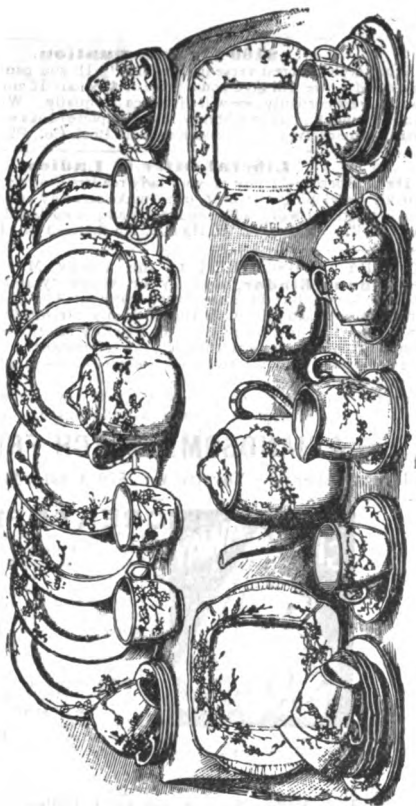
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# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.

I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

## A Reliable Depilatory.



In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

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You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that, while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

*Helen Markoe:*

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

5 Maple Street,

MRS. A. J. JENKINS

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"The Lake Shore Limited" leaves Grand Central Station, New York, every afternoon at 5.00, and arrives Chicago via Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway the next afternoon at 4.00.

Returning, leaves Chicago 5.30 P. M. each day, arrives New York 6.30 next afternoon.

LET NEITHER

"WAR NOR

RUMORS OF WAR"

DISTURB YOUR VACATION.

Remember that the Norwich Line between New York and Boston offers a delightful combination of rail and water journey between the two cities. The magnificent steamers of the line "City of Lowell" and "City of Worcester" leave Pier 40, North River, New York, on alternate week-day evenings 6.00 p. m. Excellent meals are furnished on the steamers a la carte. A delightful evening may be passed on the waters of Long Island Sound.

Steamers arrive New London early the following morning and connect with Express trains via the New England R. R. for Boston, Worcester, the White Mountains and points north and east. Also with steamers for Watch Hill, Block Island and the Summer Resorts on Long Island Sound.

## ASK FOR SA-YO.

**Physicists  
endorse  
them.**

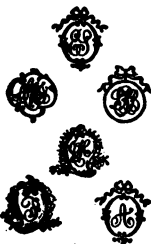
As an effective  
remedy for  
coughs and throat  
irritations they  
are unequalled.

They quickly  
remove attacks  
of indigestion:



**5c. Packages.**

**On Sale Everywhere.**



A MONOGRAM engraved as specimens here-  
with, twice the size, and two boxes of assorted  
tints, or all white note paper of the latest  
styles, Illuminated in Gold and Colors, for  
\$2.50. 4 boxes, \$3.50, envelopes to match.  
INITIAL BOXES, one quire and pack of  
envelopes to match, Illuminated in styles as  
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**Monograms, Flags, &c., for Deco-  
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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should  
always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child,  
softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best  
remedy for diarrhoea.

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SIGNATURE  
OF

**CASTORIA**

*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

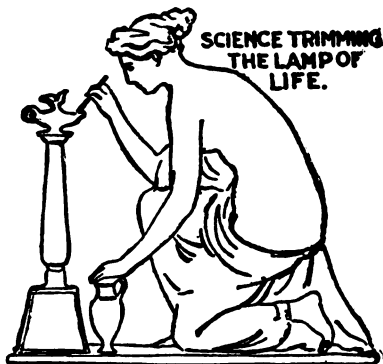
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EVERY  
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THE FOREMOST MEDICAL COMPANY IN THE WORLD  
IN THE CURE OF WEAK MEN MAKES THIS OFFER.

**HAPPY MARRIAGE, HEALTH, ENERGY AND LONG LIFE.**

In all the world to-day—in all the history of the world—no doctor nor institution has treated and restored so many men as has the famed **ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY**, of Buffalo, N. Y.



This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.

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*Not a dollar need be paid until results are known to and acknowledged by the patient*

The Erie Medical Company's **Appliances and Remedies** have been talked of and written about till every man has heard of them.

The highest medical authorities in the world have lately commended them.

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They create vigor, healthy tissue, new life.

They stop drains that sap the energy.

They cure all effects of evil habits, excesses, overwork.

They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Failure impossible, age no barrier.

This "Trial Without Expense" offer is limited to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, nor deception; no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the **ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.**, and refer to their offer in this paper.



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 Sample, postpaid, for 25 cents.  
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 which contains some useful information to  
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 this statement. TRY IT. **U. S. AGENCY, 64 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.**  
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NUMBER 1. **EASTER NUMBER, APRIL, 1897**  
VOLUME 3.

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20 CENTS YEARLY.

# THE PENNY MAGAZINE



**2 CENTS.**

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FROM  
THE REQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENBELT

1918

## Four Days to California

No Snow.

The Italy of America.

No Ice.

Perennial Flowers and Sunshine.

THE

# "SUNSET LIMITED"

A PALATIAL HOTEL ON WHEELS, WAS

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Leaving NEW ORLEANS Mondays and Thursdays during the Season of 1896-97, carrying Ladies' Compartment and Parlor Car, Two Drawing-Room Sleepers, Dining Car, on which Meals are served à la carte, Barber, Bath, Café, Library.

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Is on the reverse side of this leaf. There are no coupons to cut out. No "red tape" about it. Simply SIGN YOUR NAME AS OWNER AND WRITE YOUR ADDRESS ON THE BLANK LINES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POLICY. Use ink or indelible pencil when signing. THIS MAGAZINE MUST BE KEPT FOR THIRTY DAYS. DO NOT CUT OUT THE POLICY; it will be void if you do. The insurance covers a period of one month, ending at midnight April 31st, 1897. Read the policy carefully. Any man or woman between the ages of 16 and 65 may insure. The names of the well-known gentlemen who compose the board of directors of the United States Casualty Company are a sufficient guarantee that all the pledges of the policy will be faithfully carried out.

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The PENNY MAGAZINE can be carried in the pocket as conveniently as a card-case or a purse, but it is not NECESSARY that you should have it on your person. So long as it is in your possession -- that is, in your home or your place of residence wherever, with your name and address written in the magazine, as directed, your heirs will be protected, in accordance with the terms of the policy.

## SAVE THIS MAGAZINE.

It is worth \$100 for one month, in case of accident, as described.

# One Hundred Dollars for Two Cents.

*D.—Limited Travel.*

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**TRAVEL**—For Value Received, the UNITED STATES CASUALTY COMPANY will pay to the person or persons whom the Company shall decide to be the next of kin of the owner of this Coupon-Contract

### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS,

provided the said owner of this Coupon-Contract is killed or sustains fatal injuries which shall be the sole cause of his death within one month from the date of the event causing the injuries, while traveling within the limits of the United States as a passenger in a place regularly provided for the transportation of passengers, within a public surface conveyance, steamboat or elevated railroad train, provided by a common carrier for passenger service only, in consequence of a collision or other accident causing actual damage to the conveyance in which he is riding and not otherwise.

Provided always that this Coupon-Contract, with the copy of the PENNY MAGAZINE in which it is printed, shall be in the possession of the owner when injured or killed, but the same shall not be binding nor take effect unless the owner has written his usual signature in ink or indelible pencil, prior to the date of the occurrence of an accident, in the place provided for such signature on this Coupon-Contract, and provided further that written notice of injury or death shall be given to the Company at its Home Office in New York City by the owner hereof, his legal heir or some eye-witness, with full particulars thereof, within five days of the event causing the injuries or death, and that affirmative proof of loss shall be furnished to the Company as above within six weeks of the event causing the injuries or death. No proceeding in law or in equity shall be brought to recover payment under this Coupon-Contract unless such suit or proceeding shall be commenced within three months after the filing of such proof, and no claim shall be valid unless the provisions of this contract are complied with by the said owner of this Coupon-Contract.

This Coupon-Contract does not cover injuries caused or contributed to by disease, voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger, or violation of law on the part of the owner hereof; nor injuries caused in any way except as herein stated.

This insurance is limited to one Coupon-Contract for each holder, is in force for THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1897, and applies only to persons over sixteen years and under sixty-five years of age.

UNITED STATES CASUALTY COMPANY, Nassau & Liberty Streets, New York City.

B. F. TRACY, President.

SIGNATURE OF OWNER.....

STREET AND NUMBER.....

CITY OR TOWN .....

ISSUED THROUGH THE  
UNITED STATES COUPON AGENCY,  
150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,  
COUPON AGENTS OF THE  
UNITED STATES CASUALTY COMPANY

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**TO NEWSDEALERS.**—The price of the PENNY MAGAZINE to the trade is \$1.40 a hundred. The PENNY MAGAZINE is fully returnable. The American News Company, of New York, has been appointed the general selling agent of the Magazine and the trade throughout the United States and Canada is supplied by that company and its branches.

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**Don't miss the Gold Eagle Contests and the Free Vacation Trips announced by the Penny Company in this number.**

---

## Correspondence by Correspondence

*Correspondence is to business what steam is to machinery.*

To succeed in these days of exacting competition you must be a good Correspondent. Stenographers, bookkeepers, clerks, etc., lack the peculiar knowledge or technique of correct letter writing. We teach the art by mail in a few practical lessons at small expense. Any one may become an Expert Correspondent by our system. We qualify you for any position. Submit us a letter upon *any* subject, inclosing ten cents, and we will criticise it and forward the correct letter typewritten for mailing. Correspondents supplied. Send for our free booklet, "Just What You Want."

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SERVICE,  
LOCK BOX 1868 NEW YORK**

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Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 9, 1896.

**SPECIAL OFFER** There are now being formed a limited number of clubs for the purpose of introducing The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia in its completed form, and it is therefore possible, for the first and only time, to offer to certain persons single sets of the great work at the same low price at which they are sold in lots of one thousand. Immediate action on your part will enroll you in one of these clubs, and secure for you a discount of over 40 per cent., the lowest

### **WHOLESALE PRICE**

ever secured. This offer is made for introductory purposes only. Hitherto the work has been sold absolutely at the regular price, this special price being now made only to club members. Almost as important as the saving in price is the privilege of paying in such

### **SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS**

that you will hardly feel the outlay.

You can secure the benefit of this club offer by prompt action. Send this advertisement with your address, and we will forward it by first mail to the nearest club, with instructions to furnish you full particulars. Address, The Century Co. (Dept. Fj.), New York. See page opposite.

**THE CENTURY CO.** announces an educational competition on a most original plan. Thirty-five prizes, amounting to \$1,000 (first prize \$500), will be given for the best answers to 150 questions. The topics selected deal with matters of

**\$1,000** general information; they are not scholastic, but are educational. Your training

**in 35 Prizes** at school was only mental drill; you have forgotten all you learned there but "reading, writing and arithmetic." You will never forget the information derived from these

questions, because every one deals with a useful fact. No

cube-roots, no parsing, no memorizing of dates; instead the learning of things that everyone ought to know. If

you make an honest attempt to win, you will learn to concentrate your mind, sharpen your wits, secure most valuable information, and stand a good chance of making \$500. If you gain first prize, the know-

ledge you have acquired will be worth more to you than the \$500 you receive. To

find the answers to these questions you must use the encyclopedic material in The

Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, because these like thousand of others can

best be answered by reference to this great work. If you do not already possess a set,

read the preceding page and see how you can procure one at wholesale price.

**\$500**

**First Prize**

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO



## SPRING ILLS,

Enervation,  
Fatigue,  
Thin Blood.  
Anaemia,  
Exhaustion,  
Lack of Vitality,  
Weakness,  
Nervousness,  
Sleeplessness and  
Slow Recovery from a  
Winter's Sickness

make people feel as is aptly  
said, "under the weather,"

## Pabst Malt Extract

The "Best" Tonic,

is a powerful vitalizing  
builder, strengthener and  
sleep restorer. It adds en-  
ergy to the heart and blood,  
fills one with life and brings  
back the fugitive health. It  
is indeed the best tonic for  
spring ills.

BOSTON  
TEA PARTY

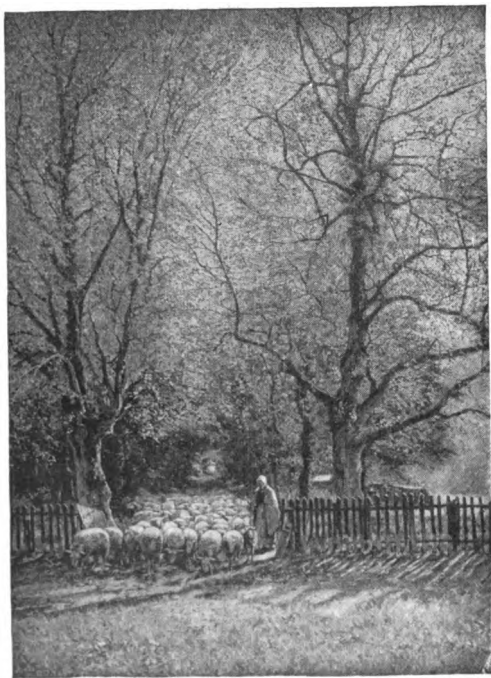
PERFECTION IN BREWING  
IS REACHED IN AMERICA

BUNNELL & CO.

"A penny for your thoughts."  
Here for *your* penny  
Are *our* thoughts,  
The thoughts of many:  
Not great, not new,  
But in such different dress  
That they may meet, perhaps,  
Your favor, none the less.







**Frontispiece.**



## BY WIRE.

CLEMENT M. HAMMOND.

**"I**T'S no use, Henry; we've got to get that Smith woman in Chicago out of our way. That shop of her's is raising the deuce with our business there. I'm going to try to buy the old girl out and we'll give her the position here that Miss Bird had. I guess I can do it all right by wire and save time. A



little soft soap will fix her, even if she is a widow and a good business woman."

---

I.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1897.

MRS. E. X. SMITH,  
Chicago, Ill.

Can't we come to some amicable arrangement? It's a great waste to keep up two establishments.

CHAS. JONES.

---

II.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8, 1897.

MR. CHAS. JONES,  
New York City.

Am willing to entertain proposition.

E. X. SMITH.

---

III.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1897.

MRS. E. X. SMITH,  
Chicago, Ill.

Suppose we join hands in Chicago? We ought to be able to arrange matters without any delay. I am willing to be liberal in settlement.

CHAS. JONES.

---

IV.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8, 1897.

MR. CHAS. JONES,  
New York City.

Is it your intention that I give up business here entirely?

E. X. SMITH.

V.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1897.

MRS. E. X. SMITH,  
Chicago, Ill.

Think I can make such agreeable proposition to you that you will be willing to retire from active management of business there. Have long admired your many virtues, and trust you will accept my proposal.

CHAS. JONES.

---

VI.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8, 1897.

MR. CHAS. JONES.  
New York City.

Don't quite understand. It is so very sudden. Why not make proposal to me here in person?

E. X. SMITH.

---

VII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8, 1897.

MRS. E. X. SMITH,  
Chicago, Ill.

Will meet you Auditorium to-morrow, 6 p. m. Please have papers and adviser present.

CHAS. JONES.

---

VIII.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8, 1897.

MR. CHAS. JONES.  
New York City.

Will meet you as suggested. Don't quite

—II—

understand about adviser, whether legal or spiritual. Will have both present.

E. X. SMITH.

---

IX.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 10, 1897.

MR. HENRY BROWN,  
Jones & Brown,  
New York City.

Get another woman for that place we had arranged for Mrs. Smith. I have absorbed her as well as her business. She misunderstood my telegrams. I understand now what she meant by spiritual adviser. We needn't worry about any more competition here. We go through to coast on honeymoon. Back about May 1st.

CHAS. JONES.

---

**THUS LIVE.**

---

EVERETT MCNEIL.

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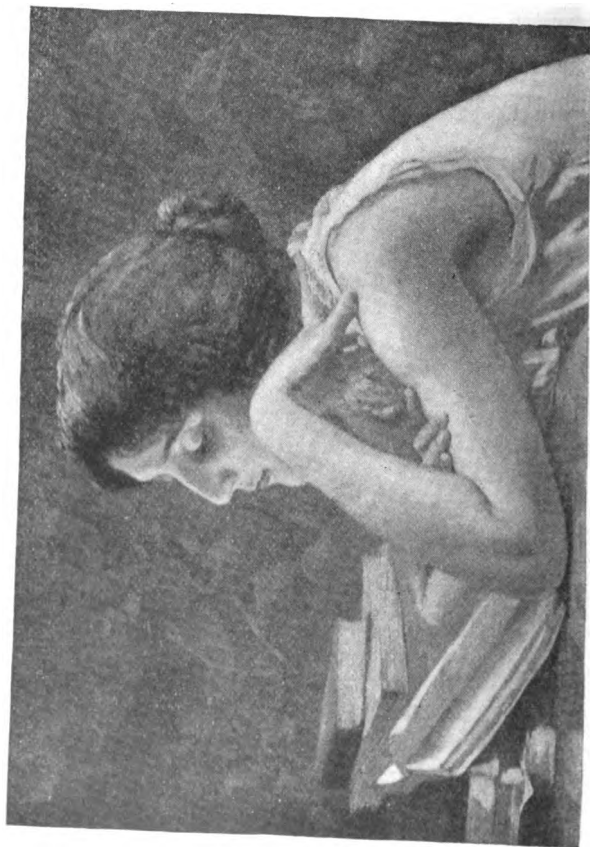
**STRIVE** to live up to thy best;  
Be unswervingly true  
To the right, as you see it;  
All see not the same hue;  
To thy color be constant,  
To thy God be true.

*Stories without Words.*—Number I.

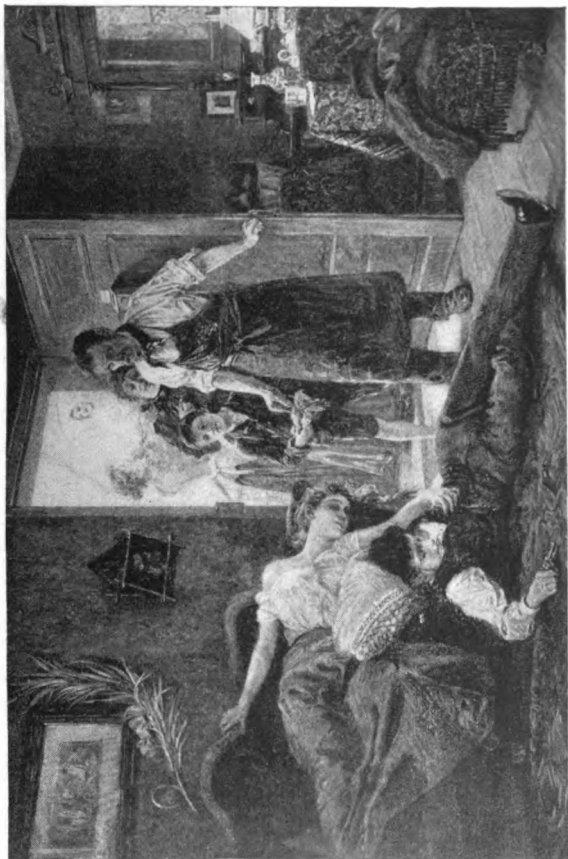


**THE NOVICE, EASTER.**

*Stories without Words.*—Number II.

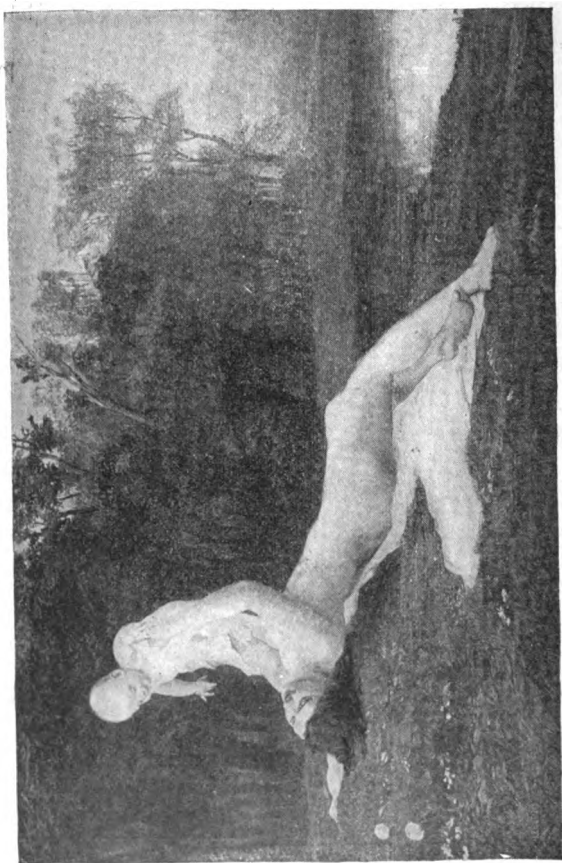


DETERMINED TO FINISH IT.



TOO LATE





THE ECSTASY OF MOTHERHOOD



## THE NUDE IN ART.

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CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

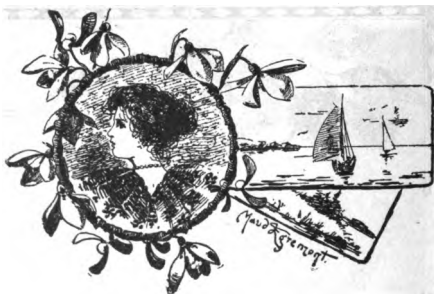
---

**H**AVE done, you prudes, with showing your  
base mind!

Let Beauty in the arts herself disclose,  
Or we should prove but traitors, weak and  
blind,

There be who find no vileness in a rose.





## “NO QUESTIONS ASKED.”

LURANA W. SHELDON.

MRS. ALLISON received her long lost locket from the hand of the stranger and as she noticed the extreme beauty of the woman's face she bit her lip in the effort to remain silent. “A generous reward and *no questions asked*,” the advertisement had read and so, in spite of her unbounded curiosity, she was obliged to abide by the words as printed.

It was a beautiful locket, somewhat old-fashioned 'tis true, but the diamonds were almost priceless, and then it was Sherwood's first gift and contained a perfect miniature of his handsome features.

She kissed it now, ecstatically, while the beautiful stranger watched her in a somewhat wistful manner. Suddenly it occurred to her that the reward remained unpaid. She turned to her writing desk with a hasty apology and quickly scribbled off a check for one thousand dollars.

"Take this," she said, and then their fingers met with the crisp new check between them.

Once more Mrs. Allison bit her lips, for the longing to learn the woman's name was becoming almost irresistible. She was so delicately beautiful, so daintily refined, it was impossible to think of her as a common thief, yet the locket had been missing now for over six months and there was not a doubt but that it had been basely stolen.

But Mrs. Allison was a woman of honor. She had written the advertisement herself and she was not the person to break her word simply to gratify her curiosity.

But was it curiosity altogether that prompted her to this sudden interest? She asked herself the question as she stood in the doorway bidding a pleasant "good day" to the woman who had restored the precious trinket. Then curiosity, or interest, or whatever it was, gave way suddenly to a feeling of amazement, for as the stranger passed through the wide stone gate, she turned abruptly and raising the check to her lips kissed it and then let it flutter from her fingers and fall unheeded on the stones, a considerable distance behind her. Mrs. Allison's involuntary cry did not make her turn her head. With a graceful, gliding movement, she disappeared around the corner of the grounds, and Mrs. Allison, regaining her composure after a moment's struggle, ran down and captured the discarded check, which, on account of this promise of silence,

she had been obliged to draw to the order of "Bearer."

That night she told her husband of the occurrence as they sat leisurely sipping their after-dinner coffee.

"I wonder why she would not keep the check," she said for the third time, but her husband seemed lost in the deepest perplexity.

"Are the stones all right?" he finally asked, in an absent-minded manner.

Mrs. Allison drew the locket from her bosom and scanned it carefully.

"All right, I am sure, dearest, but"—she began laughing and searching for the spring, "I forgot to see if she had taken out my darling's picture."

An exclamation of surprise escaped her lips as the lid flew open and disclosed her husband's face.

"See!" she cried, angrily. "She has taken my picture from its side of the locket and put her own in its place, the impudent creature!"

Sherwood Allison sprang to his feet and almost snatched the trinket from her fingers.

"Was *that* the woman that restored the locket?" he asked her, sharply.

Before his wife could do more than nod her head, he had rushed from the room and the words, "No questions asked," seemed ringing in her ears with a mocking clearness.

An hour later Sherwood Allison was standing before a beautiful woman in the unromantic precincts of a hotel parlor.

"I thought you were dead or I would never

have married her," he was saying bitterly, but the woman turned from him with a despairing gesture.

"You *hoped* I was dead, no doubt," she said sadly, then she turned her face away from him and a woman's heroism shone in her eyes as she continued. "I found the locket and went there to-day intending to tell her all your infamy—to tell her she was not your wife—but she was so young, so pure."

There was a smothered groan as Sherwood Allison fled from her presence, and the woman, after a moment's thought, turned silently and left the apartment.

The next morning Sherwood Allison's body was found at the Club with a bullet hole squarely through his heart. Mrs. Allison's sorrow very nearly destroyed her reason at first, but when, two days later, she raised her eyes to the pale, beautiful face that was bending beside her own, over her husband's casket, she felt a little surprised, but her quivering lips seemed involuntary to frame the words, "No questions asked,"—and this, perhaps, was all that saved her.

## POSSIBILITIES OF INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT.

**T**HE possibilities of International Arbitration are simply beyond computation. They are infinite. If they should be carried out only in part, they would mock the pessimists, bring sunshine upon those who take dark views of humanity and make the optimists too common for notice. All the evils of the world are crowded into war. It is the parent of every violation of law human or divine, the apologist for excess, the friend of brutality, the advocate of sin, and the father of bankruptcy. It is the black cloud that darkens the whole world at this very moment.

Millions of men are kept from the wholesome work of the field or the useful labors of the factory in order that they may prepare to kill on the largest scale and in the most scientific manner. Taxation enters every home, especially the homes of the poor; when it does not take away their bread, it diminishes their comfort, darkens their prospects, and keeps them from expansion. The science of killing on a magnificent scale seems to have reached perfection. Those who have aided in bringing it to this point of scientific beauty are not frowned upon by humanity nor punished for their agency in promoting crime,

but are rewarded with money, high office, decorations, and the admiration of men. How long is this to go on?

What is the object of war? If it is to settle questions between nations, when has it ever settled them? If it is to do justice, when has it ever done justice? If it is to settle rights, who will pretend that war can settle rights or adjust honest differences as thoroughly, as well and as safely as a Court composed of wise and experienced men who are anxious to do right.

The whole strength of war lies in the destructive instinct of mankind, in uninterrupted traditions, and in ignorance. When men have discovered the value of human life and the beauty of peace they will wonder that they have remained so long in the slough of barbarism. They have begun to learn the possibilities of continuous peace and the blessings of continuous labor. The time is not far distant when the curse of the world will fall upon those who seek to let loose the evil passions of men for the settlement of disputes, rather than to resort to reason and good sense for their adjustment.

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### **"THERE ARE OTHERS."**

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HENRY AUSTIN.

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**L**IFE is too short for aught but love,  
And kindly deeds, my brothers!  
Remember, as in world's above,  
So down in this—are others.



## THE DIGNITY OF TRADE.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

**I**F a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business, but the fault of the young man. Consider the wonders, the mysteries connected with the recent developments in that most spiritual of all agents, electricity, with its unknown, and perhaps even unguessed of powers. He must be a dull and prosaic young man who, being connected with electricity in any of its forms, is not lifted from humdrum business to the region of the mysterious. Business is not all dollars; these are but the shell—the kernel lies within and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature.

There was in the reign of militarism and barbarous force much contempt for the man engaged in trade. How completely has all this changed. But, indeed, the feeling was of recent origin, for if we look further back we find the oldest families in the world proud of nothing but the part they played in business. The wool sack and the galley still flourish in their coats of arms. One of the most influential statesmen in England to-day is the Duke of Devonshire, because he has the confidence of both parties. As the President of the

. Barrow Steel Company he won the confidence of the business world. The members of the present Conservative Cabinet were found to hold sixty-four directorships in various trading, manufacturing and mining companies. In Britain to-day not how to keep out of trade but how to get in it, is the question.

The President of the French republic, a man with a marvelous career, has been a business man all his days. The old feeling of aversion has entirely gone. You remember that the late Emperor of Germany wished to make his friend, the steel manufacturer, Krupp, a Prince of the empire, but that business man was too proud of his works, and the son of his father, and begged the Emperor to excuse him from degrading the rank he then held as King of Steel.

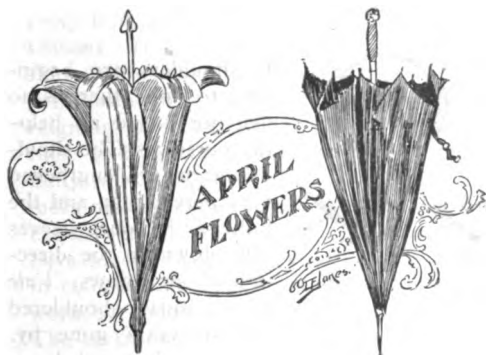
The old prejudice against trade has gone even from the strongholds in Europe. This change has come because trade itself has changed. In old days every branch of business was conducted upon the smallest retail scale, and small dealings in small affairs breed small men; besides, every man had to be occupied with the details, and, indeed, each man manufactured or traded for himself. The higher qualities of organization and of enterprise, of broad views and of executive ability, were not brought into play. In our day, business in all branches is conducted upon so gigantic a scale that partners of a huge concern are rulers over a domain. The

large employer of labor sometimes has more men in his industrial army than the petty German kings had under their banners.

It was said of old that two of a trade never agree; to-day the warmest friendships are formed in every department of human effort among those in the same business; each visits the other's counting house, factory, warehouse, and are shown the different methods, all the improvements, new inventions, and freely adapt them to their own business. Affairs are now too great to breed petty jealousies, and there is now allied with the desire for gain and the desire for progress, invention, improved methods, scientific development, and pride of success in these important matters; so that the dividend which the business man seeks and receives to-day is not only dollars. He receives with the dollar something better, a dividend in the shape of satisfaction in being instrumental in carrying forward to higher stages of development the business which he makes his lifework.

I can with confidence recommend the business career as one in which there is abundant room for the exercise of man's highest powers and of every good quality in human nature. I believe the career of the great merchant or banker, or captain of industry, to be favorable to the development of the powers of the mind, and to the ripening of the judgment upon a wide range of general subjects, to freedom from prejudice, and the keeping of an open mind. And I do know that perma-

nent success is not obtainable except by fair and honorable dealing, by irreproachable habits and correct living, by the display of good sense and rare judgment in all the relations of human life, for credit and confidence fly from the business man foolish in word and deed, or irregular in habits, or even suspected of sharp practice. The business career is thus a stern school of all the virtues.





## FASHION'S SPRING FEVER.

A CLINIC.

JOSEPHINE BENEDICT.



OUR shoulders are beginning to slope, there is no denying it and no helping ourselves. The shoulder seams are lengthened very perceptibly, and the fullness in our sleeves falls down in the direction of our elbows. *Vale* the square-shouldered girl of years gone by. She has taken with her a hundred pretty affectations of masculinity, but in their place are dainty feminine concerts and modes that more than repay us. It will be a season of frou-frou and fantasie.

Everything is consistent. It would be impossible to connect severity of cut with the goods shown this Spring. Lovely grenadines in silk, wool, and silk and wool, of novel and dainty colorings, and canvas in all its varying weaves from the very open to that which resembles nun's veiling for fineness, are two of the most popular fabrics.

Then there are old-time barèges, crepe de chène, crepe bengaline, an entirely new material warranted not to muss, yet with a delightful "life" like taffeta. All these goods suggest draperies, ruffles and tucks, which latter, indeed, are seen on everything. They all need dainty silk linings, and seem to protest from every fold against the masculinity of the past seasons. It is in these goods that trimmed skirts will chiefly flourish, the grenadines, lap-pet lawns, organdies and Swisses that are reigning favorites, all show flounces, ruffles, tucks and pleatings, even the shirt waists are fluffy now; odd little frills and groupings of tucks make them pretty and incidentally more expensive. The new linens for these waists have lovely flower and conventional designs in colored silk. They are very thin, and are worn over close-fitting silk waists or linings. The tucks on these waists run either up and down or across at will. Please yourself is the rule.

Of course, there are tailor dresses for traveling and morning wear. Cheviots, serges and the heavier weaves of canvas are for these, and the braiding is the feature. In every pos-



sible place where the braiding can be applied it is seen, and always black, no matter on what color, save sometimes, when a young girl has a bit of narrow gold braid to lighten her up. A bolero without braid would be



Hamlet with the Prince left out, unless there is some stronger illustration of incompleteness.

A compromise dress, suggesting the





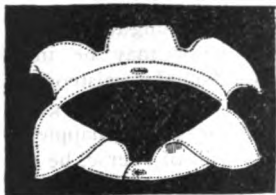
trimmed skirt, and yet clinging to graceful plainness, is cut in the new-old bell shape in a green and black plaid canvas, trimmed round the bottom with one row of wide black braid and three of narrow. A short black bolero, braided and slashed, lined with green, is worn over a tucked and shirred bodice of green taffeta. With this goes a wide, rough, green straw hat, covered with green foilage and blue flowers or plumes. The two most delightful outer garments shown this Spring are the most positive contrasts. One is a Hussar coat of white Kersey, with black velvet collar and cuffs. It is trimmed down the front with ten rows of heavy Soutache braid and closes with frogs. This is all, but it is perfect. The other is a cape of chiffon, black, the yoke so covered with silver and black spangles that no particle of the lace is visible. The rest is one mass of tiny knife-plaited chiffon ruffles, and so airy is the effect that it seems as if it must float off at the first breeze.

In the detail of dress the most distinctive thing is the collar.

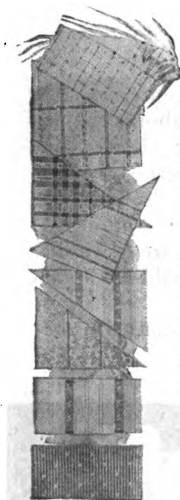


The stock and ribbon collar are things of the past, and the most elaborate confections frame our faces. The higher and fuller our ruffles, the more aggressive and bristling our pleatings, the more "smart" we are. Martha Washington, Marie Antoinette and Queen Elizabeth combined are sewn to the necks of our bodices and make us look lovely.

Here are a couple of collars that will be popular.



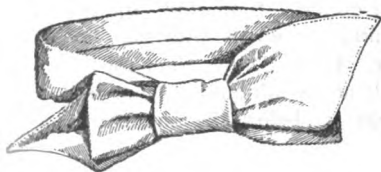
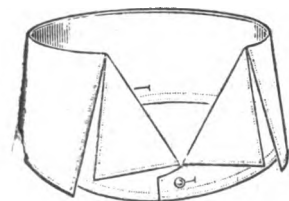
The reign of the Summer girl is over. The Summer man will be the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth. The solid brown, gray or black moth will develop into the gayest butterfly that has ever made the warm days vivid. The fun of it all is he will paint himself with the very dyes for the use of which he has scolded at his predecessors, the girl, and he has gone far beyond anything she ever dreamed of doing. She wears, for instance, a few cairngorm jewels and trims her hat with heather. He is Scotch from top to toe, stopping only at the kilt and sporran, and those two we may see before the Summer is

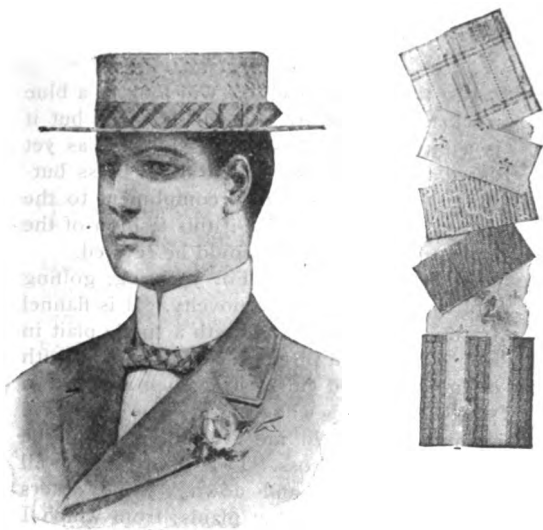


over. His tie, his shirt, his waistcoat and his hatband show the tartan plaid, and we can but hope he will only wear one tartan at a time and not an access of enthusiasm combine them all.

Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, the colored waistcoat will not be accepted for evening dress; it can never be anything but bad form. The white waistcoat is the only possible variation of the conventional black.

In business and lounging dress one's taste for color may be indulged; plaid flannel waistcoats will be seen, and the larger the flaps on the pockets the happier will be the wearer. This will, of course, be a single breasted garment, and with a frock coat the vest will be double breasted.





**THE TARTAN PLAID YOUNG MAN.**

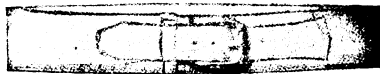


Just think how lovely he will look in a blue frock coat; there are some to be seen, but it is a pity that no glass of fashion has as yet dared fasten the above with shiny brass buttons. It would be a neat compliment to the Queen's diamond jubilee if this fashion of the early Victorian period should be revived.

And, oh, his shirts. For yachting, golfing and wheeling, there is a novelty. It is flannel (tartan plaid, of course), with a single plait in front closed with three pearl buttons, and with linen collars and cuffs. His linen and cotton shirts will be bewildering. Two exclusive manufacturers told me everything would be stripes, going across. Two others said, "all stripes going up and down," while others showed me nothing but plaids; from which I conclude that he is going to copy the Summer girl again and wear what he pleases.

I will just show a few collars and cuffs here, to which my feeble feminine mind might not do justice.

Please don't buy a womanish belt. Some of the men's stores have them. They positively suggest chatelaines. The best model is the harness shape, an inch and a half wide,



with a trace buckle. Do dress like a man, a strong, sport-loving man, and don't abuse this liberty of color. To overdo it will kill it and that would be a pity.

## A KISS ASTRAY.

LUCIEN G. CHAFFIN.

TWO men were sitting at a table in a quiet corner of the café of one of the uptown fashionable hotels of New York one evening last winter. From time to time one or the other took up the glass standing before him, examined it with gratuitous minuteness, sipped a few drops of its contents, and set it back on the table. Nothing was said by either beyond some commonplace remark about the weather or a guest at another table. Both were waiting for something—one to tell a story, the other to listen to it. But the first could not apparently force himself into a mood for confidences, and the second could not force a confidence not freely given.

Supposing them to be unmarried, a stranger would say that there would be little to choose between them in the eyes of the other sex, since one was quite as attractive as the other, and both would pass for "fine-looking."

Finally the one who was to tell the story interrupted the exchange of trivial remarks with this, à propos of nothing that had gone before it:

"Well, of course, this ends me with the Templetons."

"Oh, I don't see why, Jack," was the answer; taken up evidently where it had been

left unfinished on some former occasion. "You'll have to go there all the same. Once in a while, anyway, just as if nothing had happened."

"No; this ends the whole business. Naturally you don't see why; but you would if I told you everything. It's just as well, though. I was rather expecting to go abroad next month, and now I shall have all the excuse I need for going at once."

"But she,"—

"Oh, no matter about her. I've finished myself in that quarter for good and all."

"H-m. Even so, why should you——"

"What's the use of springing that old stuff about 'other fish in the sea' on me? This isn't that sort of an affair with me. Like an infernal ass I couldn't keep it to myself, not from you, anyway. But I can trust you. What did those old Templetons want to interfere with it for? I've been a trifle fast; I've spent a pot of money, and I've done heaps of things I'm not particularly proud of remembering. But with her I would be only too glad to settle down. I don't suppose I could make much of a fist of working for a living now. Luckily I don't need to, though, and I could be a decent citizen at any rate. But those Templetons seem to have an idea that I'm a kind of well-dressed tough, and they let me know through mutual friends—confound their friends—that I wouldn't have any chance with her, if they could prevent it. Still, I've kept on calling there pretty often.

I couldn't stay away, and finally one day I told her how much—how I felt toward her."

There was a long silence here, but Archie made no attempt to end it. Jack took a sip from his glass, whirled it around back and forth half-a-dozen times on the table by the stem, and at last went on without looking up.

"I suppose I may as well tell you the whole thing. We went on afterward just the same as ever, as far as the Templetons saw. They probably took me to be a pretty industrious caller, but nothing more. They took good care, though, not to leave us together much. Still, we found ways of keeping our affair going, and she promised me to wait, dear girl, as long as necessary, or until her father and mother got into a different frame of mind about me. You know that way I have of drumming out tunes on the piano?"

The question seemed so irrelevant that Archie looked up amazed.

"Why, yes," he answered, hastily. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, everything. When I called on her I often used to sit down at the piano while waiting for her to come downstairs and play some melody she liked. I was intimate enough with the family for that. I had a fool idea, I suppose, that my playing was a kind of love message. Rubbish, of course, but a fellow in my condition will suppose anything. Sometimes I'd be playing louder than usual and wouldn't hear her when she came into the room. Those times, if the old



folks weren't around, she would steal up behind me and put her hands on my shoulders. Then I—well, I used to put my arms up and pull her sweet little face down to mine and—pshaw! What's the use of remembering that now!"

Another pause, which Archie filled up by lighting a fresh cigar and offering one to Jack, who gazed blankly at it some minutes without accepting it, and then continued:

"Night before last I called on her. The maid said she was dressing, but would see me as soon as possible. After my usual fashion, I went to drumming on the piano. I remember I was playing at that time the lovers' song in 'Aida,' when they are buried alive. I was blue and it seemed to fit the situation, somehow. We were buried alive, I thought, in the tomb of the Templeton prejudices. I don't know how long I played. I got interested in the music, and wasn't thinking about the time. Suddenly I felt the light pressure of two hands on my shoulders, and I reached back over my head, as I had done dozens of times before, and drew her face quickly down to mine and kissed it madly. In another second I had leaped off the piano stool in dumb horror. I had seen the face, and it wasn't my little girl at all, but her mother, old Mrs. Templeton! Heaven knows what possessed her to do what she did, but she *had* done it, and I was in for it. I absolutely gasped with embarrassment, and began stammering all sorts of miserable apologies, finally blurting

out, like a double-dyed idiot as I was: 'I-didn't-didn't-know-it-was-you!'"

" 'WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS?'"

"That was all the old lady said, but she said it with a North Pole sort of deadly composure that set me shivering to my very vitals with a cold perspiration. I saw in an instant that I had betrayed everything, so I plunged deeper and deeper into complete imbecility: 'My dear Mrs. Templeton, I didn't exactly mean that. I'm sure I didn't mean anything, but I was so startled—I—I—fact is, I'm not at all well this evening. Please give my compliments to Miss Templeton, and say I was not feeling well, and had to leave without seeing her. Good evening!' With that I fairly ran out of the room and the house. By the way, I left that cane you like so much at the house, but I'm satisfied so long as I got out alive. Now, do you think I shall do any more calling at the Templetons?"

If Jack was expecting either sympathy or advice, now that his story was told, he certainly got neither article from Archie, who broke out into a peal of laughter that attracted the wondering attention of every one in the room, and even startled the sedate waiters.

"I really beg your pardon, old man," he said, when he could finally speak, "but there is a tremendously funny side to your adventure. Honestly, my dear Jack, I'm not laughing at you, but just think of making such an awful break with old lady Templeton! Why,

she's the main brace and chief pillar in Dr. Barton's church, and this is the first scandal in her long and highly respectable career!"

Jack gazed ruefully at Archie.

"Well," he sighed, I daresay there is something funny about it all—for somebody else. But how about me—and her? What shall I do?"

"Do! Do nothing, old man," was the hilarious rejoinder. "You're all right, and I'll bet a hat on it. You just keep quiet and wait. Meanwhile, trust to me to keep mum."

When Jack reached his bachelor quarters that night he found this note awaiting him:

West Fifty-first Street.

MY DEAR, DEAR JACK:

What did you do to mama the other night? I came downstairs and found her in the drawing-room instead of you. "The gentleman you call Jack (rather familiar, it seems to me) is ill," she said. "At least, he told me so, and he asked me to present his apologies for not waiting to see you." Of course, I was dreadfully frightened, but mama said she was sure the illness was not in any way dangerous, because she knew what caused it. Were you really very ill, Jack? Do you know, mama was just as sweet as she could be about it. She comforted me, and said I must write this note to you "with her compliments,"—she was very particular about my putting that in—to ask you to call at the house to-morrow morning. She says she wants to talk to you about your *illness* (she told me to be sure to underline that word). And, Jack, she actually said she had been looking up your record, and she is convinced

you are a much better young man than she had been led to believe.

You will call to-morrow as early as possible, won't you, Jack? I shall have lots to tell you.

Always yours,

GRACE.

December 16th, 1895.

"I rather guess there will be a good deal to tell all around in that house when I get there," thought Jack, as he performed some foolishness over the little note. "I don't understand a bit what Mrs. Templeton is driving at, but I'll call to see her to-morrow with my life in my hands, if the heavens don't fall in the meantime."

Jack, at the present writing, is "a decent citizen, at any rate," and a married one. He recovered that cane from the Templeton house some time ago, by the by, and Archie is carrying it now as a gentle reminder that certain things are not to be discussed outside of certain circles. Archie, also, has a hat more than usual in his collection of headgear.



## AN ACHING VOID.

LOUISE EDGAR.

**S**HE stands in the cool of the evening gray,  
With her bronze-brown eyes alight,  
She has worked with her hands and her head  
all day,

And at last the room looks right.

She has changed the desk and the folding-  
screen,

She has moved the chairs with glee,  
And the little tea-table sits serene  
Where the sofa used to be.

What joy can come to a woman's soul  
Like this—complete! profound!  
What music vie with the castors' roll,  
As she moves those chairs around!

She may list the sound of her first-born's  
cry,

She may lean to a lover's kiss,  
She may sing with the angels by-and-by—  
But never a joy like this.

\* \* \*

But her husband's bliss isn't unalloyed,  
And a dreadful swear swears he,  
When he finds (Crash! crash!) there's an ach-  
ing void  
Where the sofa used to be!



ANNUAL EASTER PARADE.  
Fifth Avenue after Church.

### THE CRUCIBLE.

**I**N making the deep excavations necessary for the modern sky-scrapers, a steam engine, by means of rope pulls the carts loaded with dirt up the steep incline to the street level. Have you ever noticed the expression of the horse—expression in his eyes, nostrils, and every line of his body—attached to one of these carts on its upward journey? It is

really worth going miles to see. He feels that he is doing it all, that he is the most mighty horse in the whole world. But, after all, why bother about going miles to see a poor old horse express his foolish vanity? Are there not men much nearer to all of us at whom this deluded horse might laugh?

\* \* \*

Newspapers nowadays hunt as ardently for mottoes to flaunt at their editorial top-knots as lovely women look for bonnets. The New York *Sun* has had for a year or two "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so." The *Times* recently tried, without success, to find a better apology for its straddle between the past and the present than its striking line, "All the news that's fit to print;" and the "New Journalism," so called, when it leaves its incubator, may ring out as its slogan, "Any old thing so it can be colored;" but the newspaper which seeks a striking motto, one that has so far evidently eluded quotation miners, may find it in "King Lear," where the Duke of Kent says to Cordelia,

"All my reports go with the modest truth;  
No more, nor clipped, but so."

Whoso can support the epigraph may have it.

\* \* \*

It is a false light that will show any duty to be humiliating. So it be a duty, it honors the performance.

\* \* \*

A hen once married a gander. The match seemed a good one, for he was strong and

beautiful, and she was dainty and coy. But the union turned out very badly. There were many and daily quarrels, and finally a separation. Then the geese and the other hens got together to decide as to which was to blame. The hens said the gander, and the geese said the hen; and with our superior wisdom, being only human, we really can settle the matter no better than they did.

\* \* \*

When a man says impressively, "Now to be frank with you," look out for a lie.

\* \* \*

It is perhaps better to "bust" than never to have been big enough to "bust."

\* \* \*

Under social conditions as we have built them, man must work all the time, or play all the time; if he work, he must work very hard and he becomes narrow and inflexible; if he play, he must play simple games, because means for the complex ones are withheld from him, and he becomes shallow and weak. In either case the standard of humanity moves backward. He is really the ideal man—the man who represents what we would have our sons be—who can so regulate his life as to work and play both, doing both on a broad, high plane, keeping always in view the usefulness of his labor and the purity of his play. Such a man keeps a young heart always, and never reaches that point on the road of life where it passes downward over the hill.

\* \* \*

It is true that a sneering face often hides



a smiling heart; but it is equally true that a smiling face often covers a sneering heart. Which of these men is the more fit to live, judged by the happiness he diffuses? It is the surface of things with which we come in contact, after all.

\* \* \*

#### MODERATION.

LIFE'S wine a flavor has, and they  
Do most its sweetness treasure,  
Who lightly blend with it each day,  
The vintage rare of pleasure.

\* \* \*

Lack of clearness often gives an appearance of depth to a man as well as to a pond.

\* \* \*

If lies were suddenly taken out of the world, how many of us could be rescued from the debris?

\* \* \*

Dr. Johnson happened to be in a good humor once—for a very short time, it's true—but long enough to say that "A man should keep his friendship in constant repair." He meant by that, we suppose, that everybody should give a certain amount of attention to preventing their friendship wheels from creaking for want of oil. All sorts of little tender, pretty things are like bits of kindling wood and other inflammable material thrown on a fire. They keep the flame going clear and bright, and make it leap up a little higher than the foundation of coals beneath; but the little things are not of any particular value of them-

selves. If the bed of hot glowing coals isn't there as its foundation, the little flames will flicker for a while and then die away to leave nothing but some very lamentable looking ashes. We take the liberty of disagreeing with Dr. Johnson and preferring the friendship that burns along quietly, deeply and warmly, and only bursts into little tongues of flame when some hidden gas in the coal is liberated by the act of burning, and springs up clear and beautiful, and when it ceases leaves no ash behind it.

\* \* \*

When your friends all begin to tell you how young you look, you may know that the lines of age are fast making themselves seen.

\* \* \* \*

Everybody knows that idealists are generally regarded as persons who lack the practical element which makes life a success along material lines. Yet, it is an actual fact that idealists have conceived and carried forward to success the marvels of the world, and if it wasn't for the power of idealizing, life would be almost intolerable. There isn't one of us who doesn't have to idealize things and people every hour in the day and every day in the year if he would live at all, and it's simply the power of doing so that makes people like us. If we actually saw each other as we are, there would be no such thing as enduring either our family or our business associates. We do not (more than once in ten times) see each other in what artists call a

clear north light. There is a rosy tinge of friendship, or obligation, or business expediency over our eyes when we look at people—and what is that but idealizing them? Become an idealist. Cherish high ideals and follow them. Idealism leads to the higher life. It means larger feelings and greater usefulness.

---

In just how much does it pay to stray off from the paths traveled by your fellows? In just how much does it pay to be original? We wonder, after all, if he is not really the happiest man—the man who gets the most out of life, the man who, when all is over, has the greatest sum total to his credit—who so adapts himself to the ways of the multitude that he can feel and give least friction?

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The PENNY MAGAZINE is capitalized for \$100,000, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and, as originally planned, its privileges not only include the publication of the PENNY MAGAZINE, but as well the conduct of a general publishing business. Now that the PENNY MAGAZINE is an acknowledged success, the directorate of the company mean to take advantage of the opportunities which the charter of the company affords, and have voted to set aside \$10,000 worth of the treasury stock of the company for this purpose. This treasury stock, now set aside with this definite object in view, consists of 1,000 shares at a par value of ten dollars each, and, acting upon the suggestion many times repeated, these 1,000 shares are offered to the readers of the PENNY MAGAZINE who may be seeking a safe and conservative investment. The directorate had a two-fold object in this decision. First, to command the interest of those readers who have had opportunity to watch its course and growth, and secondly, to establish a financial support of the magazine as wide-spread as possible. The readers of the PENNY MAGAZINE cover a territory as wide as the continent. The opportunity to thus become interested in the Penny Company is offered to all readers of the magazine. It may be said here that it would subvert the purpose of the directorate to have the portion of the stock above mentioned taken by a few people. It is preferred that there should be many purchasers, each of a small amount, in order that direct interest in the publication may be wide-spread. All persons interested in the PENNY MAGAZINE are invited to investigate its advantages as an investment. Stockholders for from one to ten shares are to be chosen rather than larger purchasers.

# A Vacation Trip Free.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE will furnish this summer free transportation for vacation trips to Niagara Falls, or to Halifax, N. S., to its two most popular readers. Ninety per cent. of the circulation of THE PENNY MAGAZINE at the present time is east of Lake Erie and north of the Maryland line. Hence, in selecting Niagara Falls and Nova Scotia, the Magazine keeps in mind the locality of the possible winners and their probable preferences. One is a land trip, the other by water in part. The person receiving the highest vote will have the choice of trips, the second highest will have the other. All transportation charges will be paid by The Penny Company. Votes must be sent in upon the coupon printed on this page. Write your favorite's name, and then carefully cut out the coupon.

+++++  
+ **Vacation Coupon.** Trip to Niagara Falls, +  
+ or to Halifax, N. S., +  
+ The last week in July or the first week in August, 1897. +  
+ For the two most popular readers, men or women, of the PENNY MAGAZINE. +  
+ *FOR (write name here)* ..... +  
+ *ADDRESS* ..... +  
+ Each coupon counts one vote. +  
+ When the ballot has been properly filled out, enclose it, +  
+ or as many as you have, in an envelope and mail to THE +  
+ PENNY MAGAZINE Office, Vacation Contest Department. +  
+ This coupon will appear each month for four months, +  
+ April, May, June and July. Contest closes July 10, 1897. +  
+++++

In addition to the two winners of this popularity competition, each and every person receiving 300 or more votes will receive a handsome present of not less than \$5.00 in value. A list of these additional presents will be printed in a future number of THE PENNY MAGAZINE. Every copy of THE PENNY MAGAZINE printed between now and July 3d will contain one of these coupons.

## The Penny Company,

150 Nassau St., New York.

## THE BIRD PROBLEM A GREAT SUCCESS.

**T**HE inventor of the Bird Puzzle, published in our Mid-winter number, put just forty birds into it, as follows:

1, Adjutant. 2, Auk. 3, Bird of Paradise. 4, Blue Bird. 5, Bittern. 6, Barb. 7, Barbet. 8, Cat Bird. 9, Canary. 10, Cock. 11, Cockatoo. 12, Cormorant. 13, Diver. 14, Emu. 15, Eagle. 16, Egret. 17, Finch. 18, Gull. 19, Hawk. 20, Ibis. 21, Jacana. 22, Love-bird. 23, Nightingale. 24, Night Hawk. 25, Blue Jay. 26, Ousel. 27, Pelican. 28, Penguin. 29, Pheasant. 30, Poe Bird. 31, Robin. 32, Secretary Bird. 33, Sparrow. 34, Sunbird. 35, Toucan. 36, Titmouse. 37, Teal. 38, Tern. 39, Woodpecker. 40, Woodcock.

Upwards of one thousand readers of **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** essayed to find these birds in the picture, with results that are eloquent of the patience and the cleverness of our constituency.

The first prize has been awarded to **P. C. WEST**, Calumet, Houghton County, Mich., and to **LOUISE S. WESTON**, Providence, R. I., and the prize money (\$10.00) has been divided between them.

The following-named persons won the \$1.00 prizes:

**D. B. Ruggles**, 73 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.; **Mrs D. C. Reed**, 41 Jane street, New York City; **E. H. Johnson**, Western Union Telegraph Co., Canso, N. S.; **May J. Lamphear**, Peace Dale, R. I.; **Ruie S. Berry**, Big Tree, Erie Co., N. Y.; **Susanne C. Bradley**, 662 Sixth avenue, New York City; **Leslie D. Trott**, 1198 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **S. Elizabeth Wood**, 293 Madison avenue, Albany, N. Y.; **C. R. Hartshorne**, Brighton, Md.; **Eva Palmer**, 142 East 16th street, New York City.

Among the other contestants were many whose studies of the problem merit special mention. We wish there were prizes for all. Here are the names of those contestants whose work was especially well done. **THE PENNY MAGAZINE** is glad to be able to number them among its readers:

**Sidney P. Guild**, No. Cambridge, Mass.; **Miss I. G. Abbott**, Winthrop, Mass.; **Miss Lizzie Bowman**, Vineland, N. J.; **E. B. Moor**, Bangor, Me.; **Mrs. W. P. Morgan**, Albany, N. Y.; **C. Likey Hendrickson**, Brooklyn; **Mrs. Easby-Smith**, Washington, D. C.; **B. S. Green**, Kirkwood, Mo.; **Kate B. Smith**, New York City; **Mary L. Milmore**, Washington, D. C.; **Mrs. F. F. Ober**, Orange, N. J.; **Miss A. McCarthy**, Pittsfield, Mass.; **Mary I. Silsby**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Herbert G. Green**, Black Hall, Ct.; **James Whitten**, Norfolk, Va.; **Grace E. Frye**, Boston, Mass.; **Henry G. Busch**, Brooklyn, N. Y.;

Hattle A. Kelley, Boston, Mass.; B. Q. Meyer, New York City; Elizabeth Young, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. Albert Burr, Orange, N. J.; Amella Stamm, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur Head, Towanda, Pa.; Mrs. W. H. Mersereau, New York City; Mrs. W. B. Kirkman, Far Rockaway, L. I.; Chas. J. Pupki, New York City; Stephen Van Rensselaer, Jr., W. Orange, N. J.; Richard B. Ober, Beverly, Mass.; Sarah P. Mickle, Germantown, Pa.; G. E. Raymond, Newark, N. J.; Miss E. D. Ogden, Washington, D. C.; R. M. Staker, Clayton, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Taff, Austin, Tex.; Fanny E. Palmer, New York City; Mrs. Geo. Mackenzie, New York City; E. R. Libbee, Winchester, Mass.; Jos. Hattenbach, New York City; Geo. Edgar Frye, Boston, Mass.; Miss Minnie Johnson, Tracy City, Tenn.; L. Sullivan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. F. Jacobson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. E. Smith, New York City; R. Bancker, New York City; Maud Blakeman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. K. Stanbrough, New York City; Mrs. M. H. Ives, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Martha C. M. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss E. Goodwin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. B. Barrows, Clinton, N. Y.; Evelyn E. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sadie F. Motts, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Bunker, Morristown, N. Y.; Elizabeth T. Fitzgerald, Winchester, Mass.; Nona Duffee, Mobile, Ala.; W. S. De Mott, Tenafly, N. J.; Anna L. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. A. A. Susse, New York City; Florence A. Nock, Mariner's Harbor, N. Y.; Elizabeth Dillingham, Allentown, Pa.; Howard Mead, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma Borland, Norwich, N. Y.; Florence G. Horan, East Orange, N. J.; Collins Gillett, Tampa, Fla.; L. M. Taylor, New York City; Miss T. Rundberg, New York City; E. M. Wilder, Boston, Mass.; Geo. E. Dunlap, New York City; Harris W. Sweet, West Winsted, Ct.; Walter Otto, Hoboken, N. J.; L. Ramee, Philadelphia, Pa.; Geraldine Fairchild, Norwich, Ct.; Raymond P. Shanks, New York City; W. O. Van Sciver, Middletown, N. Y.; Grace Lodwick, Cincinnati, O.; Narcissa Harris, Kinhan, Ala.; Miss M. F. Ealand, New Brighton, S. I.; Sidney Fletcher, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Chas. P. Bispham, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Julia E. Goodrich, Boston, Mass.; Miss Ruggles, Jersey City, N. J.; Gordon D. Freeland, New York City; Mrs. Edith Round, Utica, N. Y.; J. H. Young, Jr., Princeton, N. J.; M. A. Newman, New York City; Mrs. J. G. Nicholson, New Bedford, Mass.; Mince J. Fuller, Marston's Mills, Mass.; Miss G. L. Russell, Westfield, N. J.; L. I. Hallett, New York City; J. V. Miller, New York City; Edith P. Menckes, New York City; Miss Jessie Downer, Rutherford, N. J.; M. A. Newman, New York City; T. Raymond, St. John, Center Brunswick, N. Y.; Lawrence Maas, New York City; Gertrude E. Culver, Washington, D. C.; Bessie K. Burton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss R. B. Granger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Sam'l Murdock, Tunkhannock, Pa.; Geo. L. Benbow, Amsterdam, N. Y.; H. Noble Ferris, Wells-ville, N. Y.; Herbert C. Chambers, New York City; Mrs. E. G. Peet, Towanda, Pa.; E. M. Kendig, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss M. A. Parish, Providence, R. I.; Carrie Selden, Aurora, Ill.; Kate Hill, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. E. Morris, New York City; Emma C. Gildert, New York City; J. W. Taylor, Greenville, S. C.; Josephine C. Howe, Danvers, Mass.; L. W. Smith, Ridgewood, N. J.; Grace M. Pinney, Oakland, Cal.; Samuel F. Walcott, Salem, Mass.; Claude E. Hunter, Wayne, Neb.; E. Boudy, New York City; Mrs. Percie W.



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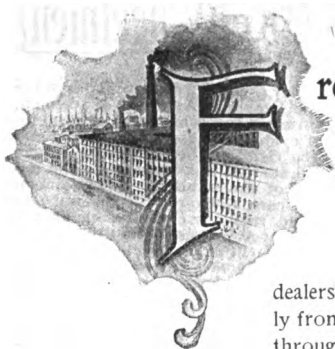
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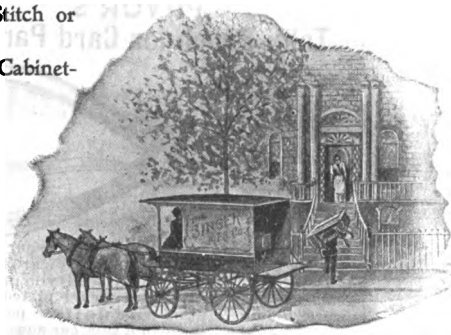
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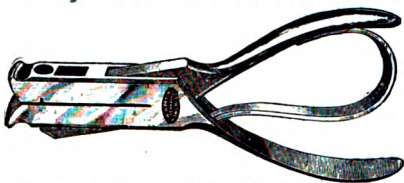
We advise our Cycling friends of both sexes to join the League of American Wheelmen, an organization to promote the general interests of cycling; to ascertain, defend and protect the rights of wheelmen, to encourage and facilitate touring, to promote the improvement of the public highways and an intelligent care and repair of the same, to promote and regulate cycle racing on the track. The L. A. W. has accomplished much

that insures to the benefit of all wheelmen, whether members of it or not, *but to this accomplishment many have not contributed in the slightest degree.* All the rights on the public highway which wheelmen now enjoy the League of American Wheelmen procured for them. The existence and maintenance of the L. A. W. is a standing assurance and guarantee that those rights will be protected so long as the Leaguélives. The road hog is not

the terror that he once was, and cyclists are not excluded from the public highway; but the legislative crank is still alive, and speed, license, tax and other restrictive laws are being proposed with annoying and unfailling regularity. It requires organization to defeat bills which are constantly being introduced in our State legislatures to curtail the rights of wheelmen and impose unreasonable restrictions upon them.

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E. SCANLAN.

Feb. 20, 1897.

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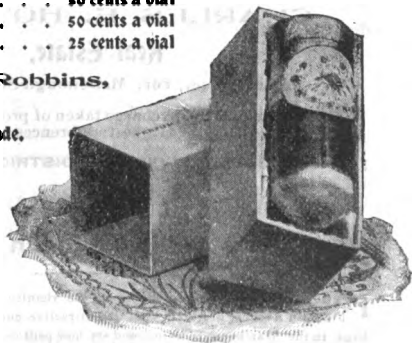
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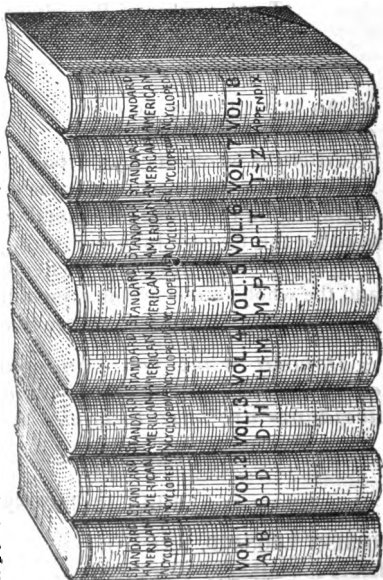
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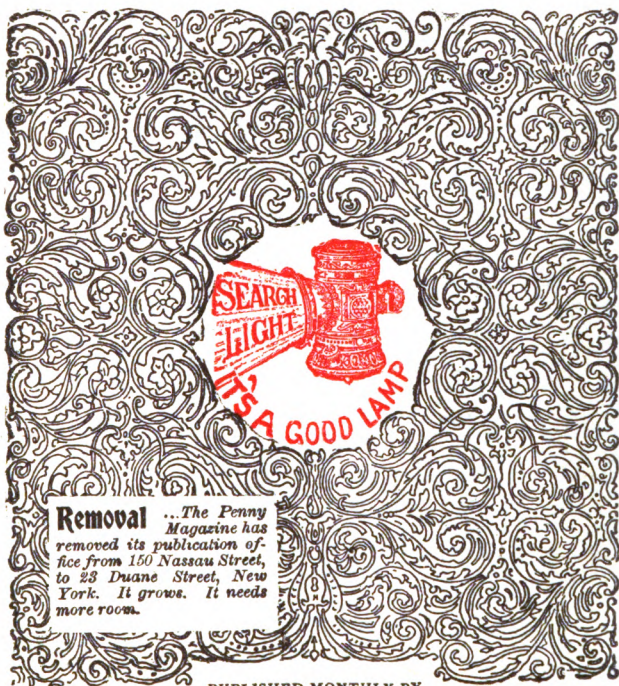
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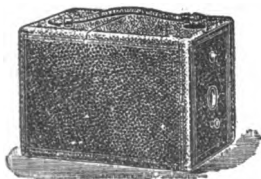


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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 6

---

MAY, 1898.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*



ONE SWALLOW NOT A SUMMER.

## THE CRUCIBLE.

---

A crisis is like a sheet out late on a dark night. It resembles a ghost, and is very frightening until you get close to it.

\* \* \*

One does not have to fall asleep to dream.

\* \* \*

My heart mourns a dead child—the happy child I was before the years stole him from me.

\* \* \*

The youth demands happiness, the man works for it—but the aged are grateful for a gracious memory.

\* \* \*

One means so much more before one tries to express one's sentiments.

\* \* \*

Many have died young who lived to old age.

\* \* \*

Illusions are the light and shade on the blank canvas of life.



It's a large shoe that pinches no foot.

\* \* \*

The breath of life may be important, but it is not always sweet.

\* \* \*

Why do we laugh at youth for the illusions that we pity age for having lost?

\* \* \*

Youth is the flame, manhood the fire and age the ashes.

\* \* \*

Humanity is divided into two classes—those who have imagined life and those who have experienced it.

\* \* \*

One of the lowest forms of the unpunishable crimes is to sow discontent in the mind of a person who respects one's judgment.

\* \* \*

The man who is too honorable to look over the shoulder of one who is writing is likely to be just as careful when he writes himself, only he doesn't usually put the other fellow upon his honor—he uses a blotter instead.

\* \* \*

Inconsistency in a man often amounts to his being in love.

\* \* \*

"Do unto others as others do unto you," was the amendment made by the fellow who could not account for the lead dollar in his possession.

\* \* \*

Only a brave man can raise a beard.

The labors of some people remind one of an old pen which makes it necessary to re-trace portions of nearly every word with an unsatisfactory result after all. The difference is that we can get rid of the pen.

\* \* \*

Every woman is likely to cherish in her heart some unworthy individual for whose sake she passes through plenty of imaginary sacrifices.

\* \* \*

Young men should bear in mind that self-consciousness as well as modesty may cause a cheek to blush.

\* \* \*

The majority of girls have a looking-glass side to their faces.

\* \* \*

There must be something wrong when every other man thinks that he is entitled to about twice as much money as his bank account shows.

\* \* \*

There is only one sensation that can compare to that experienced when mounting the step which isn't at the top of the dark stairs, and that is going down one too many at the bottom.

\* \* \*

A friend has told us that he was going to help lick Spain just as soon as he could get

his affairs straightened out, because he always believed in doing the hardest things first.

\* \* \*

Activity is not success. The man who runs breathless round the base of a mountain does not see nearly so much as the man who sits still on the top of the mountain.

\* \* \*

Remorse is simply reminding one's self of one's self.

\* \* \*

Owing money is not nearly so inconvenient as not having any.

\* \* \*

How many of us let a day pass without wishing for riches beyond us?

\* \* \*

There is one time, just one time, for worry—to-morrow.

\* \* \*

There are many people who make their way by giving you something you do not want in order that they may get from you something they want. It is wise once in a while to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

\* \* \*

It is no particular test of honesty to know the combination of the safe, and yet not steal the contents. Many an only half-way honest man has done that. But to chase up the conductor who has overlooked you, and pay him your nickel—that's honesty.



Many a boy goes wrong simply because of his mother's super-intense desire to have him go right. In her anxiety about his spiritual welfare, she keeps up such a continual fire of catechism, spiritual texts and other moral ministrations, that out of sheer animal re-action, he goes around back of the church and stones the windows out.

\* \* \*

Those people who say there is no such thing as sentiment in business do not know how much easier it is for a pretty typewriter to get a position than a homely one.

\* \* \*

Reading will be of little use without conversation, and conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading fills the lamp and conversation lights it. Reading is the food of the mind and conversation the exercise. And, as all things are strengthened by exercise, so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a retired scholastic life; our opinions are confirmed or corrected by the good opinions of others; points are argued, doubts are resolved, difficulties cleared, directions given and frequently hints started which, if pursued, would lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.

\* \* \*

Those who are slowest to credit God for a gift are the quickest to reproach Him for a misfortune.

A camera, beneath the rule of a man entirely expert, is mightier than the pen. Pictures do instantly what words accomplish imperfectly with time.

\* \* \*

Some people's very thoughts are prayers, while others only prayers are thoughts.



## A DEAD MAIDEN.

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.

ONE word comes laden with the heavy sigh,  
Comes salt with tears and with that greater  
weight

Which tears can neither know nor indicate—  
The burden of a grief without a cry;  
One word which reaches wildly at the gate,  
Which beats at Reason's barricaded gate,  
Which will not be consoled by Faith or Fate,  
That ceaseless wanderer, whose name is "Why?"

Is it that she had lived the sweetest part  
Of life on earth, and did not need the rest?  
Or is it that her loving maiden heart  
Had done its share by making one house blest?  
Or is it she was only called apart  
To make a home for those she loves the best?

## THE FLAG UNFURLED.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

**B**UT yester-eve the tints of Spring, above, beside  
us met the eye,  
Her glinting green upon the bow, her tender gray  
within the sky;  
To-day there's glow against the gray—there's gleam  
amidst the greening now—  
As tho' the sky had showered stars, and stripes were  
blossoms of the bough!

Columbia! the hour is thine—thine are the regnant  
tints we greet,  
A world listeth with thy sons the echoes of thy hast-  
ing feet!  
O, be thy stars for aye undimmed, as those that with  
Creation woke;  
And when thine arm is raised for Right, straight as  
thy stripes may fall its stroke!



## AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

W. S. SNYDER.

**U**P yonder, where the cedar weeps,  
At morn, its tears of fragrant dew,  
The faithful earth a secret keeps,  
None but man and Master knew.  
E'en she who placed the cedar there,  
When but a twig, with tender thought,  
But did it with the kindly care  
Of one who knew what kindness wrought—  
And now, above her own sweet sod,  
Bloom violets planted there by God!

## TWO GLACIER ACCIDENTS.

---

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

---

**T**HIS story began at a subscription dance on Richmond Hill, and ended on the Gorner Glacier in the Zermatt Valley; but the things that happened at Richmond only need be told by way of prologue.

It was at the subscription dance on Richmond Hill that Herbert Meredith first met Edith Curzon. Finding he liked her better than the other girls he knew, he fluttered about her sufficiently to attract the attention of a row of lynx-eyed chaperones—her own and others. In due course there followed other dances, and sundry river picnics and tennis parties, at which the fluttering continued, attracting more attention from more chaperones, until Herbert found, or fancied, that his wings were singed. Turning the situation over in his mind he came to the conclusion that he was in love. On this hypothesis he dutifully proposed marriage, and was accepted, and went about telling his friends, without the least intention of deceiving them, that he was the happiest man in the world.

It could hardly have ended happily in any case, even if it had ended conventionally. Edith was pretty and everything that is attractive to the average young man, but she was not—though at first neither of them knew

it—the one woman in the world who could keep Herbert's love as well as win it. Herbert had once or twice suspected that in the course of a three months' engagement. He was quite sure of it when Blanche Marsden came into his story and complicated it.

Blanche was Edith's cousin, and she came, innocent of any tragic purpose, to stay with Edith at the Laurels. She came, unfortunately, at the psychological moment when Herbert was just beginning to be embarrassed by the discovery that he was less passionately attached to Edith than he ought to be, and, indeed, had been when three months since he took her out into the conservatory and told his love. It is said that even the happiest marriages are sometimes preluded by such a cooling of devotion. Only, as is obvious, it must not go too far; and in Herbert's case it went so far that he found presently, to his further embarrassment, that Blanche was all the world to him, and that he loved Edith only "as a sister"—or perhaps not quite so well. And Blanche loved Herbert.

It is a perfectly commonplace situation, but none the less tragic upon that account. It has only three possible solutions—disloyalty, self-sacrifice, or suicide. Which is the correct one is a point about which casuists are at loggerheads, only agreeing that, to the average temperament, they are all disagreeable.

Herbert, after many meditations and soliloquies decided on the middle course.

Edith loved him and would be heart-broken if he left her. Edith was poor and would have to earn her living as a governess, or a typewriter, or something equally unpleasant, if the engagement were broken off. His word was pledged to Edith. Therefore he would marry Edith.

Excellent logic this, but requiring as one of its secondary conclusions that he should keep out of the way of temptation by avoiding Blanche.

This he meant to do, but did not. The consequence was that the new passion which he had thought to hide, if not to smother, suddenly flashed out one day in spite of him.

Blanche was a loyal friend, and checked him.

"No, no," she said—though the effort cost her much—"no, no. You belong to Edith. Yes, I know you love me, and I love you, love you dearly, but you must be true to Edith. You must marry Edith."

So Herbert, feeling that she was right, tried to resign himself, and lay awake at nights wondering what the end would be.

And the end was an accident on the Gorner Glacier in the Zermatt Valley

\* \* \* \* \*

They were all staying at the little hotel that Alexander Seiler built on the Riffelberg, eight thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Blanche, of course, had no business to be there. She knew that Herbert was expected,

and it was very wrong of her to come. But her aunt, Mrs. Maitland, had invited her, and the invitation was very pressing, and she—well, she came.

They started alone, and Herbert came to join them when the Law Courts rose.

Long practice had made him an expert mountaineer, so he came in by way of Zinal, over the perilous Moming Pass. This is a place where great ice avalanches fall every day, and, perhaps, being in a desperate mood, he would not have taken it amiss if one of them had opportunely crushed him; and so solved his problem. But his guides, having wives and families dependent on them, and no moral problems clamoring for such summary solution, hurried him past the point of danger, and brought him safely to the Schwarz See, and hence, the next morning, he tramped over to the Riffel, there to do his duty in organizing easy excursions for the ladies of his party.

Both of them climbed well, though not like gymnasts or Alpinists. They did not, like so many, imagine that they had “done Zermatt” when they had seen the sun rise from the Gorner Grat, crimsoning the white snows of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm, or content themselves, in the matter of ascents, with that calumniated “ladies’ mountain,” the Mettelhorn. On the contrary, they scrambled audaciously along the narrow ridge of the Hohthaligrat, and clambered up the giddy places of the Riffelhorn, showing no fear

even on that awkward ledge where the guide always stops his "Herren" to tell them that "this is where the English gentleman slipped and killed himself." Finally, nothing would satisfy them but a long day on the higher parts of the Gorner Glacier.

"The lower part," Edith said, "is too ridiculously easy. Take us up above the Seracs, where the snow is, and never mind about a guide."

Herbert, believing himself, not without some reason, to be as good as any guide, promised readily, and they agreed to start at daybreak.

No pictures—not even Loppe's, which are the best—give quite an adequate idea of what an Alpine glacier is really like. People who have never seen one are apt to picture them as level plains of ice. That is wrong; it is only the effect they give when looked at from a distance. Imagine, rather, that the sea, on the stormiest day that you can remember, has, with all its irregular undulations, been suddenly transformed into a mass of solid frozen snow. Imagine these rolling billows of hard snow intersected here and there by broad cracks, dropping down into blue profundities that the eye cannot fathom. Fancy further a quantity of fresh, half-melted snow covering up and hiding these crevasses, ready to give way when you tread on it, and precipitate you into cavernous abysses. Picture all these things, and you will have a fairly accurate idea of a Swiss glacier above the snow line.



Down on to just such a glacier Herbert Meredith went, that August morning, with the woman he loved and the woman he was to marry.

"Don't be frightened," he said, noticing that they looked a little timid, "we must put on the rope, and then, if you are careful to keep it tight all the time, there won't be the slightest danger."

It is an old maxim for glacier expeditions. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand it is a good one. With three on a rope—and one of the three a strong man and a practiced mountaineer—it has always been supposed that there is, in fair weather, absolute safety in crossing even the most crevassed of glaciers. Only since the accident of that 25th of August have people begun to have their doubts upon the point.

Herbert had made the rope fast round the waists of his two companions, and then round his own. It was a new rope, bought that same year in London from the dealers recommended by the Alpine Club, and he was quite sure that it would not break.

Then they started. He led the way himself, sounding the snow in front of him with his ice-axe, to make sure that it would bear his weight. Edith followed at a distance of six or seven yards; Blanche was the same distance behind Edith. Thus, if one fell into a crevasse the other two would be able to hold up the weight.

On they toiled for hours through the snowy

solitudes, till they nearly reached the summit of the New Weiss Thor. They paused for a while to drink Yvorne and eat Gruyere cheese, and admire the matchless scenery which one has to neglect so shamefully when passing points where hidden dangers may be lurking. Refreshed and rested, they put on the rope again and started homewards. On the way home the accident happened.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon. Not a cloud was in the sky; scarcely a breath of wind was stirring in the valley. The sun blazed down with a heat almost incredible in those regions of eternal ice, melting the surface snow so that, every now and again, they plunged into it up to their knees.

Still keeping the same order, and still taking the same precautions, they followed, so far as possible, the track they had taken in the morning. But the conformation of a glacier varies from hour to hour, and presently they found themselves confronted with a great yawning gap which forced them to change their route. They did so, and their new path led them across what is doubtless the wildest crevasse in all the Zermatt district.

Like the rest, it was covered and concealed by a bridge of fresh fallen snow. Herbert's ice-axe detected no sign of hollowness. Therefore, by all the laws of ice-craft it should bear him. It did so, but he was a heavy man, and his weight weakened and loosened it. Edith followed, loosening it still

further. Then, suddenly, there was shriek of terror, and a heavy thud, like the sound of a distant avalanche, and Herbert felt a great pain where the rope ran round him, as though he were being cut in half.

Leaning forward with all his might, so as to bear the strain better; and grinding the point of his axe into the ice to steady his foot-hold, he looked round over his shoulder to see what had happened.

What had happened was almost the worst thing that could have happened. Almost before Edith had crossed the bridge, it had given way under Blanche's weight. Edith lay helpless on the side of the abyss, with her head just drawn over the edge. Blanche was dangling at the end of the rope some six or seven yards below her. The weight of the two rested upon Herbert. He pulled with all his strength, but could not move them. If anything he lost an inch or two in the effort.

Then he called:

"Blanche!"

The answer came faintly:

"Yes, Herbert."

"Have you got your ice-axe?"

"No, I've dropped it."

"If I lower you Edith's can you cut steps up the side?"

"No. The crevasse overhangs, and I can't reach the wall."

"I suppose you can't climb up the rope hand over hand. It's the only way."

"I'll try."

She tried and failed. Few men could have done such a thing; certainly not one woman in ten thousand.

It was the last chance. Herbert's jödelled, in the hope that there might be some other party on the glacier within earshot, though out of sight; but there came no answer but the echo of his own voice from the mountain walls. There was nothing for it but to set his teeth and wait, and then, when his strength wore out, for them all to die together.

There was once a Grindlewald guide who held up two men in such a case for four hours, until help came to him—but he was the giant of the Bernese Oberland, and Herbert had only the muscle and endurance of the ordinary young English athlete.

Ten minutes passed, only broken by an occasional desperate and unavailing shout for help. The pain across his chest was terrible. He had lost another inch or two of ground, and he felt that his strength must soon fail him altogether. Still he stood firm, hoping against hope.

Five minutes more passed. The pain was more agonizing than ever. If it had been only his own life that had been at stake, he would not have tried to **keep up the struggle** any longer. For Blanche's sake he still hung on.

Presently, fainter than ever, Blanche's voice came up from the hollow:

"Herbert."

"Yes, Blanche."

"Is there any hope? Is anyone in sight?"

"No; not yet. But I'll try and hold on a bit longer."

There was a pause for a few seconds. Then she spoke again:

"It's all right now, Herbert."

He wondered, and half guessed, what she meant.

Before he could speak in protest, she went on—and this time there was a passion in her tones which he had only heard once before—

"Good-bye, Herbert. Good-bye, my own darling."

Then the strain suddenly slackened, enabling him to pull Edith up into a place of safety, and he heard the heavy thud of a falling body, and knew that she had cut the rope to save him.

It was a hard business and a dangerous one bringing Edith home that day. She wanted to faint, would have fainted, only that she was so terribly afraid. But the thing had to be done, and, by the favor of fortune and a free use of the brandy flask, at last it was done.

Soon after seven o'clock they got back to the Riffel-haus. Herbert only waited there a few minutes. He sent his flask in to the bureau to be refilled, but did not stay to eat or rest. In as few words as he could, he told his story to the guides, who gathered round him. The guides fetched lanterns, ropes, and a ladder, and he started with them at once to direct them in the search for the dead body.

It is slow work finding your way about a glacier by lamplight. The landmarks look so different at night, especially when, as on that night, there is no moon. At last, however, some time after midnight, after much anxious searching, they found the spot they were looking for.

One of the men was let down carefully into the crevasse. Herbert stood with the rest upon the edge, hoping and fearing, but fearing far more than he hoped.

There was, of course, just one faint chance. There might have been a ledge of ice placed so as to break her fall. She might be lying there, frost-bitten and unconscious, but still alive.

It was a faint hope and a false one. After much patient groping the guide found the body, and his companions drew it up. The eyes were glazed; there was a clot of frozen blood upon the lips; and the heart had ceased to beat. But, at least, she had not suffered. Death, it was quite clear, had been instantaneous.

The rope went down into the gulf again, and this time the guide—old Christian Summermatter—came back with it.

“Herr,” he said, and Herbert stepped apart from the rest to speak with him—

“Herr, I found in the lady’s hand, frozen to her fingers, this knife.”

Herbert took it from him, and he went on—

“And, Herr, I also found, lying close beside the lady, this long piece of string.”

Herbert started.

"Quick. Bring me a light," he cried.

Christian fetched one of the lanterns. By its light Herbert looked at the knife with which Blanche Marsden had cut the rope. Scratched upon the handle he read the words, "Edith Curzon."

He understood now the meaning of old Christian's discovery. Unwilling to cut the rope herself, which would be murder, Edith had, quietly, without his knowledge, lowered Blanche the knife, that Blanche might do so.

"My God!"

That is all he said. As he spoke he staggered backwards. The crevasse was very near, and he did not try to save himself. So there were two glacier accidents that day, and the next morning the guides brought two dead bodies home instead of one.



## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

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### L.—Is Childhood Happiest?

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BARRY PAIN.

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I HAVE never understood the feelings of those who are sorry that they are full-grown. To different children there is, of course, a different childhood; but, as a rule, the happiness of childhood is a delusion, and the peace of the perambulator a myth. I believe that any brave and intelligent man can count on the fingers of one hand the things that would really hurt him seriously; the longer you live, the more you realize how few things are really important.

But the troubles of childhood are numberless. The agony of terror is alone enough to make childhood the most miserable part of one's existence. The dead came out of their graves and walked into my nursery by night; I dared not open my eyes lest I should see them. There was a waiting figure behind every curtain in dim-lit passages. There were pictures in books that haunted me; I knew two or three of them well—I knew the page on which they came. I opened the book and turned almost up to the dreaded page, and then waited; but I had to go on always. I had to see the eyes staring into mine, and the lips writhing. Then I shut the book quickly



and went away to do something or other that would take my mind away from the picture.

I am glad that I am grown-up; I should not care to endure such maddening terrors again. I was far too much ashamed of them then to speak of them; that made them worse. I think that no one who, as a child, was afraid of the dark, would look back upon childhood as the pleasantest period of his life. And, if a child has more troubles than a man, he undoubtedly has fewer pleasures.

A child's pleasures are mostly due to its love of acquisition, its vanity, or its appetite being temporarily satisfied. From its natural affection for its parents or friends—if that affection is very strong—it gets far more suffering than pleasure. Any man of average in-

telligence can do better than that; he has work that interests him, books, or music, or pictures that mean far more to him than any

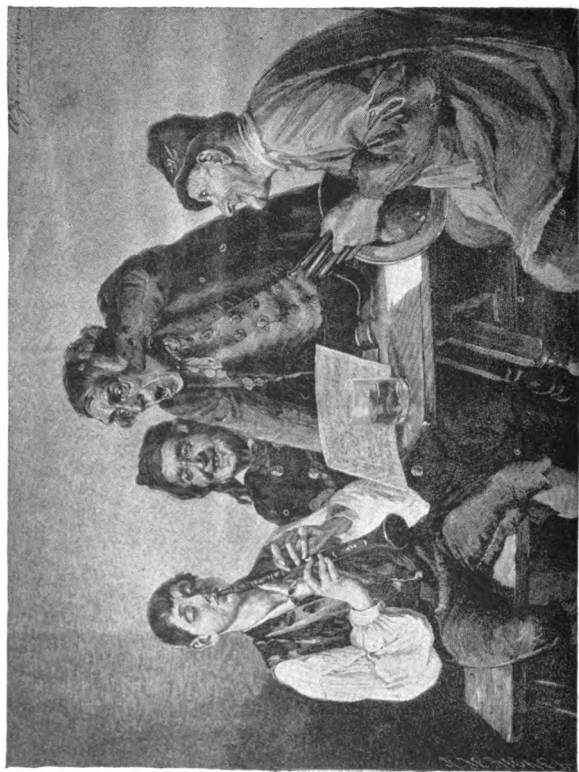
child's pleasure means to the child. It is easy to love children; one of the chief reasons is

that pity is akin to love. And on this question of the unhappiness of childhood, I would sooner trust a man's memory than a child's direct statement.

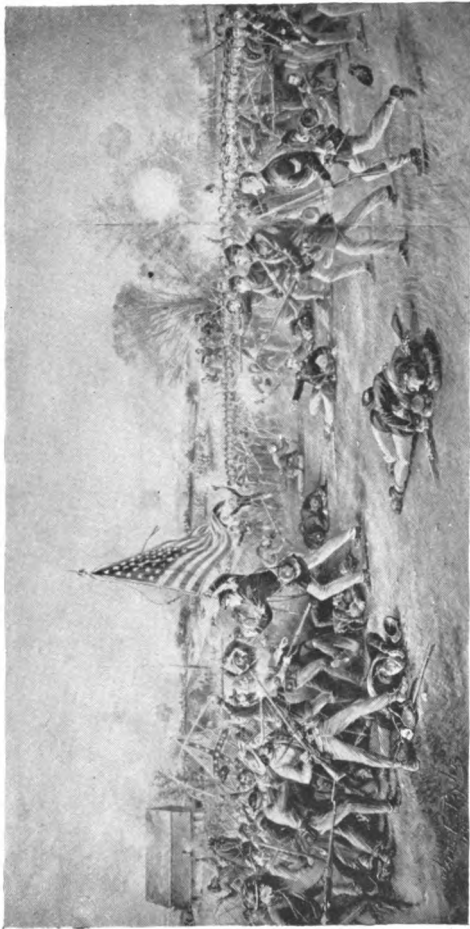




**PEACE,  
BUT NOT TILL CUBA SHALL BE FREE.**



A FALSE NOTE.



*From a Famous Painting by James E. Taylor, New York.*

**A CHARGE FOR THE FLAG.**

An incident of the first day at Gettysburg when Sergeant Crippen, of the 143d Pennsylvania Volunteers, at a critical moment, dashed with the regimental colors into the face of the foe and of certain death, and led his comrades in a victorious charge.



**AN OPERATIC REMINISCENCE.**

Tannhauser, his senses lulled into forgetfulness by the enervating pleasures of the Venusberg, lies in helpless slumber at the feet of his beautiful enchantress.



**AN ABYSS OF DEATH.**

On Waterloo's disastrous day, three thousand French cuirassiers, ordered by Napoleon to charge the English, thundered down the hill of La Belle Alliance and in their mad rush plunged into the hidden ravine of the Ohain road, nearly one-third of them being crushed to death.



**IN ANCIENT ROME.**

A wealthy Roman amusing himself with a representation of The Judgment of Paris amid the splendors of his own home.



**AN UNSELFISH COMPANION.**





THE SCIENTIFIC POSE.

(See page 41.)

## THE SCIENTIFIC POSE.

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KATE ROHRER CAIN.

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**T**HE Nike of Samothrace, or the Winged Victory, as it is generally known, is counted by many judges the greatest antique treasure of the Louvre. It is one of the more recent discoveries and was found, pedestal and all, in many pieces, in Samothrace, and taken to Greece by a warrior, Demetrios Poliorketes, thence to Paris, and there restored.

It stands at the parting of a stairway in the Louvre on a portion of the prow of a ship, the personification of the new ideal of free and happy womanhood, all but the breath of liberty, as it is doubtless the embodiment of the old ideal of a perfect woman's noblest pose.

The modern science of physical culture can devise no finer pose. It is the ideal of motion.

Every woman may not be a Venus of Milos, but the carriage of the Nike of Samothrace need not be beyond the hope of any who will learn and practice perfect breathing and movement.

A woman standing and walking perfectly is not unlike a stately ship, and air is not half as necessary to a ship as it is to the form and grace, the dignity and beauty of a woman.

With the body entirely untrammelled gently inspire, slowly and gradually, deeper, and steadily, until the lungs are quite filled. Note

the poise. The air breathed in should determine the position, rather than any nervous or external effort. Let nervous tension relax entirely, to the point of self-forgetfulness. A mirror and a plaster cast of the Winged Victory, by comparison, would help arrive at a just position, and a plumb line would indicate where the fault lies, until the habit of correct breathing should give the form its due proportion and adjustment.

Now step, and note the ease of motion!

It is almost like flying.

Oxygen helps to consume or renovate waste tissue. It is not possible to take on a superabundance of avoirdupoise if the lungs are duly exercised, all things else being equal. Who has seen a "stout" antique, a single figure, a frieze or other life-showing reliefs, with undue proportions, exhibiting, especially, an uneven distribution of adipose tissue? The quality and quantity of air and the manner of its inspiration are more determinate of the "form divine" than the food absorbed. A study of the physiology of breathing, and practice of the knowledge so gained, would go a long way towards curing dyspepsia and pessimism, changing the smothered world of many people where air and courage enter no more. A sigh is oftener the result of lung ache than of heart ache. Get rid of carbonic acid gas by filling the lungs with pure external air, and arterial blood will wash away other debris—even heart breaks. Our forms tell our history in vigor or feebleness, showing

the route traveled to have been a victorious highway or the valley of defeat.

We have not seen the head and arms of the Winged Victory, but surely the curves of the face were upward and outward, the head up, and a little back, since the fulness of the chest so determines a child's head and features. The arms are free as if they might easily develop into wings. The "heaven that lies about us in our infancy" lifts the heart and head, every step and word becomes a glad announcement, or happifying salutation, and an optimist is gained to the world—or the world is richer by many optimists—for it is inspiration and hope to look on such a form.

## WHY DO WE WAIT ?

UNKNOWN.

Why do we wait till ears are deaf  
Before we speak our kindly word,  
And only utter loving praise  
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid  
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place  
Within them roses sweet and rare,  
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed  
To light and love in death's deep trance—  
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend  
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still  
To tell them all the love in ours,  
And give them such late meed of praise,  
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's  
Sweet opportunities are past,  
And break our "alabaster box  
Of ointment" at the very last!

Oh! let us heed the living friend  
Who walks with us life's common ways,  
Watching our eyes for looks of love,  
And hungering for a word of praise!

## A PERVERSE LAUGH.

---

W. L. ALDEN.

---

ONCE, when I was an undergraduate, a prayer meeting was held in somebody's room, which I attended. I do not recollect what was the occasion of the holding of this meeting, but I do remember that it was a particularly solemn one. There were about thirty of us in the room, and the meeting had been in progress for about half an hour; when it suddenly occurred to me that were someone to burst into a laugh, the astonished expression of the others would be something worth seeing. Then I thought how painful would be the feelings of the man who laughed, and how he would be covered with shame and remorse. All at once an irresistible desire to laugh came upon me. There was nothing whatever to laugh at, and the mere idea of laughing in such a place filled me with horror, but still the desire—a purely nervous one, of course—to break out in a peal of laughter grew stronger and stronger. I bit my lips, and tried to think of the most solemn and depressing subjects, but that laugh could not be conjured in any such way; presently I knew that I was smiling—a broad, complacent, luxurious smile. Just then a man sitting opposite to me saw my smile, and a look of cold horror spread over his face. At this I laughed aloud,

in a choking, timorous way, but loudly enough to attract the attention of every one in the room. The mischief was now done, and, in the estimation of my comrades, I was disgraced forever, as the man ought to be who insults pious people at their prayers. Being ruined, I thought that there was no longer any necessity for prolonging that terrible effort to suppress a laugh, and so I leaned back in my chair and laughed loud, long, and, in fact, uproariously. The meeting came to a sudden pause. The first expression on every face was that of amazed horror, but my laugh was contagious, and presently someone else joined in, and before order was restored the room rang with the laughter of a dozen men. All this time I was in an agony of self-reproach in spite of my laughter. I virtually broke up the meeting, and it was not until the clergyman, who presided, had dismissed us, that I could command myself sufficiently to try to explain to him the purely involuntary nature of my laughter. He was kind enough and intelligent enough to understand the matter, but the greater number of those who heard me believe to this day that I was a bold blasphemer of a peculiarly brutal character. I could never begin to tell what mental suffering the affair caused me, but I can safely say that I was never more miserable than I was at the very moment when I was laughing the most thorough and ecstatic laugh that ever came to me.

## THE SCRUNCH OF BONES.

---

DAVID A. CURTIS.

---

**I**T is said by those who ride much in trolley and cable cars that the most disagreeable feature of the occasional homicide that is incidental to the operation of these achievements of modern civilization is the scrunching sound that arises when the bones of the victim are ground under the wheels of the car. One may avert his eyes from the ghastly spectacle of the mangled remains; the vicious jolt of the vehicle, as it crashes over and through the prostrate form, may easily be taken for a slight variation of its usual motion; the shriek of agony will pass readily for some casual, ejaculatory remark by a bystander not yet callous to the horrors of rapid transit on the surface highways, but there is no possibility of mistaking the awful sound made by the crushing down of the human frame under the super-imposed weight of a ponderous car and of other human beings within it. Therefore, it has been recommended that sensitive persons who go forth to ride in these cars provide themselves with cotton to stuff their ears withal, to the end that the grewsome sound shall not disturb their equanimity.

It is a most excellent suggestion, for, however gentle in spirit and innocent of guile the passenger may be—however greatly he may deplore or however sternly condemn the low

valuation of human life which necessarily forms a part of the calculations of the profits of such systems of travel—he cannot forget that as a passenger he becomes an essential part of the system. The payment of his fare makes it profitable, and the weight of his body assists in crushing the hapless wretch who is done to death underneath. And, as it is essential to the comfort of a sensitive person that he be not too harshly reminded of those evils for which he is not responsible, and even more essential that he shall be able to ignore those for which he is responsible, it is well for him to avoid hearing the scrunch.

Not only is it the part of wisdom thus to blunt the senses to an appreciation of the asperities of the nether side of civilization, as civilization is typified by the cable car, but it is indeed requisite and necessary to the equipoise of any intelligent mind resolutely to ignore the evils which are concomitant with the boons of that civilization. For civilization is like religion in this respect. It is with the one as it is with the other. As no merely human being, accepting the belief that everlasting hell is the inevitable doom of his brother, can retain even measurable sanity without a desperate and unintermittent struggle to forget the dogma, so it is beyond imagining that one of intelligence can remain an integral part of civilized society without deliberately dulling his perception of the sacrifices by which society attains its ends.

The passenger himself is a part of that mass,



under the weight of which a human life is crushed out. That is the vital thought. The starvation of the seamstress is necessitated by the low price of labor which cheapens the cost of clothing, and he who buys withholds a portion of the just earnings which would provide her food. The warmth of a coal fire is produced by a system which costs the lives of little children in the underpaid miners' homes. Coal is a necessity. So, too, is clothing, and we regulate the price by the length of our purse, or it is regulated for our benefit by competition. Ride we must, or think we must, but ride we cannot without consenting thereby to that economy which counts the cost of human lives as less than the expense of guarding the grade-crossings. Blood-guilt is only escaped by refusing to ride, for the blood of the victims is the cement of civilization.

Stuff the ears, then, for the sub-tone of the world's paean of exultation over modern progress is the scrunch of bones.

## TWO WAYS.

---

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

---

### HER WAY.

**W**INNING and wily, she flits o'er life's floor;  
 Her eyes, piercing through you, cry: Ope your  
                   heart's door.  
 You need but slight bidding and soon the hinge  
                   swings;  
 She enters—with Cupid—and ties both his wings.

### HIS WAY.

Languid and lazy, he glides o'er life's floor;  
 His eyes, piercing through you, cry: Ope your heart's  
                   door.  
 With but this slight bidding the door you unbar;  
 He enters—but carefully leaves it ajar.

## HIS PICTURE.

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DOROTHEA LIVINGSTON.

---

**WE** have been busy all the long, November day. Long, did I say? Not so long as it would have seemed to either of us had we worked alone; only the wind had been so teasing as it whirled and rattled and banged in such an impish way; but now all is still and warm as a summer day. How pleasant the air feels in the absence of the stinging north wind!

See yonder sky, a mass of glowing color! The sun is going down in golden glory while we stroll further along the path, past the barn, beyond the spring and the deep well on the upper side, and, leaning on the old white gate, watch the lights of San Francisco flash into existence like stars dropped from heaven. The smoke of the busy cities and the ocean mists that were drifting, perhaps to some far-off clime, are caught and held in undulating billows.

Yes, the hills are dark behind us. The gate is thrown aside, the valley is seen best from yonder point, the grade is not so steep there and a shelving ledge invites us.

Alameda's necklace of shining lights is sparkling below us, and we look and marvel at man's handiwork. Our eyes grow dazzled and we turn them upward to find the white

cloud changed to crimson, the sky to one vast sea of palest green softly shaded into deeper blue, where brilliant cloud-ships of orange, amber, golden, have spread their sails. Do they bear the essence of all the burning hopes of all the cities' people, the longings of the multitude, on the wondrous sea above us?

Were such a sky painted on ordinary canvas men would question much its brightness; but God knows. We seem to feel the nearness of the clouds as they turn and blend and darken, then the hill behind grows blacker, the smoke drifts back upon the cities. The veil is drawn across God's picture and we turn away.

The wind renews its vengeful struggles as if bound to wrench the hills in pieces, as it twists and breaks the branches, as it flings the pebbles in our faces.

A sound! a rumble of wheels and a belated traveler has passed us—from the darkness into darkness around the bend.

The gate is still wide open—let us go back! The cheery gleam of light from yonder window reminds us of the supper we've kept waiting while we lingered by the gate.



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## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

---

THE United States contain 44,617 square miles more than the Dominion of Canada.

Mother Shipton, the famous prophetess, died in 1559.

Iron can be liquified at a temperature of 200 degrees below zero, and solidified at 210 degrees.

"Love's Labor's Lost" is believed to have been the first play written by Shakespeare.

The Jewish population of the United States is estimated at 1,000,000, of which New York has nearly one-third.

Bettors on the result of an election are prohibited under the law from voting at that election.

Halstead street, in Chicago, is said to be the longest street in any city in the world.

An increase of one degree Fahrenheit in temperature increases the volume of water .023 of one per cent.

Franklin Gowan is said to have been the first to import Italian laborers to this country.

War terminates all contracts between citizens of the opposing countries and abrogates outstanding accounts.

The feeding or sheltering in bird houses of English sparrows was a misdemeanor under the law during a part of the eighties.

American numeration counts the billion as one thousand millions, while in England the billion is figured as one million millions.

The total number of enlistments during the Civil War was 2,778,304.

Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin are the only States in which capital punishment has been altogether abolished.

Two hundred and twenty-four lives a year

are the annual average destruction caused by lightning.

Prussic acid is the deadliest known poison. The greatest interval that has ever elapsed between its introduction to the system and death having been one and one-quarter hours.

The British Empire, Holland, Spain and Madagascar are the only countries ruled by women.

New Year's as a holiday was first observed in this country by the Dutch; Christmas Day was first observed here in the South and later taken up in the North.

Prior to the last Cuban insurrection Spain allowed the island a representation of sixteen Senators and thirty Deputies in her Cortes.

At the opposite points of Aspinwall and Panama the Pacific ocean is about two feet higher than the Atlantic.

Juries in criminal cases may find the accused guilty in less degree than charged in the indictment, but are prohibited under any circumstances from finding for a greater degree.

The expression, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," was used by John Wesley in his series of sermons on dress.

Branding and tattooing as punishments in the United States army were not abolished by law until so recently as 1870.

The now famous query, "Where am I at?" was originally used by Congressman Cobb, of Alabama, while trying to pick up the thread of an interrupted discourse delivered in the House of Representatives, April 20, 1892.

Centennial years, that is, those completing the century, are only leap years when divisible by 400, instead of four, as is usually done.

The tonnage of a vessel applies to its carrying capacity; the displacement represents its actual weight in tons.

Jeanne d' Albret, Queen of Navarre, died

in 1572, from the effects of poison contained in her glove.

The potato was originally a native of the high valleys of Chili, Peru and Mexico, where it was found by the Spaniards and introduced by them into Spain early in the sixteenth century. Sir John Hawkins, the sailor, introduced it in England in 1565.

Lager beer, meaning beer which has been stored and aged, was first in use among the Germans about the thirteenth century.

The only man known to have lost his life for a pun was Sir William Collingborne, of England, who was put to death in 1484 for a punning couplet which reflected on King Richard and his three great political counselors.

Alpha Centauri, the nearest to this earth of the fixed stars, is 20,000,000,000,000 miles distant. It is one of the brightest stars in the heavens, but it takes its light three and one-quarter years to reach this planet.

---

**M**UCH interest can be excited round the family table by the following simple trick: Challenge everybody to peel a banana without touching it. Naturally they will consider such a feat impossible, and you will then proceed to show them how easy it is. Procure a bottle with a neck about the thickness of a banana, and drop into it some alcoholic spirit. Set the spirit alight, and, while it is burning, place in the neck of the bottle the smaller end of the banana, on which you have secretly made four longitudinal incisions. To the utter amazement of the company, the banana will gradually disappear into the bottle, shedding its skin as the invisible force drags it down. The trick is performed by purely natural means. The fire in the bottle produces a partial vacuum, and the outside atmosphere presses the fruit into empty space.

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**Somo Information by Mrs. Markoe.**



I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

## **A Reliable Depilatory.**

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

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MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

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## THE PENNY MAGAZINE

of May, 1897, published an article entitled "Reading the Stars," by one of the best famed of American astrologers, which created widespread enthusiasm. To gratify the popular interest evidenced by this article, the publishers of the PENNY MAGAZINE have worked and planned during the months that have elapsed since last May. The purpose was to give everybody who so desired an opportunity of testing by personal experience the claims of Astrology, and, stripping the great science of all the arts of the charlatan and the fakir, to allow it a fair and a great trial before the world. First, it was necessary to secure the services of an Astrologer of acknowledged eminence, of conscience, character and unquestioned belief in and devotion to his work. Second, the most difficult, so to adapt the plan as to make his services available for all and within the reach of all. The man of science, character and eminence was found in

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(Continued on next page.)

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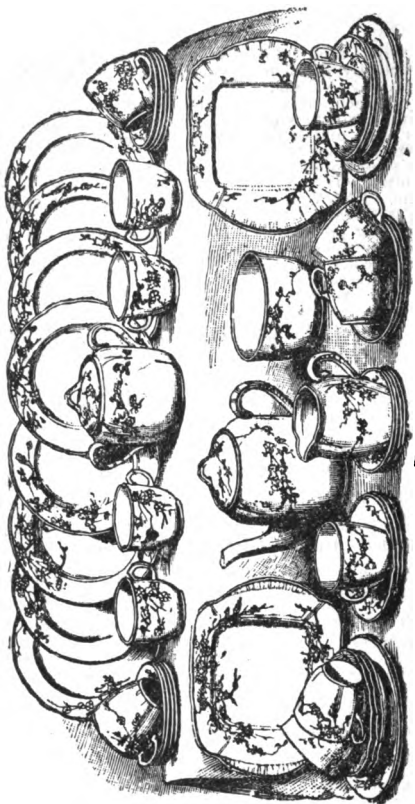
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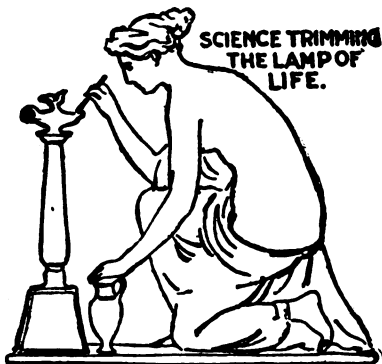
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APRIL, 1898

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**SPECIAL NOTICE.** By a printer's mistake, the word SIX appeared in the Sentence in the Headline last month, "No Word of More than Six Letters." It should be FIVE; "No Word of More than Five Letters," of course. This printer's error mislead some contestants. Their solutions have been returned to them. The date of closing the contest has been extended to **MAY 10TH.** No word of more than **FIVE LETTERS.** Send in your solution at once. It is easy.

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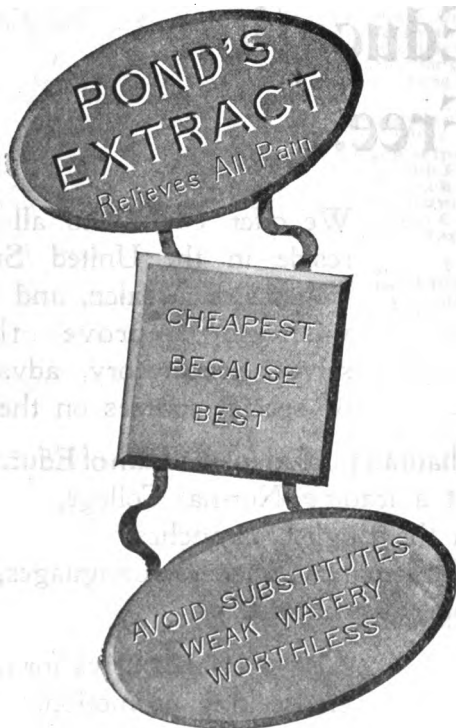
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# THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME IV

NUMBER 5

---

APRIL, 1898.

---

*"A Whet for the Mind."*



**Wamba's Song:**

No knight am I, with pennoned spear  
To prance upon a bold destere,  
For lo! I am a witless fool,  
And laugh at grief,  
And ride a mule. W. M. Thackeray.



# BELLS



O. C. am

## Bells.

---

K. R. C.

---

If only bells were girls,  
And called men to the fray,  
Who would not face about  
Be a soldier brave and gay?  
If only bells were girls,  
And called men to the fray!

If only bells were girls,  
And called men to the play,  
What man would dread the night,  
While he worked the day away?  
If only bells were girls,  
And called men to the play!

If only bells were girls,  
And called men to pray,  
To ring the old wrong out,  
Ring in a better day?  
If only bells were girls,  
And called men to pray!

An echo dim I sing,  
Of love not wise but well,  
A bell rang for a soul,  
T' faith, it was a knell!  
When bells ring, maids go pray,  
And pray your praying well!



## THE CRUCIBLE.

---

Charity begins at home, and with most people it stays there.

\* \* \*

The greatest proof of love which a man can give a woman is to go with her when she buys her Spring hat.

\* \* \*

God made the country, and man made the town—and man considers his own work about 500 per cent. the better.

\* \* \*

If our State Legislatures are going to make it a crime to smoke cigarettes, what ought they to do with people who eat peppermints?

\* \* \*

A critic's opinion of a play is often only a question of the location of his seat.

Without doubt it is highly immoral to swear, but there is something wrong about the man who never wants to.

\* \* \*

The man who goes through life with his hands in his pockets, doesn't generally have anything else there.

\* \* \*

Some men are born to rule nations, and some to rule ledgers, but the trouble is that the latter often mistake themselves for the former.

\* \* \*

There is no such thing in life as a trifle; every event and action, however unimportant, seemingly, has a root below and a branch above, which twist and turn into some other root and branch, making part of the great substance on and in which we live. Its presence and absence both affect the entire mass of which it forms a part.

\* \* \*

We would blame one another less for what is done if we only knew what is resisted. How many times it may be that an act which we condemn is done after years of heroic resistance which we are scarcely worthy to praise, and which being secret could have none of that recognition which helps and sustains.

\* \* \*

Those men or women who willingly open to spectators the closed door that guards the inner sanctity of their married life, not only

profane it, but vulgarize themselves as if they had exposed their persons unclothed.

\* \* \*

It is not always humility to have very black views of ourselves. It may be indigestion.

\* \* \*

It is impossible to overestimate the strength that comes from endurance. Accustom yourself to bear, to bear cheerfully, and it will soon become a matter of course. I know a woman who expected happiness, and in its stead found day after day a new trial, a new disappointment. She bore them with a smile because she was proud. She endured so that no one should know she had anything to endure, till endurance became second nature, and so easy that she carried her load with one hand and had the other free to help one whose burden was crushing.

\* \* \*

It is not always advisable to form one's conduct on the experience of even the wisest; so few lives run in the same groove, are spent under the same conditions, that there is but one chance in a dozen of your nearest neighbor's experience benefiting you; for experience, after all, sheds its light backwards, not ahead.

\* \* \*

After a course of life has been decided upon, after the decisive step has been taken, there comes to the steadfast man or woman a peace and comfort of which the outsiders have no idea. There may be an apparent struggle

against opposition, but the firmly taken resolve is like a breakwater, against which the waves spend themselves, powerless to disturb the calm inside.

\* \* \*

A busy man or woman is rarely a long hater or indeed a hater at all. An inveterate hatred needs a clear, unoccupied mind. It wants the house all to itself, and will brook no fellow lodgers. Work heals more feuds than intercession.

\* \* \*

When a razor refuses to take an edge, the barber stops fussing with it, lays it away, and in a little while, no one knows just how, the edge returns. If we treated our brains and our bodies that way, instead of wearing them out on the grindstone, it would be a good deal more sensible.

\* \* \*

I noticed a pair of birds this morning building a nest in a rain storm not a bit troubled by the wet. They knew it would clear up some time, and in the meantime they did not see any sense in sitting around and grumbling, but just set to and did a good day's work, getting ready for the good time. And yet we look down on the dumb things and pride ourselves on our human nature.

\* \* \*

Many people use the words "cheek" and "nerve," of the every-day vernacular, as if they were synonymous and interchangeable. A bright friend called my attention to this the other day by making a very nice distinction

between them. "It's idiotic," said he, "to use the words 'cheek' and 'nerve' as if they meant the same. Cheek is no more nerve than beauty is brain. A man may have both, but it's not usual. Cheek is active. Nerve is passive. Cheek needs a mouth. Nerve very seldom uses one, and then only to shut it. Cheek talks and acts. Nerve thinks, waits and achieves. Cheek is sometimes admirable in its ends, but is usually offensive in its means. Nerve is never offensive. Don't ever think a man necessarily lacks nerve just because he doesn't ask for what he wants. His forbearance may be the best proof of his nerve. A cheeky man compares with a nervy one as a sprinter of a hundred yards' dash compares with a twenty-mile go-as-you-please runner. Cheek is sometimes a blessing and sometimes a curse. Nerve is always a blessing. In these days, when 'faking' is a fine art, cheek has a better chance to win financial success than nerve has, I think. But, though nerve may die poor, it probably dies happy."

\* \* \*

Among the good things of life to which we do not give sufficient credit is our old friend, Ignorance. We are only too apt to forget our origin, as well as to kick down the ladder by which we rose. We mock at men who are bald, as if that were a crime or a moral weakness, forgetting that the absence of "the capillary attachment" is the surest indication of virtue and innocence, since all children are bald

when they are born. It is certain that most of us were ignorant enough upon our natal day. In the beginning we are all know-nothings—and some of us never get over it. With years and tribulation come the curly locks, the razor, and the philosophic mind. But these things could never have come without the long antecedent period of blankness, when the mind, as John Locke said, is a sheet of white paper.

\* \* \*

An examiner once said to a young man in the philosophy class: "Sir William Hamilton makes the remark that wonder is the mother of knowledge. Now, sir, speaking on your account, what should you consider as the mother of wonder?" The youth paused, and then replied, "Ignorance, sir, I suppose." "Very good," said the professor, "and that being so, what relation is ignorance to knowledge?" The poor boy was perturbed by the audacity of his own reply as he mildly answered, "Grandmother, sir." "Quite right, sir," said the examiner, who was an Irishman. "You have caught the right end of the philosophical stick. And let this be a lesson to you for the rest of your life, so that you may know how to take off your hat to all ignorance, which is the aged relative—though the essential one—of all knowledge." That young man went to Chicago and amassed a magnificent fortune in the butter business.

\* \* \*

The American republic is founded upon



faith in the people. Political equality is right. It is the best known civic device for the proper development of the social order. On it as a corner-stone rests the structure of American liberty, built by men whose patriotism, whose judgment, and whose integrity have been justified and vindicated by a national prosperity that has no parallel in history.

\* \* \*

He who doubts democratic principles of government, or looks upon the problems of to-day as a reflection upon our system, rather than an invitation to solve those problems, is emphatically unpatriotic and un-American. That American citizens should, even by suggestion or innuendo, raise a doubt as to the ability of Americans to govern themselves, is a startling revelation.

\* \* \*

But there is a doubt. It is more than a suggestion and an innuendo. It comes as an avowed disbelief in popular rule on the part of men, who, by training and opportunity, are best equipped to build up rather than malign what America holds most dear.

\* \* \*

A new type of citizen has appeared—the American tory. He has a low opinion of the intelligence of the masses. He goes farther in his skepticism than the most extreme Federalist of the last century. The prominent figures of Washington's time, even when urging constitutional safeguards against sudden bursts of popular passion, had the most profound and convincing faith in the judgment of the people. That faith to-day is the key to national progress. An assault upon it is an assault upon the very hearth-stone of the republic.

## THE SHADOWS.

---

### A Legend.

---

VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM.

---

**A** FIRE burned on the field. By the fire sat Jesus, surrounded by a few adherents and friends. A few steps back of Him, His magnified shadow was cast upon a wall.

Then John, the favorite disciple of the Master, lost in thought, took a piece of charcoal and with it traced the lines of the shadow till he sketched the whole figure of the Master on the wall. Then he dropped the charcoal and was soon again engrossed in the conversation.

On the following morning as the people passed by the wall many a one stood still and looked at the sketch.

"That represents a shoemaker, for it has a crooked back," said the shoemaker.

"Nonsense," replied the fruit dealer. "Its bent attitude shows as clear as day that it is meant for a fruit vender, even though it was forgotten to sketch the basket on his back. The half open mouth shows plainly that he is calling 'Pomegranates! Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A prominent member of the Sanhedrim who was passing, but who of course would not mingle his voice with the voices of the com-

men people, thought to himself: "By the high forehead I see that it represents a learned man, a thinker. It might almost be taken for a portrait of myself. It is surely my picture. Not badly done. Quite likely one of the men made a sketch of me. They all know me a little."

Meanwhile one of the spectators had quietly come up to the sketch. He was a well-dressed man with a gentle and kindly face which reminded one of the face of a child. No one knew much about him, no chronicle has preserved his name or posterity, for he lived in retirement, afraid of all noise, of all sensation. His hands crossed over the knob of his cane, he contemplated the sketch. "What a noble brow," he thought. "What sublime meekness in the whole figure. Ah, that one might resemble that sketch—but why wish the impossible?"

As he stood there meekly and quietly he resembled the sketch so strikingly that all stepped back and, whispering, pointed at him. Modest and bashful, he went away, not knowing why they were looking at him.

He did not resemble Christ, for who could do that? He resembled only his shadow, without knowing it. Had he known it—had he, proud with this consciousness, haughtily thrown back his head—the resemblance would have vanished.



## AFTER THE WEDDING.

(An Easter Confidence.)

---

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

---

TELL me all of her—ma chère—what she  
said, and looked, and wore;  
Tell me from the earliest greeting to the “slip-  
pers” at the door;  
I have seen the morning papers—could they  
ever fail to say  
“That the bride looked very charming on her  
happy wedding day?”  
Hers is not the gift of beauty;—I have known  
her all her life  
As the child, and as the maiden, to the day *he*  
called her “wife.”  
Love, they say, works many wonders—may-  
hap this is Cupid’s art  
That the face reflect the sunshine he is mak-  
ing in the heart,  
Till the world, onlooking, marvels at the new-  
found beauty there,  
And redeems its former blindness, with the  
verdict—“She is fair.”  
Tell me all! the veriest trifle—did she pale or  
did she flush,  
When she stood, observed of many, in the dim  
cathedral hush?  
On the perfumed, nervous stillness, did her  
voice sound sweet or shrill—  
Break or quiver, fail or falter, at the solemn-  
toned “I will?”

Was the plighted hand a-tremble, when ex-  
 changed the glittering  
 Of the jeweled band of promise, for the sacred  
 sealing ring?  
 Ah! my friend! of all my world, only you my  
 folly know—  
 'Tis the test of trusted natures to be ever bur-  
 dened so;  
 I can picture from your sketching—Fancy's  
 brush adds each detail  
 Till I see the girlish figure thro' the hazy mist  
 of veil—  
 See the vivid wild-rose shading that o'erswept  
 the drooping face;  
 Note the shy, unconscious charm of that shyly  
 conscious grace;  
 I can hear her voice's venture, lowly concen-  
 trate—and still  
 Resonant of woman's purpose—resonant of  
 woman's will;  
 And she questioned of my absence—sent her  
 "kindest love to Kate."  
 Can the crumple in her rose-leaves be an ink-  
 ling of my fate?  
 I remember—was it omen?—in our happy  
 schoolgirl life,  
 Once, she played a monarch's chosen to my  
 part of slighted wife,  
 And mocking me for earnestness, she said  
 "My bonnie Kate,  
 Better Boleyn's death of torture than a life-  
 time of your hate."  
 I to hate her—little Nettie! little playmate!  
 oh, forgive

Gracious Heaven! and in mercy bid the old-  
 time feelings live!  
 She is blameless—all unwitting she o'er  
 reached my outstretched hand,  
 Unto her Love's prize was granted—I the  
 while unheeded stand:  
 Yet mid roses of her garland, thorns may lurk  
 to sting and bleed,  
 And the hand she clasped in childhood, should  
 be last a thorn to speed—  
 Take my laggard gift of greeting—place it yet  
 the best beside  
 For my nature's best is proffered with my  
 blessing to *his* bride.  
 Will she know a heart is offered with the hand  
 I now extend?  
 Will she know the tempter trampled, when  
 I meet her as a friend?  
 No! and better!—only you dear, and the angel  
 at my side.  
 Read between the lines of greeting where she  
 reads "God bless the bride."



## "LOVE IS ENOUGH."

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

**I**S love enough? Ah, poets, you have sung  
 Of love in all its phases, every mood:  
 Do you forget? For every change is rung.  
 Except, "Rest here where we have found it  
 good."

Ah, not enough! Love is the quenchless thirst.  
 The tireless struggle towards the heights above,  
 The endless waiting for the Last as First,  
 Only "enough" when it was never love.



## THE CAPTIVATING EXCEPTION.

J. BENEDICT CUNNINGHAM.

WITH no introduction whatever, he walked into our club one evening in such winning unsophistication and confidence that no one had the heart to stare him out, however politely. His manner was captivating, his voice perfect, his French accent a delight. With a simultaneous glitter of white teeth and sparkle of black eyes, he announced that he was so much a stranger in Philadelphia, but that he would for the winter remain, and that he did a game of chess so much like to play.

It was mildly suggested to him that our club membership was very limited as to numbers, and that many were on the waiting list, but he did not grasp the significance of this, saying that he would only the game of chess play once in the while.

Everything was in his favor. We were all in a good humor that evening. He was well, even elegantly dressed, and as good-looking as a picture. His manners were those of the cul-

tured Frenchman. There was about him an air of youthfulness and vivacity, and of good will toward all men that was most attractive. While talking, he was constantly on the move, and every movement was graceful. He took us all by storm with a gesture describing his loneliness. He seemed made to be always the center of a group, and the vivid despair of his gesture, accompanied by a delighted smile and a sparkle of teeth, was takingly humorous. We exchanged glances among ourselves, and several of us went into the chess room with him.

It was not supposed that so light and graceful a creature could play the noblest of games; but he won two out of five from one of our best players. His moves were absurdly swift, the longest probably not taking more than half a minute. Indeed, our men clearly lost one game because he was ashamed to take time for thinking the matter out. On his side, the little Frenchman was so filled with delight at every good move made by his opponent and was so ready with surprising remarks and preposterous and unheard-of exclamations and phrases that there was a group hanging about his board all evening. It was impossible to be bored while in the neighborhood of so much life, energy, movement and good will. I trust that he may see this mention of himself and learn that he was liked and appreciated.

The outcome of it was that Pierre—Pierre Levavasseur we learned to be his name—was



asked to drop in once in a while; membership complete, but we should be glad to see him and have a game with him whenever he felt like it. He did not thank us, seeming to think it a matter of course; but his face lighted up and he looked at us all as though he thought us delightful.

Devoted to chess and also to company, he "felt like it" rather frequently. Before a month had passed, there was no longer a man in the club who grumbled because of his presence. With women about there might have been jealousy and trouble, as he would doubtless have had much less difficulty than the average man in winning a woman's heart; but, the fair sex being absent, we all elected to think him an exceedingly good fellow.

Even Telephone, the club dog—so called because he was in the habit of talking to his master across five hundred miles—who would scarcely notice many of the old members, took a fancy to Pierre. Strangers were always warned not to approach Telephone without proper introductions, and then only in a respectful manner; but Pierre had only to give him a smile and a hearty pat and they were friends. No doubt it was because Pierre really liked Telephone at first glance, and Telephone knew it. In the same hearty manner Pierre liked everybody else, and everybody knew it.

Levavasseur had plenty of money, and was always ready to spend it. He was especially unable to resist any temptation for betting,

even if almost sure to lose; and as he never played anything except chess, betting on chess grew apace in the club. There seemed a certain scientific appropriateness about betting on chess which caused it to be winked at even by the stricter members. On the whole, Pierre probably won more than he lost; but there was a recklessness about his methods that drew us weaker ones all after him. He created a new interest at every stage of the game; doubling his stakes when things looked blackest and putting in side bets that he would win in so many moves.

Now that I think it over, it occurs to me that, while he often lost a reckless bet, yet he never lost a reckless bet when it was for a large amount. This, however, might be accounted for by supposing that he played most earnestly when the stakes were highest. Nevertheless, I think he did not let us see just how well he really could play.

Long before it was time for Pierre to return to Paris, the club, mainly through his influence, was practically turned into a chess club. Those members who had previously not played the game now considered it the only game worthy of attention; while the interest of the confirmed players was redoubled. Whist itself finally lost hold except with a few level-headed members who did not choose to risk losing money. The first Wednesday of each month was a time set by the rest of us for indulging, the only conditions being that no one should borrow or go into debt. On

those first Wednesday evenings we let ourselves out in such a manner that it might not sound just well to state in plain figures the approximate amounts of money that changed hands, when the cash was piled temptingly high, checks not being in order.

Never twice did Pierre play the same game. Never did we watch a contest at his board without being surprised by some cunning feint, some brilliant attack; or at the number of uses, offensive, defensive and preparatory, to which he put a single move. Whenever the game hung upon a thread some man of his seemed by the merest chance to be in just the right place.

We all knew, of course, that there was infinite variety in chess; but to have this variety brought before our eyes was a revelation. Previous to Levavasseur's appearance, one had only to know what two players were at the board in order to judge about what their game would be. Playing with Pierre, it was next to an impossibility for the opponent to create the style of game he desired.

And the sacrifices! Many a time did he apparently throw away two to four valuable pieces with no immediate object in sight; then by a series of threatening moves or almost continual checks he would eventually force the game.

As the time for his return to Paris drew near, he gradually awoke to the fact that he was falling into bad ways—even though he did win. He had not before been in the habit

of playing for any but quite small sums, and he had supposed it would always be easy to draw the line. He now grew to have a serious look at the end of an exciting evening. But no one imagined that the matter would weigh on his conscience seriously; French consciences were supposed by us all to be exceedingly pliable and elastic. The touch of regret in his musical voice and on his expressive face only added to his charm. He had become a pleasant study.

In the meantime, every man of the club was glad to see him come. For with all his humor, versatile wit, startling phrases and captivating ways, he yet held himself at a certain distance. The distance of unsophistication, if I might so express it. He was openly devoted to every member, and glad to play or converse with all; but he did not seem to care or notice that their friendships among themselves were more intimate than that for him, and that he was never invited to their homes. He kept his distance and was happy.

Towards the last of his stay, however, he seemed less merry over his occasional losses, and frequently declared that he would stop betting and never do so again. One of the exciting Wednesday evenings he came and looked on for a short while, but would neither play nor bet, and finally he went away looking quite down-hearted. After that he never reappeared, and he was genuinely missed. His disappearance was not, however, quite so mysterious as his coming. He left the following

note in the hallway. He had evidently written it beforehand for the occasion:

Gentlemen:

I find that I must ze departure take, though so great my regret is. Ze many so charming evenings what we spend I have much enjoy. I trust that ze regret to you may be if only ze tenth of ze regret to me.

It is ze cruel "first law of nature" what does compel me away. Ze so reckless bet is not good. I think not ze pleasant gentlemen of ze club should so greatly indulge. In my mind it is to save them by ze warning. They too much money do bring and too reckless do throw about.

On this, ze great betting evening, I do ze warning give, that it may be not forgot. I have to-night ze sevirel thousand dollar in ze reckless bank notes gazzered togezzer; and them I will keep to remind ze so pleasant gentlemen that I do sincerely love. To remind them that they should not so reckless. Their pockets with so much notes they do wear out!

Pardon, Messieurs, that I do ze English kill. It is not that French I was, but that it I might seem. So long I speak ze pretty agzent that it what you call second nature comes. Ze Charles Williams my mostly name, and I born in ze beautiful New England State of Massachusetts. I been not to Pahree, but I study him up and hopes to go some day.

Byme by, when ze little affaire blow over,

I come back to play ze chess wiz you again  
To play ze beautiful chess wiz ze beautiful  
gentlemen what I love. It I will so greatly  
enjoy!

Until when, believe me, kind Messieurs,  
Your so affectionate friends,  
Charles Williams,  
Willie Austin,  
Cornelius Van Lair,  
Pierre Levavasseur,  
Etc., etc.





COQUETTE

L. G. CHAFFIN.

WHAT though a heart or two may break;  
 Why, hearts are cheap!  
 What though a life or two be wrecked;  
 Life, too, is cheap!  
 My belt with lovers' hearts is decked,  
 And each a victim represents.  
 Heigho!  
 Brave show my many trophies make,  
 My heart with pity ne'er relents.  
 Heigho!

How can I help if I am fair?  
 No blame in that!  
 Love comes to me, not I to it,  
 Be sure of that!  
 My heart's no target for a hit  
 When Cupid bends his random bow.  
 Heigho!  
 Love's darts but strike the empty air,  
 Straight to my heart they will not go.  
 Heigho!

And yet I know one dear, dear heart,  
 Not like the rest!  
 Love will not pierce it with his dart,  
 Not like the rest!  
 Then let the merry game be free  
 Where lives may wreck and hearts may break!  
 Heigho!  
 The one I love will not love me,  
 So all my loves may farewell take!  
 Adieu!



**BELLUM ET PAX.:** With iron crop War sows the bloody field—And still o'er all brood Love Divine  
and Peace, to give us trust that War may sometime cease!



WE ARE SEVEN.



A MISS IN THE COUNT.

**A**MERICA was not the inventor, and is not the only home of the April fool joke. Nearly all the countries of Europe have their pranks of the sort. Picardy, one of the provinces of France, was once especially noted for the harmless deceptions invented by her residents, and one of these may be seen in the accompanying cut, copied from an old print, representing a piece of statuary still preserved in the Museum at Douai. Its author calls it "We Are Seven," and anyone is at liberty to convince himself that the count is correct.



## UNCLE NED, SOLUS.

KATE ROHRER CAIN.

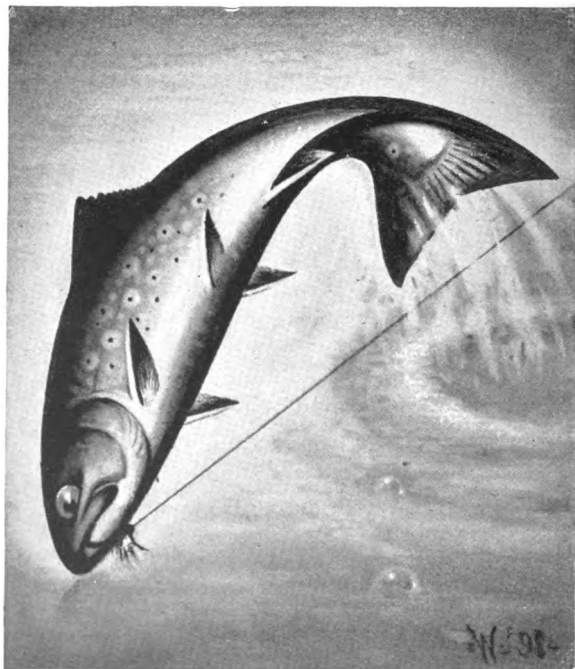
**W**HEN the minnows nibble  
En the sourwood's in bloom,  
Den I can't stay shet  
In no sort er room.

A little red flower  
Blooms den in de wood,  
'Taint pretty to some,  
En don't smell good.

Jest seen er passin'  
A glimpse er red,

But somehow always  
Puts fishin' in my head.  
Pin hooks en saplin's,  
En de sourwood bloom;  
'Clar' I can't stay shet  
In no sort er room.

23



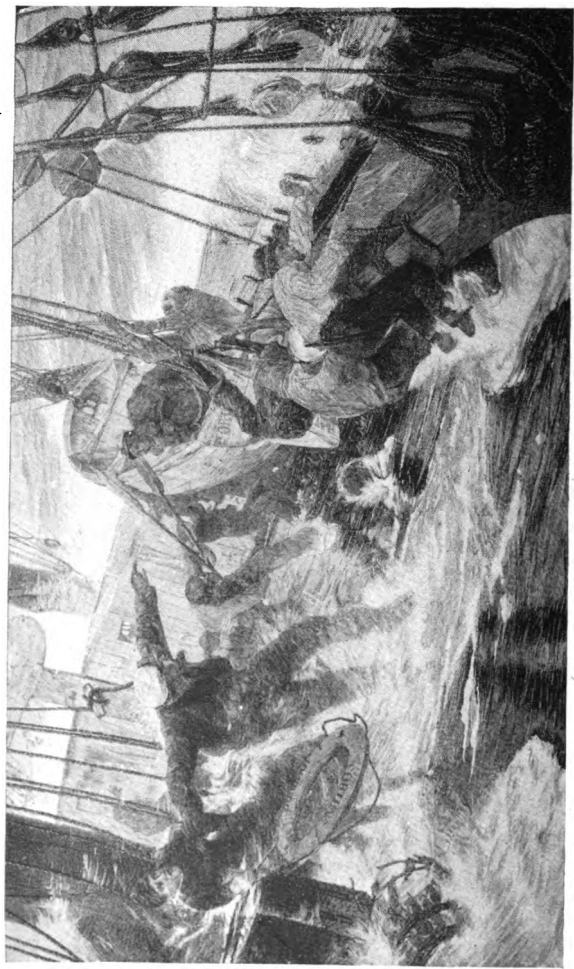
AN EARLY SPRING.

—38—

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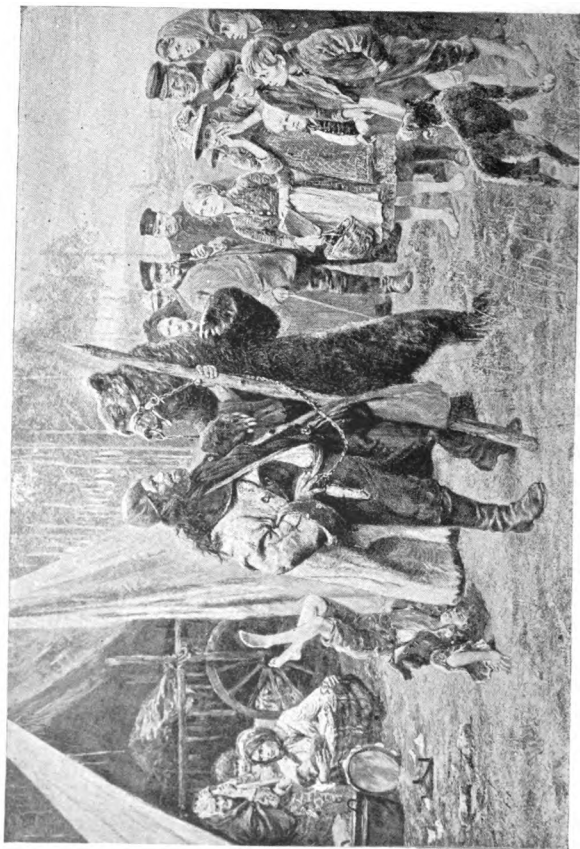
**THE INEVITABLE.**



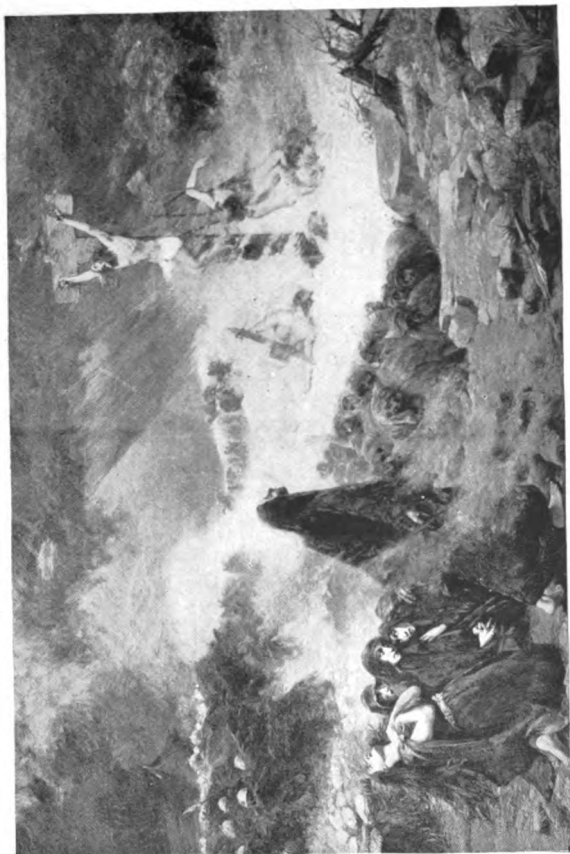
A SQUALL.



THE INTRODUCTION,



**SUMMER VISITORS.**



THE LAST CRY ON THE CROSS.



## TO PARADISE.

---

MINNA IRVING.

---

A MAN of many sins, he died  
Between the night and morn,  
Ere yet among the wasting snows  
The crocuses were born.  
Within the tall cathedral towers  
The bells began to toll,  
And bitterly the winds of March  
Blew on his naked soul.

Eternity, aflame with stars,  
Its mystery o'er him spread;  
A silent ocean, vast and deep,  
And voyaged by the dead.  
He shuddered, clinging yet to earth  
In darkness and despair,  
And all his deeds of evil flocked  
Like ravens in the air.

He thought of one whose lily brow  
And eyes with weeping dim,  
Lay hidden in an early grave,  
He knew for love of him.  
"Beyond the purple night," he cried,  
"Her injured spirit stands,  
To bar me from the gates of God  
With pale, accusing hands."

But like a mist her radiant form  
Descended from above,  
To fold about his shivering soul  
The glory of her love.  
It rose triumphant from the grave  
And lived beyond the skies,  
And bore him up the starry spheres  
And straight to Paradise.



*(See page 44.)*

## IN NEW ENGLAND.

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LURANA W. SHELDON.

---

“I HOPE you ain’t got no objections to my marryin’ Lucindy, dad! I think an awful lot of her, an’ I’m pretty sure she sets a lot by me, tho’ why, I don’t jest know, for there’s lots of fellers in Lonesomeville that’s got more about ’em than me to make a woman like ’em!”

The speaker, Dick Pendergrass, was a freckle-faced lad with honest blue eyes and a taffy-colored moustache that was just in the act of sprouting.

He looked at his father rather shyly at first, but as the old man removed his pipe from his mouth, and hitched his chair back a little upon the porch, he grew more courageous and faced him squarely.

“I hain’t no objections tew Lucindy, Dick,” said the old man slowly, “an’ neither has your ma, nor any on the children; but don’t act tew quick about this marryin’, my boy! Take my advice an’ don’t you act tew quick about it!”

“But, dad, we’re both old enough to marry, I’m sure, an’ as for changin’ our minds, that air ain’t possible! I shall always love Lucindy just as long as I live! Why shouldn’t we get marride without no more waitin’?”

The farmer was silent for several minutes.

When he spoke again his voice was a bit husky, and twice he coughed a little as if to cover his real feelings.

"Your ma an' I thought that way onct, my boy. We was in love an' couldn't see no good reason fer waitin'. Yew know what a life we've had of it here on the farm. It's been nothin' but a lifetime of worryin' an' slavin'. I don't say but what you've got more tew start with than your old dad had, but yew ain't got much, not half as much as you'd oughter have when yew take the care of a woman on your shoulders."

Dick Pendergrass looked surprised at such sentiments from his father. He knew, of course, that as farmers go, his father was really a very thoughtful husband. When he was around the house he did all the lifting for his wife, except of course when he, Dick, was there to help her. But the farm was poor, and he worked early and late, and so the old couple had grown careworn together.

His father's cough was very bad this season, and his sinewy frame had become pitifully thin and feeble.

"I could bring Lucindy right here," he said suddenly. "I am sure she'd take right hold an' help ma if she'd let her!"

He had forgotten entirely what his father was saying while the vision of the old people rose up before him, so he was not prepared for his father's outburst of scorn nor the flood of eloquence from that unexpected quarter.

"That's it, yew scoundrel! Yew would dew

jest that! You'd bring that girl here an' let her wear herself out jest the same as I have done with Betsey! Hain't it bad enough that one in the family has ill-treated a woman, an' that the father who is settin' before you? I tell you when I married your mother she was a purty gal, as purty as Lucindy, an' might say purtier. An' what kind of a life has she had with me—she with her big blue eyes an' purty pink cheeks that was sweet enough fer a king or emperor? What has she had in all the years that she has been my wife? Not a doggoned thing but hard work an' worry! Fust it's churn an' wash dishes, then it's wash dishes an' churn, not tew say nothin' of the cookin' an' sewin' an' bakin'! There's never a minute's rest for her poor, tired feet, an' her hands that used ter be like satin air as rough as a grater. She hain't had no pleasures nor no chances nor nuthin'—it's jest work, work, work all the time, an' that's exactly what'll come if yew marry Lucindy. No, sir! I won't give my consent tew your marryin' that gal! I won't dew it, Dick, now that I come to think it over!"

A sharp fit of coughing brought the tirade to an end, and Dick managed to catch his breath before his father had recovered.

"Ain't my mother satisfied?" he began with poor courage, then waited breathlessly for his father's answer.

"Air the angels in heaven satisfied tew be forever twangin' on golden harps? Of course they be, fer they don't know no better! Give

one on 'em a pianner or a fiddle for a change an' I'll bet a dollar that they'd appreciate it! Your mother is satisfied in a way, I s'pose; still, if it hadn't been fer me she might a done better."

A voice from the kitchen interrupted the speaker.

"I wish one of you would come an' help me with the tubs!"

It was a tired voice, but by no means fretful or unpleasant.

Dick rose at once, but his father was before him. It seemed almost as if he had anticipated the summons.

"Such love as that ought tew pay a woman," Dick whispered. "I'm sure 'Cindy 'd think so, that is, if I was mean enough tew ask her."

His reverie was cut short by a piercing scream from his mother. He rushed into the kitchen, and then stood shivering with horror.

The tub had been too heavy, or it had slipped or something—for the old man lay on the floor as white as death, but still breathing slightly.

His mother bent over the grizzled head, and her tears were running down upon the face of her husband.

"He has killed himself in his own kitchen!" she cried sharply. "Run fer the doctor, quick, Dick! 'No, it ain't no use! He's dead, poor man! Poor dear husband, it's jest judgment! We've been tew happy together!"

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

---

The so-called Monroe doctrine really originated with John Quincy Adams.

Postage stamps were first issued by the United States Government in 1847.

The first electric light was produced by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1808.

Statisticians estimate that, during the world's history, 7,000,000 lives have been sacrificed in war.

Only about 6,000 stars are visible to the naked eye, whereas a powerful telescope reveals 50,000,000.

The numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 can be placed in 5,040 different arrangements.

New York's City Hall, supposed to be the finest specimen of architectural design in the city, cost only \$500,000.

The crew usually carried by a trans-Atlantic liner numbers from 300 to 325 people.

Spain was one of the first three European powers to recognize the belligerency of the Confederacy.

The vocabulary of an ordinarily intelligent, educated person includes only about 4,000 words.

Storekeepers are not compelled by law either to sell goods or make change unless they wish.

The expression, "unspeakable Turk," commonly attributed to Gladstone, was really first used by Thomas Carlyle in a letter to the London "Times" in 1876.

The double entry system of book-keeping, now in common use, was first practised in Italy in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

Sergeant Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, died in poverty and half insane.

Residents of the District of Columbia cannot vote.

The first vessel to carry the American flag around the world was the ship "Columbia," which sailed from the port of Boston Sept. 30, 1787.

Geometry can not trisect the angle, but machinery does it easily.

The highest salary ever paid to a clergyman in this

country was \$50,000, given to Henry Ward Beecher for one year, to enable him to defray the expenses of the famous Tilton-Beecher trial.

General Grant, for two terms Republican President of the United States, cast his first vote in 1856 for Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for the nation's chief executive.

The inventor of the centerboard, which has enabled America to hold the yachting championship of the world for so many years, was Salem Wines, an old New York boat builder, who flourished during the early years of the present century.

Wyoming and Colorado allow women to vote at all elections.

The famous "trade dollar" ceased to be legal tender by joint resolution of Congress, July 22, 1876.

Italy was at one time called Welshland by the Germans, and the inhabitants were called Welsh.

The northern hemisphere is nearer to the sun on Dec. 21 than on June 21, but it is turned from that luminary in December and toward it in June, which accounts for the apparent paradox of the seasons.

The expression "manifest destiny" originated at the time of the Mexican war, from its application to issues then involved.

The bicycle, as a machine propelled by pedals having a crank action, is said to have been a Scotch invention, the first one, made of wood, having been constructed by Kirkpatrick MacMillan in 1830.

Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 7, 1865, so appointed and observed because of the ending of the War of the Rebellion, is said to have been the latest date upon which that day has fallen in any year of the present century.

The present Republican party was founded in 1855-6, and the Democratic party 50 years earlier.

Commander McClure, of the English navy, and his crew, who sailed from England in January, 1850, are the only ship's company that has ever entered the Polar regions by way of Behring Sea and come out at Baffin's Bay, and they left their ship, the "Investigator," behind them wrecked in the ice.



The Federal law appoints capital punishment for about 10 crimes, whereas few or none of the States apply it to more than two offences.

Dollars were issued by the Bank of England for a short time about 1807. The pieces were Spanish piastres, restruck with the head of King George, and marked "Five Shilling Dollar."

The expression "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," was first used by Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, Ambassador to France in 1796, at a time when the French Government hinted to him that certain differences between the two countries could be smoothed over by money.

The twelve most decisive battles of the world are said to have been Marathon, B. C., 490; Syracuse, B. C. 413; Arbela, B. C. 331; Metaurus, B. C. 207; Teutoberg, A. D. 9; Chalons, A. D. 451; Tours, A. D. 732; Hastings, A. D. 1066; Orleans, A. D. 1429; the Armada, A. D. 1588; Blenheim, A. D. 1704; Pultowa, A. D. 1709; Saratoga, A. D. 1777; Valmy, A. D. 1792, and Waterloo, A. D. 1815. Some of the lists also include Gettysburg.

Among the less known authors of popular national songs are Joseph Hopkinson, a Philadelphia lawyer, who wrote "Hail Columbia" in 1798; Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, a Unitarian clergyman, who in 1832 composed the words of "America," and Henry Clay Work, who wrote "Marching Thro' Georgia" in 1865.

The immediate cause of the Cuban uprising, which has recently assumed such vast importance, as officially stated by the Cubans themselves in 1894, was the throwing the responsibility of the entire Cuban debt upon the island, and devoting its revenues to the maintenance of the army and navy stationed there by Spain.

The term "remarque proof," as applied to etchings and engravings, denotes that the picture is struck from an incompleated plate, and is usually distinguished by marginal figures and the absence of certain lines and shadings which appear in the completed work. The "artist's proof" is the first impression taken from the finished plate.

## EXPRESSIONS TO BE AVOIDED.

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**“O**N the tapis” is vulgar. Say “on the carpet.” The French phrase is **SUR LE TAPIS**, and we have no right to translate two words and not the third.

Testimony is that which is **INTENDED** to convince. **EVIDENCE** is that which **TENDS** to convince. **PROOF** is the **EFFECT** of **EVIDENCE**. The evidence is that part of the testimony which results in proof.

**THERE** is often uselessly employed in the phrase **THERE ARE**, as in the sentence, “There are many who frown on it;” it would be briefer and in most cases better to say, “Many frown on it.”

Use **ULT.**, **INST.**, **PROX.** as little as possible. Say, **LAST MONTH**, **THIS MONTH**, **NEXT MONTH**.

Do not use **UPON** for **ON**, as in the sentence, “I called upon him to speak.” **ON** is shorter.

“Old veteran” is tautological. Omit **OLD**.

**WHEN** is shorter and far better than **AT THE TIME THAT** or **AT WHICH TIME**. In **AT THE TIME WHEN** three words are clearly superfluous.

It is as wrong to say **FROM WHENCE** as to say **FROM HENCE** or **FROM THENCE**.

**WHOSE** may be applied to brutes and inanimate things as well as to human beings, e.g., “The dogs whose barking I heard and the houses whose roofs I saw led me to think a village was near by.”

**YOUNG** is needless in such phrases as **A YOUNG GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OLD**.

“The chariot of revolution is rolling onward and gnashing its teeth as it rolls” is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students in 1848.

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## ONE RESULT OF CONSOLIDATION.

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**T**HE effects of the union of the municipalities in New York State on and adjacent to Manhattan Island into one civic entity—Greater New York—are already becoming manifest to keen observers. It is

strange the effect of words upon acts, the influence of names upon business results. The act of consolidation threw, as it were, a rope about the bodies of New York and Brooklyn, and time is gradually shortening the rope and forcing them together in a commercial as well as a political sense. Some Brooklyn enterprises are the beneficiaries of this coming together. Already the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company, of Schermerhorn street and Flatbush avenue, has felt its influence. The vans of this company are now seen every day as far uptown in Manhattan Borough as 125th street, and it is even said that this company could pay its next dividend from the patronage of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone. With its field of operations thus widened, the Brooklyn Warehouse and Storage Company will be in a most enviable position, for while its commodious, fireproof building offers unsurpassed facilities, the lower valuation of real estate in Brooklyn enables it to make its facilities available to patrons at one-third less cost than its Manhattan Island competitors. Property for storage is taken to the warehouse from any part of Greater New York without extra charge.



## THE SNOWFLAKE.

WYNTJE LIVINGSTONE SMITH.\*

Little snowflake,  
Falling, falling.  
(While the wind is to you calling.)  
Covering all the bare, brown trees,  
Making all the rain drops freeze;  
Tell me, tell me, little snowflake.  
Have you truly come to stay?

But the snowflake did not answer,  
It had melted all away!

\*The bright little daughter (aged 8) of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, the organist and singer, and the youngest contributor thus far to THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

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# Advertisement Puzzle.

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The results of our pictorial problem last month, in which four old advertisers of THE PENNY MAGAZINE were represented, were surprising. The correct solution was:

- 1—The Singer Manufacturing Co.
- 2—Loring & Co.
- 3—Mrs. Helen Markoe.
- 4—John H. Woodbury.

Of the five hundred subscribers who essayed the problem forty-three solved it accurately. We do not believe the patrons of any other American magazine could have done so well.

The successful ones were: Chas. S. Mason, 713 Superior St., Toledo, O.; J. C. Dalrymple, Box 187, Clinton, N. J.; Mrs. W. B. Kirkman, Far Rockaway, L. I.; Leslie C. Bishop, Stamford, Conn.; A. V. Stover, Metropolitan Stock Exchange, Denver, Col.; Mrs. W. E. Page, Lexington, Mass.; Frank C. Humbert, 43 Douglas St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Emmons K. Ellsworth, Fredonia, N. Y.; B. S. Green, care of N. Y. Life Ins. Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Martha W. Jones, 91 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Roy Saxton Moore, Canoe Creek, Pa.; Louis Hunt, 120 S. Superior St., Albion, Mich.; Mrs. Jennie D. Taylor, Arnot, Tioga Co., Pa.; E. G. Guthrie, Casselton, N. D.; Miss Kittie Tompson, Newtonville, Mass.; Miss Winnie Bank, Box 22, Montreal, Can.; Mrs. D. W. Thompson, Maple St., Richmond Hill, S. I.; Fred'k L. Hardenbrook, 110 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. F. Walcott, 49 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass.; R. P. Ward, Prudential Ins. Co., Newark, N. J.; Thos. R. Ford, Riverside, Cal.; Mary Proudfit Langley, 12 Portsmouth Terrace, Grand Rapids, Mich.; William Rupp, 212 Bank St., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Joseph M. Tuey, 6318 Evans Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Maurice Lindsay, 121 E. 23d St., N. Y. City; Mrs. John Bookmeyer, Boonville, Mo.; Miss Lizzie Weber, 550 First Ave., N. Y. City; R. Bancher, care of Scientific Pub. Co., 253 Broadway, N. Y. City; F. E. Parker, Pleasantville Station, N. Y.; Miss M. G. Tompson, 122 Charles St., Boston, Mass.; Fred. L. Rogers, Alberton, P. E. I.; A. G. Howell, 39 Irving Place, Passaic, N. J.; Edw. C. Suter, care of C. E. Morris, Rochester, N. Y.; Porter Fitch, 10 Harrison St., N. Y. City; Miss Mary Jones, 13 Snyder St., Orange, N. J.; Addie H. Pettis, 127 Broadway, Norwich, Conn.; E. J. Timberlake, Jr., Fort Monroe, Va.; Otto Fessler, 329 W. 37th St., N. Y. City; C. S. Fitch, Congregational Church Building Society, Fourth Ave. and 22d St., City; J. E. Knight, 308 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry E. McNeil, 31 Clarkson St., N. Y. City; F. B. Robinson, Le Roy, N. Y.

As the division of the GOLD EAGLE among the winners would have given each winner less than 25 cents, The Penny

Company chose to send to each of the 41 winners one of The Penny Company's genuine Opal and Burmah Diamond Scarf or Waist Pins. These unique and valuable presents were sent to all last week.

Other contestants whose solutions deserve a word of recognition are as follows: David Talmage, Jr., Leonia, N. J.; Mrs. Wm. B. Osborn, Clarkburg, W. Va.; Miss Ellie Boonum, 38 Monmouth St., Newark, N. J.; Mrs. H. M. Shaw, 14 Greenough Ave., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Maude A. Arney, Port Alleghany, Pa.; Langston Adams, Tyler, Texas; H. H. McLeroy, Tyler, Texas; Minnie C. Hall, 281 29th St., Chicago, Ill.; John P. Walker, 1928 McElderry St., Baltimore, Md.; G. W. Cummins, M. D., Belvidere, N. J.; R. Dicky, M. D., Atchison, Texas; John Hennessy, 142 St. Antoine St., Montreal, Can.; C. V. Mitchell, Zanesville, O.; Chas. E. Foreman, 1517 Main St., Atchison, Kans.; Miss Sallie R. Smith, 2324 N. Smedley Ave., Station C, Philadelphia, Pa.; Alan C. Penman, 119 Waverley Place, N. Y. City; Jos. Manning, 2263 S. 13th St., Lincoln, Neb.; Miss Etta Wright, Richmond Hill, S. I., N. Y.; A. L. Landers, Potsdam, N. Y.; Benj. C. Skirm, 21 Clinton Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Vernon B. Swett, Brookline, Mass.; H. M. Konwiser, 36 Barbara St., Newark, N. J.; Nellie Clare Carroll, 197 Harrison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Chas. M. Miller, 105 W. 6th St., Austin, Texas; Mrs. J. L. Penn, Waxahachie, Texas; C. G. Boorum, 627 Bainbridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Olive H. Drew, Hibernia, N. Y.; Mrs. L. M. Pierce, 17 Ashland Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. W. F. Sage, 203 E. 13th St., N. Y. City; Mrs. J. L. Taff, Austin, Texas; Mrs. W. S. Lewis, 11 Lyon St., New Haven, Conn.; Chas. P. Nettleton, Haywards, Cal.; Carrie B. Cook, 2704 W. Dauphin St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Dallan, 108 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Caroline R. Smith, 127 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ella C. Jones, 654 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. R. W. Alexander, 89 Newton St., Newark, N. J.; Wm. C. McKay, 180 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wylo-mene L. Kellner, 107 S. 3d St., Phoenix, Ariz.; K. A. Daly, 60 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. W. Bonney, Nat. Mill Home, Ohio; J. E. Boyle, West. Union Tel. Co., Mt. Vernon, Ohio; A. M. Knox, 1052 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Hazel A. Munson, 782 Dixwell Ave., New Haven, Conn.; Jennie Heyman, 201 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. E. L. Walworth, Westfield, N. J.; Elizabeth Page Miller, 214 New Jersey Ave., Washington, D. C.; Charles H. Winnie, Bouham, Tex.



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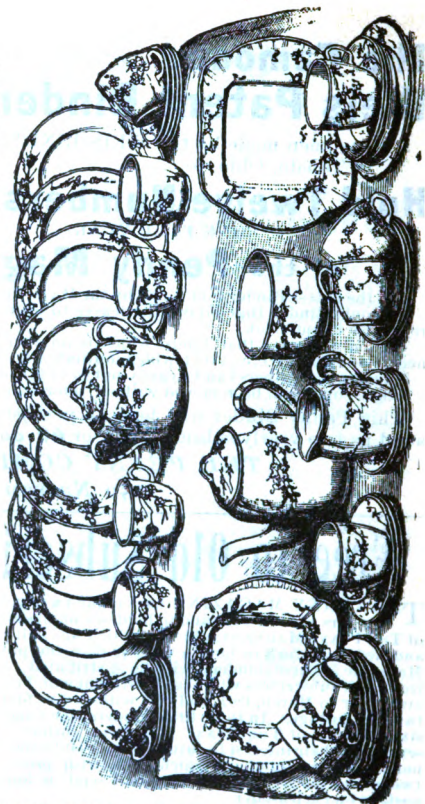
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**THE TEA SET** which we offer you is one of the handsomest ever made or imported and will ornament any table and adorn any china closet. It is well made, highly finished, and very daintily decorated on blue, green or brown as you choose. The 56 pieces are: 1 covered tea pot (2 pieces), 1 sugar bowl (2 pieces), 1 creamer, 1 bowl, 12 tea cups, 12 tea saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 fruit saucers, 2 cake plates. **THE PENNY COMPANY, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.**

## THREE GREAT PREMIUMS.

' The Penny Magazine is striving not more to MAKE friends than to KEEP friends. Consequently it gives premiums that are worth having. Of the many fine premiums it has distributed this year, three have been pre-eminently satisfactory and, therefore, successful. These three premiums have been: 1st.—The Ladies' Silver Chatelaine Watch, given for twenty subscriptions; second, The Gordon Bicycle Saddle, given for ten subscriptions, and third, The Ray, Jr., Camera, given with complete outfit for twenty-five subscriptions. Here they are:

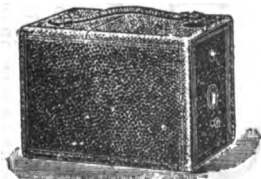
### A Ladies' Solid Silver Chatelaine Watch...



stem winder and setter, with nickel jeweled movement, and fully warranted, will be sent, post-paid, to any address in America, for 20 Subscriptions to The Penny Magazine.

We can afford to give away for premiums all the money we receive, because one friend pleased is an advertisement that never stops circulating.

Bicyclists will be interested to know that they can get the famous Gordon or Hunt Saddle from us for 10 Subscriptions. Ten subscriptions can be secured by anybody in one hour. Try it some evening when you are in your lodge rooms, or about town.



The Celebrated RAY, JR.,  
...CAMERA...

made by Mutchler, Robertson & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., will be given for fifteen subscribers, and its Complete Outfit for ten subscribers; or both for twenty-five subscribers.

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**THE PENNY COMPANY,** 150 NASSAU STREET,  
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approve of word contests, but doubtless you appreciate a real business-like bargain. We believe there are many lovers of short stories who will gladly avail themselves of our generosity, therefore we have caused 100,000 coupons like the one above to be printed.

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These Watches are Solid Silver, and at retail would cost upwards of \$8.00 or \$10.00, but to introduce our

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**Bicyclists  
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As an effective  
remedy for  
coughs and throat  
irritations they  
are unequalled.

They quickly  
remove attacks  
of indigestion.



**5c. Packages.**

**On Sale Everywhere.**



A MONOGRAM engraved as specimens here-  
with, twice the size, and two boxes of assorted  
tints, or all white note paper of the latest  
styles, Illuminated in Gold and Colors, for  
\$2.50. 4 boxes, \$3.50, envelopes to match.  
INITIAL BOXES, one quire and pack of  
envelopes to match, Illuminated in styles as  
shown, 50 cents, mailing 6 cents.

**Monograms, Flags, &c., for Deco-  
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Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should  
always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child,  
softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best  
remedy for diarrhoea.

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EVERY  
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# Short Stories



"IT was Edgar Allan Poe who said that there is an immense force derivable from the totality of the short prose tale. Fifteen of the best of such 'forces' as were ever collected under one cover are found in the October SHORT STORIES, which seems to improve in quality with each issue."—*Boston Daily Globe*, Sept. 18, 1897.

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**SIMPLE**

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**SILENT**

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**THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
**Offices in every City in the World.**

# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.



## Some Information by Mrs. Markoe.

I here annex a short article that appeared as an official statement in the *United States Health Reports*, published at Washington, Vol. IV., No. 22, Page 14. Read it carefully:

### A Reliable Depilatory.

In answer to a request from one of our subscribers a physician of Louisville, Ky., our chemist obtained a case of Mrs. Helen Markoe's depilatory treatment and thoroughly tested it. The formula and method proved to be considerably different from the receipts for other advertised hair removers. Mrs. Markoe's treatment contains the elements of common sense as well as such ingredients as are positive in their operation. Our chemist made the trial of this depilatory upon his arm, which was well covered with hairs. After one week's treatment the hair was entirely removed, and although forty-two days have elapsed, to this writing, there is not yet the slightest evidence of any renewal of the growth.

On the other arm our examiner applied a cheap advertised preparation sold in the West, which had some effect in removing the hair, but which burned the skin. In less than two weeks a new growth had started and the hairs were stiffer and coarser than at first.

We have investigated two hundred of Mrs. Markoe's testimonials, and can safely add in conclusion that we are satisfied that Mrs. Markoe's depilatory treatment must be used by any one who wishes to remove superfluous hair from the face, neck or arms. It contains no dangerous ingredients, being perfectly harmless, and can hardly fail to kill hair permanently.

### You Will be Delighted.

You will be delighted with my Depilatory Treatment after you receive it, for mine is so different from any others that you have seen. Just to give you an idea of its importance, I will mention that it contains five preparations to be used according to the directions that I will write for you. In addition to this I send you a treatise of very important information, so that, while your face will always be kept clear of hair, you may make your skin very beautiful and at no expense. I aim to treat every customer in such a manner that she sends me one or two other customers. That's the reason I am always so busy. It is a great pleasure for me to come down to my office each day and receive such a letter as the following:

*Helen Marcoe:*

MONTCLAIR, N. J., May 21, 1897.

Dear Madam: I take pleasure in recommending your Depilatory Treatment to others. I am a milliner by occupation and have, during the past few months, spoken of your treatment to several ladies who have purchased the remedy and used it with perfect success. As for myself, the hairs have been totally absent for such a long time that I have almost forgotten the discomfiture I had when troubled with them. I have no hesitation in permitting you to use my name if it will help you. Very sincerely,

5 Maple Street,

MRS. A. J. JENKINS

I will be pleased to send important information privately to any lady reader of *Penny Magazine* who writes to me for it. Address

MRS. HELEN MARKOE, Box 3032 MM. NEW YORK, N. Y.



# Are You Suffering

With . . .

Paralysis.  
Rheumatism,  
Neuralgia,  
Nervousness,  
Etc.?



## If so, Electricity will cure you . . . .

Send for our Electric Battery Catalogue, which gives prices and full particulars; also testimonials of what our Electric Batteries have done for hundreds of our customers. We sell the best machines manufactured, for the very cheapest price, in the country. We send Batteries C. O. D., subject to examination at your express office. Our Batteries are double dry Cell, and are endorsed by prominent physicians all over the United States.

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I have sold many of the Williams' Batteries in my practice, and unhesitatingly recommend them. They are the most portable made, most reliable, and a splendid Battery for physicians or invalids who wish to use the Batteries at home, thus saving the expense of medical treatment.

Dr. J. H. MARSHALL,  
Brooklyn, N. Y



# FREE BOOK

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# WEAK MEN.

My little book, "Three Classes of Men," sent to men only. It tells of my 30 years' experience as a specialist in all nervous disorders resulting from youthful errors, such as Drains, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, etc., and tells why

## ***ELECTRICITY***

cures. With my invention, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, known and used the world over, I restored last year 5,000 men, young and old. Beware of cheap imitations. Above book explains all; sent sealed. Write to-day.

**Dr. P. Y. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York.**



# Whither Goest Thou?

Never was the interest in the occult and the mysterious so great as it is now. It may be belief, it may be merely curiosity, but certainly a greater number of people are studying and experimenting with the sciences and the theories that concern the future here and hereafter than ever before.

## THE PENNY MAGAZINE

of May, 1897, published an article entitled "Reading the Stars," by one of the best famed of American astrologers, which created widespread enthusiasm. To gratify the popular interest evidenced by this article, the publishers of the PENNY MAGAZINE have worked and planned during the months that have elapsed since last May. The purpose was to give everybody who so desired an opportunity of testing by personal experience the claims of Astrology, and, stripping the great science of all the arts of the charlatan and the fakir, to allow it a fair and a great trial before the world. First, it was necessary to secure the services of an Astrologer of acknowledged eminence, of conscience, character and unquestioned belief in and devotion to his work. Second, the most difficult, so to adapt the plan as to make his services available for all and within the reach of all. The man of conscience, character and eminence was found in

## AZRAEL,

the famous Astrologer, now resident in New York, who in private life is as well esteemed as a man and a citizen as in his profession he is revered for his astonishing power. The plan which the PENNY MAGAZINE has adopted to make its great

## Popular Test of Astrology

is as follows: Azrael will read the character and the future of every person who complies with the conditions, and will cover in his predictions the following eleven subjects, decided upon after much study as those of paramount importance to the individual and to society.

(Continued on next page.)

**He will describe**

- 1. Your Personal Appearance.**
- 2. Your Disposition and Character.**
- 3. Your Intellectual Ability and Tastes.**
- 4. Your Fortune: Whether by inheritance, by marriage or by personal industry, if at all.**
- 5. Your Health, Probable length of Life, and Possible Accidents.**
- 6. Your Love Affairs and Marriage; Children.**
- 7. Your Friends and Enemies.**
- 8. Travel; Speculation.**
- 9. Your Business or Vocation.**
- 10. Your Lucky Stone.**
- 11. Your Lucky Day of the Week.**

Where is there a man or a woman who would not like to have these questions answered? Where is there a man or woman who cannot meet the conditions below? There is none, NOT ONE. Therefore, this great test must have results both popular and scientific, of great influence in the enlightenment and entertainment of the world.

**CONDITIONS**—All that is required is to send to the PENNY MAGAZINE the following information about yourself:

**SEX.**

**PLACE OF BIRTH.**

**DATE OF BIRTH**—Year, Month, Day of the Month and Hour (A. M. or P. M.). If the birth hour or near it should not be known to you, send personal appearance, height, weight, complexion and color of eyes and hair.

You are also required to send to the PENNY MAGAZINE five subscriptions at 20 cents each, or a total of \$1.00. The PENNY MAGAZINE is one of the greatest literary successes of recent years. It costs but 2 cents a copy, or twenty cents a year, and for this small sum it is written, edited, illustrated, printed, bound, wrapped, addressed, mailed and delivered anywhere in the United States, Canada or Mexico, once a month for twelve months, or one full year. The Magazine is now closing its second year. The Magazine is owned in New York, and has in its directorate some of the most distinguished business and literary men in America. It undertakes this great enterprise in order to gratify what seems to be an almost universal desire among the American people, and to introduce the PENNY MAGAZINE among thoughtful readers who will appreciate it.

(Continued on next page.)

First, send information about yourself as explained above. Secondly, get five of your friends to subscribe for the PENNY MAGAZINE and send one dollar for their subscriptions, twenty cents each; or, send one dollar and the names and addresses of five friends to whom you will present the Magazine for one year; or, send one dollar for your own subscription for five years. The service which the PENNY MAGAZINE here offers for one dollar in subscriptions could not be obtained otherwise for less than five dollars. If you will but get five of your friends to subscribe for the PENNY MAGAZINE, the service **WILL NOT COST YOU ONE CENT**, personally. It may be that a few people desiring predictions will want to conceal their identity. In this case they need not specify which one of the five subscribers wishes the predictions, and they may enclose an envelope so addressed that Azrael's reply will reach them without disclosing the real name. Address all letters to

## **THE PENNY COMPANY,**

### **150 Nassau St., New York.**

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Twenty cents per year, in advance. Six months ten cents.

Postage prepaid to all parts of the United States, Canada or Mexico. To other foreign countries, twenty cents extra per year.

When a change of address is desired, both the old and new addresses should be given.

The trade is supplied by the American News Company and its branches.

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Subscribers who do not receive the Penny Magazine every month will confer a favor by writing us. Mistakes will happen but we take every precaution in our circulation department to prevent them, and we do not wish that mistakes in delivery after the magazine leaves our circulation department should pass unnoticed. **Write us, if the Magazine does not come regularly.**

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To insure insertion, advertisement should reach us before the 15th of the preceding month. Advertising rates: \$40 a page a month; \$20, half page; \$10, quarter page; \$5, eighth page; 60 cents an agate line, 70 agate lines in a page.